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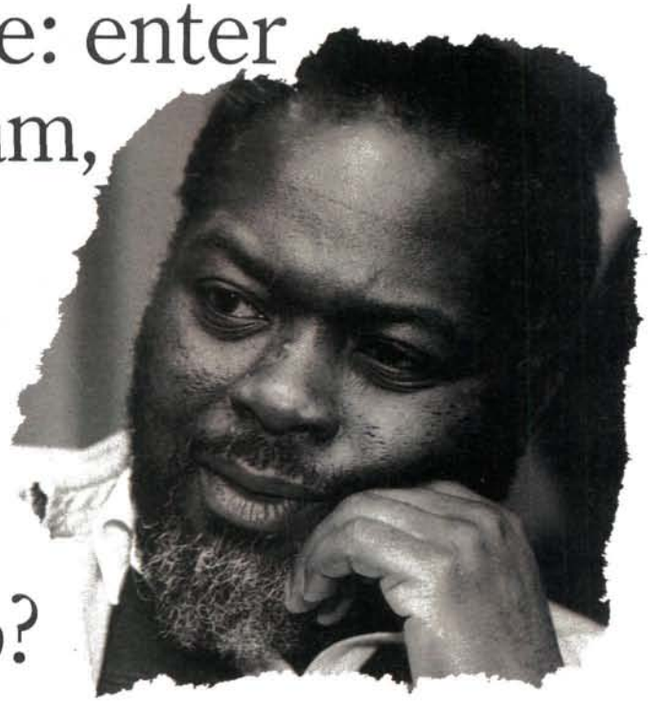

Beatrix Campbell takes on Cleveland MP Stuart Bell

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Suzanne Moore: what British women want

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DIARY

Sean French

I've just spent the last fortnight in a sort of spiritual isolation in Sweden. Swedes never seem to be greatly interested in the outside world. They feel that on the whole they order things better than other people and a Briton only has to walk down a Swedish street or travel on a Swedish train to be tempted into agreeing with them.

In the last few days however there have been more immediate reasons for their insularity. While the rest of Europe (I have now discovered) was preoccupied with the shooting down of an Iranian airliner and an explosion on a North Sea oil rig, the Swedish newspapers have been preoccupied by three home-grown dramas.

The first case was like a Nordic reworking of *In Cold Blood*. A young Finnish couple, Juha Valljakkala and Marita Routalammis, had been drifting around Sweden engaging in petty crime. Last week they ended up in Umea, in northern Sweden, where for no obvious reason they murdered three members of a family. Then they took off, stealing cars and a boat. At one stage, the police and press announced that they had the couple surrounded but they were mistaken. As I was leaving the country, it seemed that they had escaped to Denmark.

The second case, which most disturbed Swedish friends of mine, concerned two doctors who were alleged not only to have murdered and dismembered a 27-year-old woman but also alleged to have made investigations easier by photographing the act and handing the film in to a shop to be developed. The men were tried and convicted but when it emerged that the judge had been illicitly absent for one day of the proceedings a retrial was ordered. This time it was concluded that there simply wasn't enough evidence about how the girl had died.

The third case has received some publicity in Britain. The investigation into the assassination of the prime minister, Olof Palme, has chugged remorselessly and fruitlessly on, shedding justice ministers in its wake. In desperation the most recent justice minister licensed a private businessman, Ebbe Carlsson, to play James Bond. His half-baked venture ended in fiasco when one of his operatives was caught by Swedish customs smuggling surveillance equipment into the country. The ensuing investigation, which reported last week, revealed a ludicrous conspiracy involving senior figures from almost every part of Swedish public life.

The reputation of the Swedish police and security services now stand on a level with the Keystone Kops and Shakespeare's Dogberry and Verges. It is generally accepted both in and out of the country that Soviet submarines enter the Swedish waters at will around the islands in the Baltic.

The most comical failure of all occurred last autumn. The convicted Soviet spy, Stig Bergling, was allowed out of prison for a traditional conjugal weekend. Unhappily, rather than spending his free time in bed, he spent it escaping to Russia (Bergling is rumoured to have been one of the mourners at Kim Philby's funeral).

Police pursuit was hampered by a privilege which is granted to those convicted of serious crimes in Sweden. To prevent their being persecuted after they have paid their debt to society, prisoners are granted the right to change their name and, should they wish, their appearance, under conditions of stringent security. So stringent are they that once the police realised that Bergling was on the lam it took them three days simply to discover that their quarry was now called Eugene Sandberg. (The authorities had even granted him a passport under that name.)

Swedes are used to being envied for their superb welfare system, for their enlightened social policy, for their sense of community, for their tennis players. (It must have been sweet indeed for Swedish readers who saw the *Daily Mail* description of the London-based Stefan Edberg as "almost a British player".) Now they are also getting used to being the judicial laughing stock of the western world.

The two qualities go together. After all, Shakespeare's point in showing us the incompetence of the police force led by Dogberry and Verges (in *Much Ado About Nothing*) was to reassure us that Medina is a comic sort of place where no really serious crimes are committed. Sweden's bureaucracy is very good at allocating resources to old people but it proved very bad at throwing a cordon around Stockholm after Olof Palme's murder or trapping last week's homicidal duo.

And what's wrong with that? Sweden's prison system is geared to preparing the majority to return successfully into normal life rather than vindictively making sure that a minority is satisfactorily punished. An unguarded Olof Palme walked home with his wife from an evening at the cinema because it was felt that Stockholm's streets were safe for anyone to walk in – even the prime minister.

When I read the non-Swedish accounts of Olof Palme's death I sometimes sensed an element of *schadenfreude* behind the expressions of shock. The Swedes had been living in a judicial Eden for long enough. Now, the thinking went, they would have to be like us. The Swedes would have to abandon their fool's paradise and imprison their royal family and leading politicians behind protective barricades like any other normal country.

After recent dismal events even Swedes I talked to sounded cynical. Okay, unemployment is virtually non-existent but perhaps the Social Democratic Party is getting a bit too complacent. Perhaps the justice system is too soft on criminals. Perhaps the police are spending too much time on community matters that concern the majority and too little on criminal matters that concern a tiny minority.

Fortunately, there was an easy way of reassuring my interlocutors. Look at England, I said. That put an end to that.

The day before I flew home I had a vivid dream which informed me that I would be in a plane crash which I would only survive if I sat at the very back of the plane. If I had been Colin Wilson I would have travelled home by boat or mule but instead I sensed a rare opportunity to carry out a psychic experiment. Checking in at Gothenburg airport (one of the most hazardous in the world, according to the testimony of an experienced pilot in Brian Moynahan's book, *Airport International*), I boldly obtained a seat as far forward as possible.

Now readers can carry out the experiment themselves. I am scheduled to make another flight later this week. If I am not occupying this space next week, it can be assumed that Colin Wilson and the late Arthur Koestler were right and that I was wrong. In fact, that being the case, Arthur Koestler will probably tell me in person.

ROGER WODDIS

Let them eat steak

A report published this week by the Commons Select Committee on Social Services reveals that one family in five is now living on or below the poverty line.

"The rich have become richer, and the poor have become poorer."—Shelley, 1821

It's a scandal and a pity
That the House Select Committee
  Has published doleful figures such as these;
But what really churns my belly
(Though it would have tickled Shelley)
  Is that most of them are loyal blue MPs.

There are some of us, admitted,
Who by nature are best fitted
  To appreciate the roses and the wine;
But it's God's will that the many,
Who, they tell me, count each penny,
  Should be destined to exist below the line.

Let the rest be realistic:
To conceal the odd statistic,
  It only needs a finger to the nose.
If these figures keep on rising
And are far beyond disguising,
We'll make bloody certain no one ever knows.

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EDITORIAL

The Gang of 17

How dare writers take politics seriously? Let them drink champagne

First, to state an interest. We celebrated the first issue of the *New Statesman and Society* with champagne and liked the taste. So we are in a sense "champagne socialists" (though we mostly drink Fitou red wine, inherited from *New Society*; which makes "yuppie socialists" of us?).

We have also recently had experience of how the media can seize an actual event—the merger, in our case—and recreate it as a symbolic occasion to which they attach their own meanings. In the case of John and Penelope Mortimer, Lady Antonia Fraser and Harold Pinter, the event was a supper party for dozen other writers, journalists and broadcasters (and a single Labour politician, Mark Fisher MP). The idea was to discuss how they might make common cause against Thatcherism.

The right-wing press has mocked and reviled them ever since. Mockery is the first line of defence of the English establishment. It is a subtle form of bullying, learned and polished at public school where it's used to enforce the norms (and prejudices) of the status quo. Only in England would the idea of well-born and wealthy people talking seriously about socialist politics be regarded as intrinsically comic. But what is especially interesting here is that the jokes and sneers are being levelled, almost as a pre-emptive strike, against the expression (so far anyway) of nothing more subversive than old-fashioned social democratic values. Take, for example, the reception given Margaret Drabble's decent re-statement in a Fabian pamphlet of Rawlsian ideas of equality.

We are informed almost daily that the intellectuals of the New Right stand astride the world of politics like colossi. The prospect of the Thousand Year Reich of Thatcherism beckons us on. Yet a simple supper party for a handful of writers sets the literati and columnists of the right into a tizzy. Is it perhaps because they are aware that their colossi have feet of clay—that their hegemony is perilously narrow, and owes far more to the supra-national powers of capitalism than to the powers of their own ideas? Or do they with reason fear that ideas of equality and social justice still have great purchase within British society?

Peter Jenkins set out the notion of the right's intellectual supremacy most openly in the *Independent* earlier this week. Yet he at once plunges his case into absurdity by suggesting that intellectual left figures like Eric Hobsbawm and E P Thompson have been eclipsed by the likes of Roger Scruton and Norman Stone. These are the right-wing thinkers, apparently, who represent the "spirit of the times". Now Stone is a tolerably enjoyable historian with perhaps one good book to his name; and Scruton's serious work has substance. But they don't measure up as scholars to Hobsbawm and Thompson, nor even as public performers; Stone writes tosh in the *Sunday Times* and (to adapt Stuart Hall's joke) "Dr Scruton" degenerates in the public prints into "Mr Snide" not because they perfectly express some overwhelming *Zeitgeist* but because they say what newspaper proprietors and editors want to hear.

More astonishing still is the argument that writers and others who have had their mouths stuffed with gold under Thatcher ought not to complain about the miseries of her regime. Now plainly the Gang of 17 owe Mrs Thatcher nothing; it is (mostly) their talents and industry which have earned them their rewards, and a growing international market for those talents which provided them. But this is beside the point. What the press has in effect been arguing is that they should know their place: they are writers, not politicians nor even citizens (hasn't society been abolished?) and should as such be content, like most journalists, to be lapdogs of the new establishment.

There is also a moral blindness to the effects of Mrs Thatcher's regime. The deliberate promotion of inequalities, the denial of all manner of public responsibilies, the ruthless elevation of a private materialism, all this diminishes every citizen and not only those who suffer most directly. Only the morally blind can be happy in Mrs Thatcher's Britain.

Writers, like all of us, have a right to express their views on the way our society is going. Politics is too serious to be left to the politicians, and especially opposition politicians who seem unable to oppose the government in a public language which engages with popular experience and values. At various times, writers like H G Wells, Shaw, Priestley, Bertrand Russell and others have made significant political contributions. We should welcome anything the Gang of 17 can do, but more than that we should welcome yet another sign of a revived interest in politics in civil society.

But we shall be mocked. We are being dull and worthy. Uncork the champers, comrades.

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Frank Spooner Pictures

SAS unit on standby for Britain

An undercover SAS unit has been in operation throughout Britain for the past four years, surveying airports and other sites to which the SAS could be deployed for special domestic operations. The unit uses four high-speed helicopters, two of which were captured from Argentine forces. All four are painted as if owned by a commercial company but have military aviation registration numbers.

The SAS unit was discovered when aircraft spotters in Scotland made the link after the breaking up of a jail siege at Peterhead prison in October 1987. Until two months ago the identity of the special strong-arm team which ended the siege was unknown. Prisoners described the team as wearing black boiler suits and gas masks. They went into operation at 5 am on Saturday, 3 October equipped with stun and CS gas grenades and within minutes released the prison officer held hostage.

Police and Ministry of Defence officials will only say that the siege was ended by forces making a "direct intervention" under the command of the Chief Constable of Grampian Regional Constabulary, based in Aberdeen. So far, no member of parliament has raised the question of the legal authority for the SAS's deployment in these situations. The army has claimed in the past that military aid to the police can be justified under the doctrines known as "Military Aid to Civil Power" (MACP) or "Military Aid to Civil Authority" (MACA).

The four special SAS helicopters, Italian-made Augusta 109s, are registered ZE410 and Z413. The first two were captured from the Argentines and overhauled in 1984. Two more were purchased direct from Italy at a cost of about £2 million. Each helicopter is painted yellow, black and white. This is the livery of a commercial charter company, Alan Mann helicopters, which helps maintain the helicopters and is believed in the past to have chartered some of its own fleet to the SAS for special operations. The use of "commercial" camouflage leaves little doubt that the intended purpose is undercover operations in Britain itself, not in Northern Ireland or in combat zones abroad, where civilian markings would make the helicopters ludicrously conspicuous. In April 1987, however, one of the helicopters was temporarily repainted in army camouflage for an unknown purpose.

Officially, the SAS helicopters are assigned to "headquarters no 7 regiment" of the Army Air Corps, based at Netheravon, in Wiltshire. But they are normally at the SAS headquarters in Hereford, or the nearby communications and training base at Pontrilas. Army helicopters assigned to the SAS have been used before in Britain, in particular during the 1980 Iranian Embassy siege.

According to records of movements at UK airports, the undercover SAS helicopters have since October 1984 operated in most parts of Britain. There have been particularly frequent visits to Glasgow, Liverpool, Newcastle, Heathrow and Gatwick, as well as to other airfields in the West of England, Scotland and East Anglia. Since the start of 1988, there have been visits to Wyton, Biggin Hill, Liverpool, Newcastle, Heathrow, Coltishall, Gatwick and Brize Norton airports. One large army and SAS team was ferried to London in May. Another of the helicopters was seen at Gatwick airport on the day of the SAS killings in Gibraltar.

The range of SAS missions now authorised in Britain is unknown, but the wide range of the helicopters' movements suggest that the regiment may now be envisaged as providing US-style SWAT ("Special Weapons and Tactics") activities all over Britain. *Duncan Campbell*

Good history, bad politics

Public pronouncements on history, these days, seem to be made almost exclusively by madcap Tory ministers keen to persuade us that the Stuarts were a Good Thing, or to lavish endorsements for the transformation of these islands into National Heritage Theme Park, Inc. The prominence of these interventions may make us believe that the older, tougher, critical voices have been silenced—the ethos of the current epoch colonising even our memories.

That this is far from the truth was demonstrated by a conference held last Saturday, *Back to the Future* organised by the publishers Lawrence and Wishart. Its purpose was to review, once again, the relations between history and politics; the ostensible occasion was the fiftieth anniversary of Leslie Morton's *A People's History of England*. It was a big, bustling, convivial event, but also deadly serious: polemic was sharp and disagreements profound. The senior marxist historians were there, all the pomp of their professorships, it seemed, not readily preparing them for the intensity of public celebration.

Present too was a much younger generation, whose political memory is confined to the Thatcher years; yet it is evident that, for them, this experience has instilled an impetus to think politically and historically, and a desire to grapple with the most arcane theoretical issues. It reminds us that the intellectual hegemony of the Right is far from complete. And as Eric Hobsbawm pointed out, if this conference had been convened in the fifties it would have attracted the merest handful of participants.

Quite properly, the occasion opened with tributes to Leslie Morton, who died last year, and who was an inspirational figure to the historians—Hobsbawm, Christopher Hill, E.P. Thompson, Rodney Hilton and the rest—schooled in the Communist Party of the forties and fifties. Morton was an attractive, creative writer, profane and gritty, who in the mean years of the thirties battled against the odds to live his life with dignity, principle and imagination. There was much enthusiasm from the older generation—his erstwhile friends and colleagues—for his *People's History*, which was for them a formative text. Yet, paradoxically, for those of us brought up on the work of Hobsbawm, Hill and Thompson, Morton's *People's History* has always appeared an antiquated history book, a speedy sprint through a couple of thousand years of English history which has none of the texture or precision of the works which followed it.

And here too lies the rub. How is it possible, in these post-imperial times, to write a history of "the English people". Is it, indeed, even desirable? No easy answers. The more one heard, the more the Morton model of the 1930s—of a unitary English people, free-born in their very marrow, who are held down by the nasty machinations of the descendants of the Norman Bastard—looks too antiquated to be of use. For what it assumes is that the English people, black or white, men or women, have a common interest, lodged in our deepest culture as inheritors of the traditions of a plebian, radical democratic "Englishness".

But as many contributions from

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the feminist historians made clear, the interests of men and women are not shared. A unitary notion of "the people" has been exclusively masculine. Nor is it a question of expanding the existing picture, adding on as it were women, blacks, the marginal. In a spirited, trenchant contribution in the final plenary, Catherine Hall argued for a historiography which could embrace a complex populism, one alive to difference, and one able to weight equally the plurality of voices in "the people".

Some forty years ago, Christopher Hill declared that "Bad history will lead to bad politics." He, along with Leslie Morton and their colleagues, have bequeathed to us plenty of "good history". Times change and so do the requirements of writing and producing histories. And we still need to bear in mind that "good history" does not necessarily lead to "good politics". *Bill Schwarz*

Who killed Blair Peach?

Nine years after it happened, we still don't know the name of the police officer or officers who killed Blair Peach. The Metropolitan Police —who almost certainly know— won't tell us; and the lawyers for the Peach family—who have a pretty good idea—aren't allowed to tell us.

For that reason, the Met's decision to pay the Peach family out of court "compensation" of £70,000 (while not admitting liability) is an unsatisfactory conclusion to the whole appalling affair. It highlights the difficulty of pursuing what was essentially a criminal case through the civil courts.

Civil actions are about money, criminal about justice and apportioning blame. If the civil action against the police had gone to trial, names would have been named, which was why the Met capitulated. Because the Peach family were not legally aided, they had no option but to accept the Met's offer: they could not have afforded a trial. Even if they had been legally aided, the Law Society would almost certainly have revoked their entitlement once the police made their offer. And if the family had rejected the offer and a trial had gone ahead, they could have been out of pocket even if they had won: if they were awarded less than £70,000 they would have been liable for their costs.

The family's solicitors had to go to the Appeal Court to get hold of the papers from the internal police enquiry into the killing. (That enquiry resulted neither in criminal nor disciplinary proceedings.) Those papers, it must be assumed, point the finger fairly conclusively. But because they were obtained on court order and purely for the purposes of the trial, they will now remain private. The only hope is that the Home Secretary can be shamed into releasing them. *Jolyon Jenkins*

Walkers and Gamekeepers

The Countryside Commission has long been labelled "a toothless watchdog" by its critics, but it seems there's life in the old dog yet. Unfortunately, its anger is now turned on a group supposedly on its own side.

The Countryside Commission is threatening not to renew its £20,000 annual grant to Britain's oldest conservation group, the Open Spaces Society, because "of the way it chooses to conduct its business". The grant is awarded to encourage local interest in commons and the CC says it is "quite happy" with the work the OSS is doing in this area.

But in a strongly-worded letter to the OSS, CC Director Adrian Phillips complains that the group is lobbying against the commission's recommendations to ministers on "the grouse moor access issue" and that its "high-profile criticism of key land-owning organisations" is jeopardising any prospect of building broadly-based support for public rights' legislation.

The row centres over the interpretation of the Community Land Forum's 1986 report which calls for by-laws to regulate activity on commons which, if ignored, "should render the offender liable to be treated as a trespasser". The Forum was a body set up by the CC, with Department of the Environment blessing, to hammer out an agreement between all interested countryside bodies, farmers and walkers, over the vexed question of public access to the 1.5 million acres of privately-owned commons in England and Wales.

Associations representing landowners and gamekeepers were originally behind the report, but are now pressing for gamekeepers to have the right to deal with people they consider are breaking the by-laws. The OSS sticks by its understanding that by-laws can only be enforced by the local authority.

CC press officer Paul Johnson said this week that he sees the CC's main aim as "ensuring that everyone is pulling the same way". Nothing must damage the "consensus" established by the Community Land Forum and prevent a bill being passed.

The Open Spaces Society will not be pulled into line. Alongside the Ramblers' Association, it is continuing to lobby against the CC's recommendation that private landowners and their keepers have rights of enforcement over the public on their land. But will this David be able to stand up to the CC Goliath? Already shaken by the resignation of its president David Clark, MP, opposition spokesperson on agriculture and rural affairs through "pressure of work", the OSS has now lost its chair. As a result of the row with the CC, Guy Somerset refused to allow his name to be put forward for re-election at the 6 July AGM. *Vicky Hutchings*

Downturn in local results

Labour's June decline in the opinion polls was reflected in the results of the month's local government by-elections. The loss of five seats with no off-setting gains was the worst Labour record since last September.

Three of Labour's losses were to the Conservatives, two in Hackney and one in Bradford, where the local campaign was marred by some highly questionable Tory campaigning against gypsies. The remaining two losses were to the SLD, one in Swansea and one in Cardiff. Labour's small consolation was to see the SDP lose another two of its surviving council seats (in Lancaster).

Until these latest figures, Labour was set on the slow road to recovery. Months of net losses following last year's general election became small net gains in March (+2), April (+1) and May (+3).

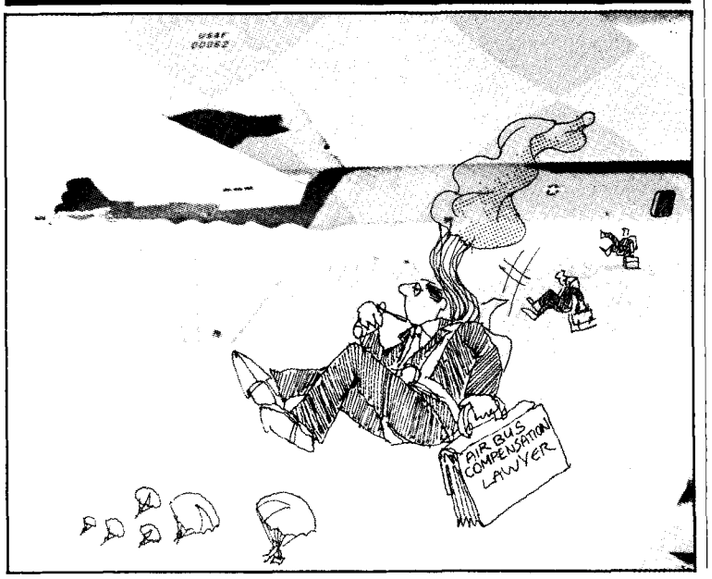
The most significant change in this parliament compared with last is the much-reduced performance of the centre parties. Labour had clearly begun to benefit from the old Alliance partners' falling out and the SLD's leadership vacuum following David Steel's resignation.

Indeed, the most remarkable point about the recent Harris/*Observer* and MORI/*Sunday Times* polls was not the growth in Conservative support but the fact that they ended a run of six consecutive polls which put Labour support at 40 per cent or more—something not seen since 1980. What's more, Labour only hit 40 per cent or more in 19 polls in the entire four years of the last parliament.

Lip-zipper rule

In last week's furore over the government's official secrets White Paper, Robin Cook MP drew attention to the spreading disease of secrecy which last month reached the British Rail Board's staff rule book. Condemned by the NUR as a lip-zipper gag, rule A1.14 forbids employees from making public statements and from taking part in action likely to damage the Board's business. Such is the climate of secrecy that when the rail users' watchdog, the Central Transport Consultative Committee asked whether the rule would apply to them as BR employees, the answer was yes. A mistake by an overzealous manager it seems. The committee is being allowed to continue voicing the travelling public's concerns, even if they do damage BR's interests. *Isabel O'Keeffe*

GRAFFITI BY PAIGE



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War of attrition in Birmingham

The suspension of nearly a third of the ruling Labour group on Birmingham City Council may prove something of an embarrassment to the national leadership, and not only because it has theoretically deprived Britain's largest district authority of a Labour majority. For the impeccably "moderate" leadership in the city has demonstrated little moderation in its dealings with the 20 rebels, who are almost boringly unloony.

The present crisis—which may but probably won't be resolved by national appeal hearings this weekend—has been some time a-brewing. In 1984, Labour regained power in Birmingham on a mildish programme which made some concessions to the left (including a commitment to decentralisation and equal opportunities). In an effort to heal past wounds, the left were given some key chairs.

By 1987, this accommodation was under strain. Scared by bad results in the May local elections, and scarred by internal opposition to the building of Birmingham's prestige convention centre, the leadership decided to remove the key left-wing chairs (notably, Theresa Stewart at Social Services and Lynne Jones at Housing), to downgrade the neighbourhood offices programme and to abolish the women's and race relations committees.

The fact that these dramatic moves did not significantly improve Labour's performance at the general election determined the left to fight back. Their resolve was further stiffened by the success of left-wing candidates in the May 1988 local elections (the right lost two seats in the party's heartland, the north and east of the city, and the left gained four in the marginal south).

Now around a third of the Labour group (but nonetheless containing only a single Militant), the left presented council leader David Knowles with demands that the group should undertake genuine discussion on strategic issues like privatisation, housing and education, and that the make-up of the group leadership should reflect the left's proportional strength. Knowles's response was to fire the few remaining left-wing subcommittee chairs.

The issue on which the left finally chose to fight was a proposal to close a council-run seaside home for disabled children. On 7 June, 20 councillors abstained on an opposition amendment to keep the home open, and were duly suspended during an eight-hour special group meeting. And last week, the rebels were stripped of their remaining positions on bodies like the fire, police, transport and airport joint boards.

Maintaining their right to abstain on a whipped vote, the 20—who on other issues continue to vote with their colleagues—are appealing to the party's constitutional committee for reinstatement. The issue of the children's holiday home may have been resolved by an agreement to purchase a comparable property in North Wales. The underlying conflict over democracy within the Birmingham Labour Group remains.

John Wallace

Approval for Irish commission

Ministers have approved in principle the setting up of an Anglo-Irish commission on which MPs from Ulster, Eire and mainland Britain would serve.

The idea was first floated in 1981, but only now has the active support of both UK and Irish governments. Both Northern Ireland secretary Tom King and Foreign Secretary Sir Geoffrey Howe have endorsed the proposal.

Leader of the Commons John Wakeham is working out details acceptable to Mrs Thatcher and other participants. The main choice lies between an assembly which is consultative and one which follows the pattern of Commons' select committees and can initiate investigations, though, at first at least, without the powers to demand the appearance of people and papers.

Wakeham has already begun talks with Mr Peter Temple-Morris, the Tory MP who, as chairman of the international association of parliamentarians, the Inter Parliamentary Union, has taken a lead in the behind-the-scenes discussions.

The hope is that the commission will eventually bring in the Ulster Unionists. Jim Molyneaux, the official unionist leader, says he is well disposed to taking part, but wants the government to first abandon the hated Anglo-Irish Agreement. It is significant that Molyneaux has been talking for the first time of the possi-

AND NOW: 'THOUGHT FOR THE DAY'.....
OH MY GOD!!
AS I WAS WALKING TO THE BBC STUDIOS THIS MORNING IT BEGAN TO RAIN....
...AND IT OCCURRED TO ME THAT, YOU KNOW, ISN'T GOD RATHER LIKE ONE'S OWN NUCLEAR UMBRELLA?
CHANCELLOR RUNCIE— "NIX CHIX NOT NOOX"
FOR ARE THEY NOT BOTH POWERFUL, PROTECTING, YET UNSEEN PRESENCES??.....
...AND ARE THEY NOT ALSO BOTH AWE-INSPIRING, EVEN TERRIFYING IN THEIR VAST DESTRUCTIVE POTENTIAL?.....
YET ARE THEY NOT AT THE SAME TIME DEEPLY REASSURING PRESENCES? FOR DO WE NOT UNDERSTAND DEEP DOWN THAT THEY ARE OUR OWN SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL INSURANCE POLICIES? ARE THEY NOT, AS IT WERE, HIGHLY SOPHISTICATED COSMIC "FINANCIAL PRODUCTS" SUCCOURING AND SECURING THE BODY AND SOUL OF MAN, ADRIFT AS WE ARE IN A COLD AND UNCARING UNIVERSE?
AND IS IT NOT A SAD FACT THAT SOME DOUBTING THOMASES PERSIST IN SAYING THAT WE CANNOT AFFORD THE PREMIUMS FOR THESE POLICIES, NOR WILL WE EVER APPRECIATE THE BENEFITS, OTHER THAN BY UTTERLY CEASING TO EXIST? A CYNICAL MESSAGE FOR A CYNICAL AGE. AND, BY THE WAY; DON'T FORGET: PULP'TS NEED PENISES.
27·11·7·88
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bility of direct talks with Haughey at the same time as Haughey is known to want them with the Unionists.

At the very least, the commission is intended to allow politicians on all sides to criticise freely each other's policing—without creating a diplomatic crisis.

To keep the Unionists in play Temple-Morris is stressing that the commission has nothing to do with the Anglo-Irish Agreement, but everything to do with the 1981 governmental council they supported.

The next move will be for negotiating team led by Temple-Morris and including Labour's Northern Ireland expert Stuart Bell to go to Dublin in the hope of establishing the commission before the end of this year.

Temple-Morris and Bell are convinced that much of the aggravation in recent rows between the two countries would have been avoided by letting off steam inside the commission. *John Lewis*

THIS ENGLAND

£3 Book Tokens for entries printed. (Postcards please.)

● Production has been seriously disrupted at Rowntree's third largest British factory by a mass walkout over working procedures on Quality Street and Walnut Whip lines at Halifax, West Yorkshire. The Toffo and Tutti Frutti lines are working normally. — *The Guardian* (John Twigg)

● The Atherstone Hunt has paid £100 compensation to a family who saw a pregnant vixen torn to pieces in their back garden. Mr Alan Smart, his wife Joan, and their sixteen-year-old daughter, Rachel, also received an apology for the incident. — *Daily Telegraph* (James Scott)

● Mr Peter Conti, QC, committee chairman, was unrepentant. "If we go with so-called fashion and impose no restrictions, you might get middle-aged women showing thighs they should have kept secret for years," he said. "You will get people stripping off to the waist if it is hot, and Henley will look like Lord's or Wimbledon—and God forbid we should get like that." — *Daily Telegraph* (James Scott)

● More than one in ten people take a bath with someone else, according to a Gallup poll carried out for the Water Companies Association. However, while 16 per cent of men admit to communal cleansing, only nine per cent of women do the same. The survey also established that, humans apart, the most popular companion in the bath is a toy duck, with a ship second. — *Observer* (Angela Bibb)

PARLIAMENT

Thanks be to Sloss

Sarah Benton

"This is a big occasion for parliament and I am grateful to everyone concerned," said Geoffrey Dickens last week. Indeed it was a Parliamentary Occasion. Mr Dickens had been able to rise to it without drawing one of the "yoo-halloos" that otherwise greet him. It was an Occasion because, as he pointed out, the Prime Minister was present and because "The whole House, in complete harmony, has been discussing child protection in a civilised way." Thus overwhelmed, he had nothing more to say.

How did it come about that a situation that had produced such conflict of a uniquely painful kind over such a long period turned into a uniquely civilised Parliamentary Occasion? Perhaps because all agree with social worker Sue Richardson; as she told the Cleveland inquiry, the sexual abuse of children constitutes a "unique constellation of trauma". It therefore stands outside the political conflict on which parliament is founded.

Or perhaps, more prosaically, it was because no one in the House was responsible and none of them was to blame. The report was conspicuously not about sexual abuse but about the essence of the local state—how to balance its internal conflicts. Cleveland was not about children but the potential dethronement of doctors as the dominant profession.

But thank the Lord Justice Butler-Sloss for her report; in its very balance, a balanced State could be perceived. All in parliament could be elder statespersons, for which everyone felt tremendous relief. Hardly an MP rose to speak without finding someone to thank, something to welcome, some other person's action to honour. Stuart Bell, the Labour MP who brought the news of Cleveland social services (though not of sexual abuse) to the House, wished to associate himself with the remarks of social services minister Tony Newton and Labour social services spokesman Robin Cook, and to congratulate the judge. Mr Newton welcomed Mr Bell's welcome (sic) and said he was sure his constituents thanked him. Richard Holt, a Conservative Cleveland MP thanked Mr Newton, associated himself with Mr Bell, and thanked the press for the "powerful and meaningful part" they had played. Mr Newton associated himself with Mr Holt and thanked him for his responsible approach. Merlyn Rees congratulated the judge and Mr Newton expressed his gratitude to him as he did to Frank Cook (a Cleveland Labour MP), who wished to record his sincere gratitude to Mr Newton...

The eddies of welcome and congratulation provided the parameters, keeping in check the conflicts that did grope for some expression. On the whole, it was Labour MPs who stressed the needs of the children and defended the welfare services involved. On the whole, it was Tory MPs who stressed the rights of parents and criticised the welfare services.

Thus Robin Cook, in a precise and measured speech, concluded that "the real significance" of the report was "the way in which it has documented the reality of child sexual abuse within our society... We must not let our revulsion at the practices that she [Butler-Sloss] describes find refuge in the belief that they do not exist." Derek Fatchett, Labour, warned that in the general desire for balance, "A child has an inalienable right not to be sexually abused and our concern should always be in that primary direction." Hilary Armstrong said the majority of the diagnoses of sexual abuse had been correct (she was challenged) and David Hinchliffe, Wakefield's Labour MP, apologised for striking the only sour note: he did not think they should be discussing state management but "sexual roles, sexual attitudes in society, the treatment of women and girls and the role of men".

That would indeed have been controversial. As, on other occasions, would have been Conservative Tim Devlin's protest that a local authority "finds it easier in law to take away a man's children than to freeze his bank account". Children and bank accounts—there's balance. It is hard to believe that many Tories see no fundamental distinction between children and "a man's" property, all of them being part of his private sphere where the State's sole role is to protect his property rights. It is easier to believe Stuart Bell's admission in his instant book, that he had never wanted to get involved in child sexual abuse because he was going for a place in the shadow cabinet. There's honesty. A man cannot build his career on the mucky side of family life, least of all on voteless children.

With a few exceptions, this was a parliamentary occasion on which Labour had a better grasp of what happens outside the dominant nexus of parliament, professions and property than did Conservatives. But there is no evidence that any of us has a better idea how to construct a State that incorporates the rights of those who have no power at all or which can intervene constructively in a person's most destructive and private sexual behaviour.

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What women want

Elle magazine tells us that most women in Britain are happy in their relationships. But are they right?

Suzanne Moore

What do women want? Freud obviously didn't have much idea and most of us haven't a clue so it's reassuring to know that someone does. A new report, "Love and sex: What women want" published in *Elle* magazine this month promises to reveal all. "Sex — The Good News" it says on its cool and confident cover. Who could resist a come-on like that? Certainly not me, especially when it was combined with an invitation to discuss love and sex over breakfast with experts in these matters.

I don't know what exactly I thought a love and sex breakfast might be like but this one was a very proper affair — sedate and practical — which suggests a peculiarly British attitude to such matters. Over coffee and croissants perfect strangers chatted politely about faking orgasms, desire and what they thought women wanted. It was a bit like one of those awkward mornings after the night before, only of course there hadn't been a night before.

The findings of the *Elle* survey were presented crisply by *Elle*'s editor Sally Brampton and Angela Neustatter who compiled it. Based on nearly 4,000 replies to a questionnaire that appeared in the March issue of the magazine, we heard that according to the respondents — nearly nine in ten say they are content or happy with their current relationship, 81 per cent say they are treated equally by their partners, and 69 per cent say that their partners give them adequate emotional support. In general a picture emerged of a generation of satisfied and assertive women.

As I jotted down these statistics incredulity turned to confusion. If 88 per cent of women who choose to fill in this survey say they are happy, who am I to say that they are not? What evidence do I have to confirm my own judgment that they are probably not, apart from drunken conversations with friends, overheard arguments, midnight phone calls and a general feeling that life is just not like that?

Michael Bennett

"We disclose how unhappy we are through complicated symbols. . . it's all very stiff upper lip. . ."

Well the obvious place to turn to is the new Hite report published earlier this year and itself the subject of much controversy. In her book *Women and Love: A Cultural Revolution*, Shere Hite surveyed a similar number of women in America and came up with radically different findings — that 98 per cent of American women are dissatisfied with their relationships. Both Hite's methodology and her resulting analysis have been heavily criticised. Whether th the criticisms are inspired by a dislike of her findings is open to question. But if her figures are accurate, they pose an enormous threat to men and the institution of heterosexuality itself.

Though the Hite report was deeper and more detailed than the *Elle* survey, both were self-selecting samples of a similar number of women. (Only those women who wanted to or had the time to fill them in did so, which in itself raises all sorts of questions about the psychology of filling in surveys.) So it's interesting that the results should be in such stark contrast to each other. If American women are so miserable, and the Hite report certainly makes for pretty depressing reading, how come we all feel so good about our lives? Can it really be the case that American men are such complete bastards while their British counterparts go round communicating, caring and cleaning up? Do we, as Angela Neustatter said, "know something that they don't across the big pond?"

It took an American, Susie Orbach, to point to the significance of cultural differences: "In the UK there is this notion that one says one is OK and instead we disclose how unhappy we are through complicated symbols. We are terrified of discussing pain, it's all very stiff upper lip." These complicated symbols, the way that misery manifests itself daily through things like drug abuse, depression, eating disorders and alcoholism. All are on the increase among women. And while Susie Orbach deals with these problems in her work as a therapist, the MP Jo Richardson echoed her sentiments from a more practical position: "The majority of women that come to my surgery are young and married, the majority are on tranquilisers and the majority of them are deeply unhappy because of poverty and desperate housing situations."

These women, however, are ob-

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Jenny Matthews/Format

"It's wonderful that women have great expectations—but then haven't they always and isn't that part of the problem?"

viously not average *Elle* readers, and have somehow been locked out of the paradise of post-feminism. And it is the nature of *Elle*'s readership which may go some way to explaining the positive findings of the survey. In the jargon they are ABC1s, 47 per cent in professional jobs and 40 per cent students with an average age of twenty five. They earn — indeed they understand that financial independance is absolutely vital — they are open about sexual relationships, they use condoms. In short they are young, free and single. And the crucial factor — only 9 per cent of them have children.

And that's where I started to get worried. It's clear that despite the class-bound nature of the survey things have changed. Young women feel that they have an automatic right to what would have once been classified as a feminist agenda, yet many of them would not describe themselves as feminists. Why should they? Yet all these "I'm not a feminist buts..." will still want their nursery places in five years time and all the self-confidence in the world cannot replace such basic facilities. Sisters might be doing it for themselves but we have also got to do it with each other if we are not to lose what we have gained.

Ironically, lesbianism was omitted both from the report and the questionnaire because, according to Sally Brampton "It would confuse the issue" — which I would have thought was the perfect reason for including it. Instead we got Mr Robert "I'm a man who lives in a *Elle* world" Elms, self-styled expert on life, the universe and everything. Playing Mr Sensitivity, Robert came out of the closet as an ardent feminist. "The feminist struggle must continue" he said. Someone there wished all men could be like him but I couldn't stop thinking about the last time I'd seem him appear as an instant expert—on Network 7 defending bullfighting. One could only hope that the average *Elle* reader who, according to the survey, can speak for herself, assert her needs and cares about sexual satisfaction could put Mr Elms in his place.

For the results of this survey are unsurprisingly in tune with the ethos of the magazine itself. *Elle* is stylish, glossy, and full of "mental chocolate". Unlike other women's mags it has no problem pages or any of those dreadful "How to..." articles. It addresses its reader as someone who already knows how to have multiple orgasms, is already gorgeous and who is always in control. That's a tremendously flattering way to draw you into its world which is basically one of consumption. It is consumption that is the key to this post-feminist identity that everyone keeps talking about. Yet the fact remains that while the thrill of the perfect purchase may match the thrill of the perfecr orgasm, neither will change the fundamental conditions of women's lives. Which is where boring old stuff like politics comes into it.

Of course I desperately want to believe that all these women are as happy as they say they are because, like everyone else, I like to think feminism has worked. It's wonderful that women have great expectations— but then haven't they always and isnt that part of the problem? Is our culture changing fast enough to meet these desires? More than anything else I want to think feminism has had a happy ending but I keep being nagged at by something Susie Orbach said: "People don't want to know how unhappy women are because women don't want to know themselves."

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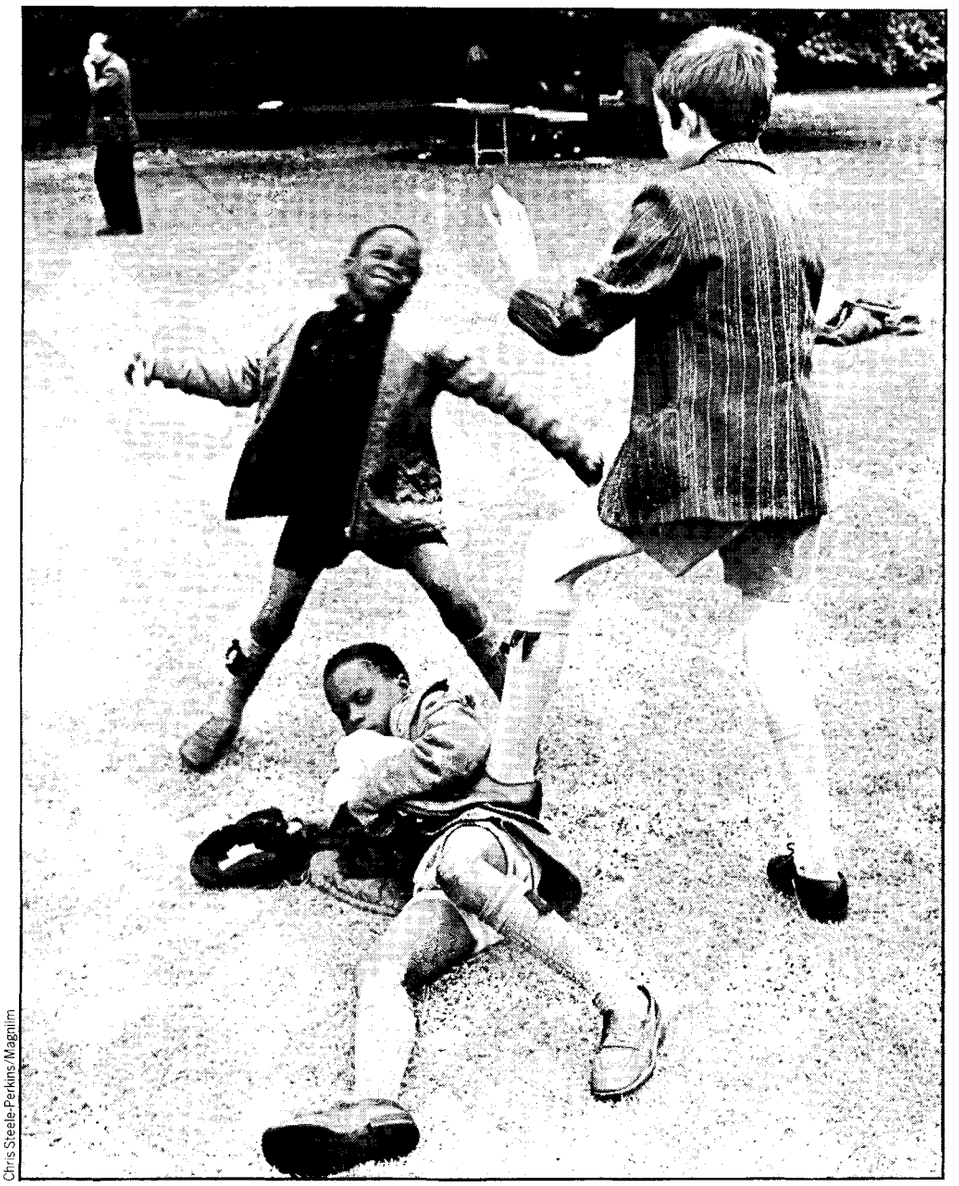

Chris Steele-Perkins/Magnum

New black power lines

Labour can no longer count on the black vote. Stephen Howe and David Upshal report on moves to break away from the old ties

Labour leaders, desperately trying to reconstitute a winning electoral coalition, worry about regaining votes among skilled, highly-paid white workers. But behind their backs the apparently solid black vote, long taken for granted, is eroding and black politicians are serving notice that Labour must deliver—fast—or lose the loyalty of their communities.

The 1987 election has already shown that the black electorate is less loyal and enthusiastic about Labour than it used to be. Yet it is not easy to see how any political party—even Labour—can adequately embrace an agenda which both addresses young black militants for whom direct action is the most natural political response; and the more economically secure groups who still encounter the everyday humiliation of racial prejudice and discrimination.

And as Labour's electoral fortunes founder, and internal strife becomes more evident, black politicians inevitably speculate that a less loyal political posture might make for a more responsive party. If there were a danger of more black voters abstaining or turning to other parties, not only would Labour be desperate to secure its existing black vote, but the other parties might also try harder to win black support . In these conditions, a non-aligned black pressure group, on the model of the American National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People, could exert more leverage on behalf of black people.

At least for the moment, most black politicians don't have to choose between sticking with Labour and going for non-alignment. The idea of non-aligned black groups without party political ties is very much in the air. And with the black vote already becoming more fluid, private discussions, involving prominent black Labour figures, are underway. Indeed, Paul Boateng, the Brent South MP, goes so far as to say that he would unhesitatingly place himself "at the disposal" of a British NAACP. The significance of this is that black politicians no longer believe that the Black Sections movement will ever reach a satisfactory settlement with the Labour Party. Tottenham MP Bernie Grant, though still supporting the movement and talking with party leaders on its behalf, is openly critical of its rigid policy stances and vanguardism.

In response, the Black Sections executive has produced the "Black Agenda"— a wide-ranging statement of political demands and policy suggestions. The document is now circulating in draft, and is soon to be published. The "Black Agenda" not only marks a departure into new territory for the Black Sections movement, but reflects a wider shift in black politics. Both attitudes and priorities are changing among the black electorate. The most obvious change is a generational one. First generation immigrants gravitated undemandingly, as voters, towards a Labour Party which promised to improve the lot of the disadvantaged in society generally.

The second generation of blacks have entered the political arena far more energetically; born and brought up in Britain, they approach the politics of change in terms of specific demands rather than requests. Their parents hoped for greater equality, they expect it as a right. And knowing that they're here to stay, their demands are more wide-ranging.

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The "Black Agenda" refers to "the Ghetto Godfathers" of black politics being superseded by "the young black militants"; a statement which has raised many fierce questions of definition. Who are the Godfathers? And who are the militants? In short, the militants are the generation of black activists who have grown up in the seventies and eighties. They work outside of the localised, culturally-oriented power blocs mobilised by patriarchal figures in the black community in the fifties and sixties. These delivered votes for Labour, but asked for no substantial social or economic returns.

Not all first generation black political figures are Godfathers, nor all the second generation militant. But there has been a sea-change in black activism. A key element of this has been the rallying of British non-whites around the universal political term "black" in deference to the "communality of oppression" shared by Asian and Afro-Caribbean alike. The backlash against this terminology has been led by a first generation Godfather figure, Inder Singh Uppal.

Uppal, Hounslow's senior community relations officer, argued in the *Daily Mail* and on television recently that Asians should not be, and usually resented being, labelled "black". Both Afro-Caribbeans and Asians have condemned his view as needlessly divisive, fracturing the political unity which exists around the term "black".

The Labour MP for Leicester East, Keith Vaz, however, suggests that Uppal is pointing toward real and dangerously deepening divisions. Sections of the Asian community have established a solid economic base in Britain; more so than Afro-Caribbeans have done. Differences in political behaviour are emerging too. The Asian Labour vote dropped from 81 per cent in 1983 to 67 per cent last year, while Afro-Caribbean Labour support remained solid at 86 per cent, according to a Harris poll. Vaz, the only Asian MP, says that the overwhelming public stress on unity may obscure the reality of inter-racial divisions.

Uppal's stance seems to get less support among younger Asians than from those of his own generation. *Asian Herald* editor Iqbal Wahhab comments: "These sentiments mark how clear the gap is between the first and second generations. I went to school alongside white, West Indian and Asian kids and we grew up together. That was no problem for us. We were products of multi-culturalism. Our parents were products of imperialism and culture necessarily became a problem for them. Now we are coming to a third generation, brought up by parents who were born here. In what way are they Asian?"

The priorities of black politics are changing. For example, immigration no longer commands the priority it once had. The second generation, having experienced public education in Britain at first hand, are far more concerned about its inadequacies. The old models of "multicultural" education and "racism awareness training" are widely discredited, as the "Black Agenda" recognises: quite apart from the bitter fall-out over ill-conceived anti-racist policies exposed in the Burnage report. Meanwhile separate black schools, including Islamic and other religious schools, are hotly debated: the document hedges its bets here.

Education is perhaps the most controversial single subject right now—though more black politicians we interviewed gave priority to racial violence. The "Black Agenda" too focuses sharply on racial violence, along with housing and the alarming rate of incarceration of young blacks in prison, detention centres and mental hospitals. The crisis of the inner cities, which has a disproportionately damaging effect on blacks, links these themes—and will be intensified by the poll tax, Conservative housing policies, rate-capping and the abolition of the Inner London Education Authority.

The Black Sections are persisting in their attempt to gain constitutional recognition at the Labour Party conference, whilst also seeking to raise this new policy agenda. But while their officers urge the need to reach out to the whole range of black communities, they are being criticised for not having consulted widely enough, as well as for failing adequately to represent the concerns of black women and the religious organisations so important in both Asian and Afro-Caribbean circles.

'. . . bidding for cross-party support is beginning to look increasingly attractive. . .'

Keith Vaz fears that the whole enterprise has come two years too late: the Black Sections, he thinks, may have missed the boat. Certainly, black voters appear increasingly sceptical about the Labour Party. Their turnout has always been lower than average, and the rate is falling —especially among the young. Black votes are still overwhelmingly Labour votes, and as many as 50 Labour MPs owe their majorites to them. But this may not last forever.

The black communities believe increasingly that Labour sees them largely in terms of electoral gain. It has not grasped the social and moral dimensions of their position in Britain. And a politics which views race only in terms of votes won or lost is woefully insufficient for black people suffering the effects of racial inequality.

Lee Jaspar, secretary of the National Black Caucus, a network of politically unaffiliated voluntary organisations, sums up the disillusionment when he says: "The black MPs have failed to get the Labour Party to formulate policy and admit to its own racism. Their national role is constrained by their position within the party and the parliamentary process. We feel that a policy developed outside Parliament will be more in tune with the black community."

How do the black MPs react to such criticism? They admit that their achievements during their first year in parliament have been modest, but point to the unreasonable expectations placed on them. As Diane Abbott, Labour MP for Hackney North, puts it, most MPs have done well if they can find their way around the building in their first year. Four MPs out of 650 is a massive under-representation, but few expect there to be dramatic short-term increases in this figure. Much will obviously depend on whether the Tories or SLD join Labour in picking black candidates for safe seats. In 1987, neither did so. Black Labour candidates suffered no clearly identifiable loss of votes on racial grounds in 1987; but Tory and, even more, Alliance hopefuls *did* do worse than their white counterparts.

Meanwhile the four black MPs have only a backbencher's resources, but must face up to almost messianic hopes from the black community. And already there's talk of unseating the three London MPs inside their local parties. Much of this is on the level of backroom plotting and rumour-mongering: but the sheer intensity of this factional activity within just a year underlines the unusual pressures on black politicians.

Bernie Grant has been criticised by both the main factions in Tottenham Labour politics, *Briefing* and the Labour Co-ordinating Committee, for "sitting on the fence" in their bitter quarrels over council cuts. *Briefing* activists have talked of running local councillor Martha Osamor against him. In Hackney North, local activists have threatened to run the controversial Sharon Atkin against Diane Abbott; Atkin, who's just survived party disciplinary proceedings (found guilty but unpunished) denies any such ambition. Meanwhile, whisperings against Boateng in Brent South look increasingly unlikely to issue in a concerted challenge.

All the MPs seem likely to survive, but their position is uncomfortably exposed by the combination of national and local demands on them. Their national role also makes their position in Labour's internal battles more important. The Black Sections executive backs the Benn-Heffer slate for the leadership, but only Abbott and Grant among the MPs have done so. Paul Boateng is among the MPs who have nominated Neil Kinnock, while Vaz has yet to show his hand.

The Black Sections are formally linked with the sectional Labour Left Liaison caucus and the looser Chesterfield movement. It's been suggested that the close association with Labour's "hard left" marginalises black demands, or is irrelevant to them. Yet Black Sections chair, Narendra Makanji, along with Abbott and others, points out that only the left within the party has consistently backed Black Sections. They accuse Hattersley in particular of being their "worst enemy" and a beneficiary of "Godfather politics". Grant points out that Kinnock has become more receptive to black concerns. On the other hand, Keith Vaz suggests that the hard left simply "cannot deliver" for blacks.

Amidst all this sound and fury, the option for blacks of going outside internal party struggles and bidding for cross-party support looks increasingly attractive. However, this is a long-term strategy which requires planning, discipline and—most of all—a response from the other major parties. In the absence of any such response, there is little motivation for political planning or discipline in the black population. Instead, there is pent-up frustration and uncoordinated anger: feelings which can erupt unpredictably at any time.

For all its flaws, the "Black Agenda" offers ways of averting a violent eruption. This year's Labour Party conference can take a first step towards harnessing the energy of the black communities. It may also be a last chance. ●

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Champ or chump?

Stuart Bell MP is proclaimed as the champion of family life in Cleveland. Beatrix Campbell raises some awkward questions

Rex features

Well, at least Stuart Bell, the Labour MP for Middlesbrough, has made his name and become a legend in his own time. Bell's book of the Cleveland crisis shows us how. *When Salem Came to the Boro* (Pan Books, £3.99) claims to tell "The True Story of the Cleveland Crisis" but doesn't so much tell the truth as throw down the gauntlet. Allegations that respectable fathers sexually abuse their children became transposed in his mind to witch-hunting "innocent families".

Salem's modern equivalent was Cleveland, where apparently wanton purges of parents and wayward testimonies of children were mobilised against the boro's fathers, whose only defence, according to Bell, was "a coalition of men of the cloth, Members of Parliament, the legal profession, the media and the police". An invicible alliance—but to protect whom? A couple of Bell's classic case studies are paradigms of both his method and his message.

One case is surrounded by a widely-reported non-event: Dr Geoffrey Wyatt took a notion to check out all the children in a special school where several cases of abuse had been uncovered. It was a dotty idea. But it was only ever an idea. It arose because the headmaster called in a boy's father and told him that he'd been sexually abused, along with several others in, the school. The boy's four-year-old sister was called to Middlesbrough General, where signs of sexual abuse were found on her, too. Bell tells us that the boy said he'd pushed felt pens up the girl. The father made an eight-page statement to the police—after being arrested, apparently on the strength of previous sexual offences brought to the attention of the police by the children's social worker. After making his statement, however, he was not charged and there were no criminal proceedings. That was the background to Wyatt's dotty idea.

But, what Mr Bell doesn't tell us is that the father—with whom he was in regular contact and who joined the Parents Support Group—was said by both of his children to have had sexual relationships with both of them, and that he'd penetrated both of them. The boy used to put Page Three pictures of women in his clothing, on the walls, masturbated other children constantly, and was felt by both his special school and an eminent establishment psychologist to be deeply disturbed.

Mr Bell is right, there was no prosecution. Why not? Nevertheless, last January—surely in time to meet Mr Bell's deadline?—a High Court judge decided on the basis of the social services testimonies alone that the father had been so damanging to his children that he should have no access to them ever again. Why doesn't Stuart Bell tell us that?

Then there's the story of the man who tragically hanged himself in prison awaiting trial on allegations of abusing his daughters. They, too had named their father, who they also loved, after signs of sexual abuse were found on their bodies. Their mother, a steadfast stoic, is probably one of the few lay people ever to have seen the much-maligned sign of anal diliation. She saw it and was amazed. And she believed that her children had been abused—they named their father.

She wrote of the whole drama—the diagnosis, her children's disclosures and ultimately of her own disclosure that she'd been buggered by her husband, too—after they'd separated. On the cover she'd written RIP, and around this epitaph wrapped a heart.

Stuart Bell tells us about the man's family refusing to believe the allegations, but he doesn't reveal the children's statements, or their mother's reasons for believing them. Why not?

The whole book is like that. We're told the pitiable story of the man abandoned by his wife, who believed the diagnosis. What are we supposed to infer: that she's a bitch? And we're told about the model parents whose children became the subjects of bitterly contested multiple medical opinions, who were "freed" by a High Court judge after the county council withdrew its case. But what we're not told is why.

The county council was losing cases in the courts during the life of the Butler-Sloss inquiry because the anal dilation test was "controversial"—so controversial, that the *Times* predicted before the inquiry began that it would be totally "discredited". By the end of November, the council was warned by its own lawyers that it couldn't win and withdrew—despite the fact that a confidential independent report to the High Court reckoned that there was "every possibility" that the children had been abused.

By January, however, when the dust had settled and the county council had time to rethink its courtroom strategies, sometimes relying less on the medical evidence and more on rigourous social work and psychological assessments, the tide began to turn. In retrospect, another Sheldon ruling in April this year—also a "Cleveland crisis" case—would hardly have happened during 1987, when all that judges heard from the media was that the diagnosis was controversial.

Assessing the second-opinion evidence of Dr Myles Clarke, a Liverpool police surgeon, whose views were sought by several of the parents dissenting from the diagnosis, the judge said, "Dr Clarke seemed to me to be most reluctant to agree that Dr Higgs's diagnosis could be correct. In the event, I found his

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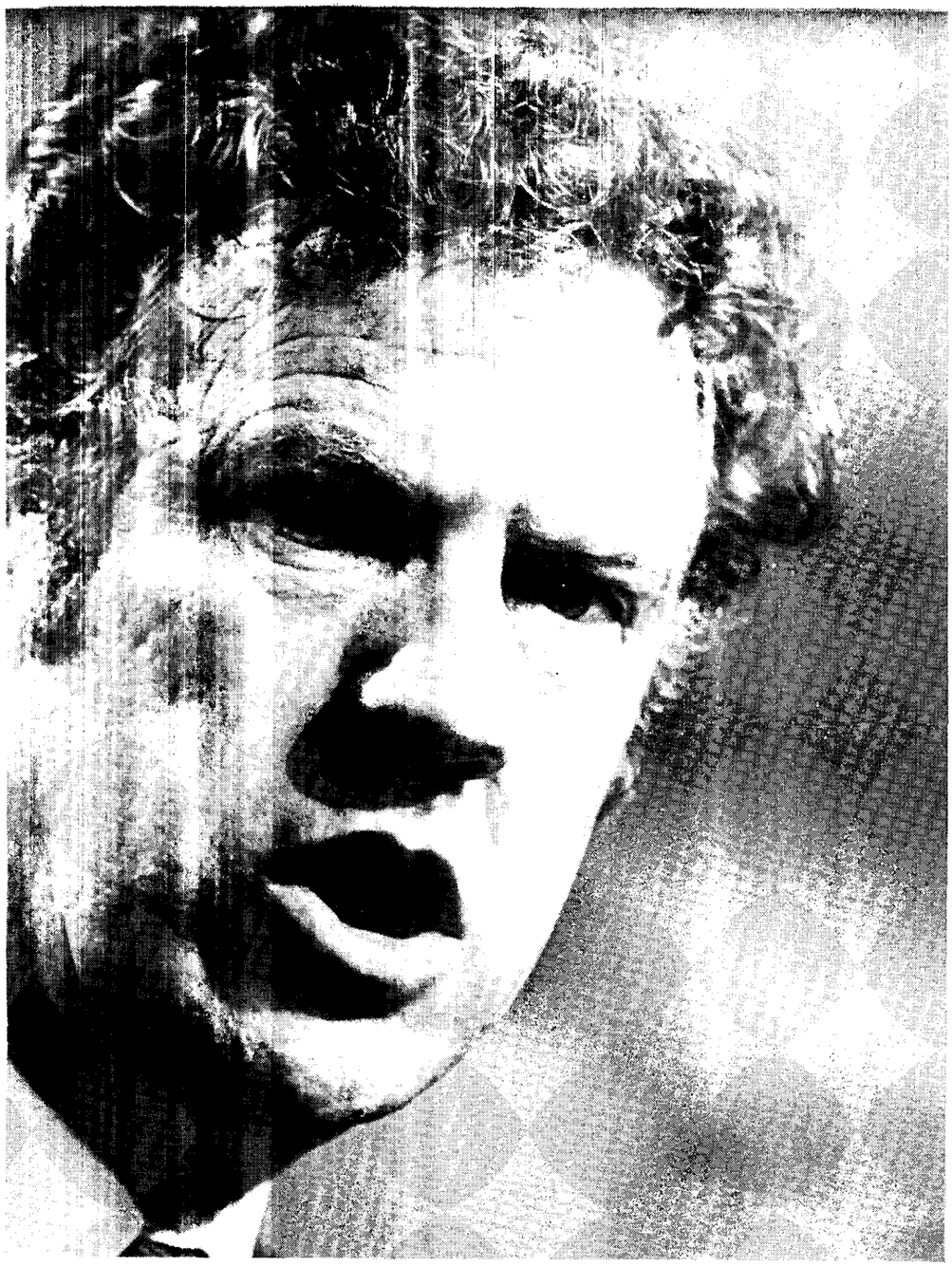

evidence unconvincing, particularly when contrasted with the clear, direct and unemotional manner in which she explained her conclusions. He gave me the impression he was still fighting a battle that had been joined in regard to other facts in other fields. Nor was I left in any doubt that Dr Higgs's findings and conclusions were to be preferred."

According to one legal expert, this shift since the beginning of the year is showing that "the credibility gap has been closed by a High Court judge in the calm, clear light of day".

To be honest, I'd expected to be more persuaded by Stuart Bell's case histories that there was some injustice or certainly rough justice. Instead, the book leaves the reader with the feeling that Bell simply assumes you'll think it's all awful, that social services and the paediatricians were self-evidently wrong—and you'll think that, because you, like him, don't believe sexual abuse on the scale implied by Cleveland is believable. Simple as that.

One of Bell's most important sources was Dr Alistair Irvine, Cleveland senior police surgeon. He rubbished the diagnosis. But according to the Butler-Sloss report his evidence was "confused and confusing" and his personal feelings overwhelmed his professional judgment.

'Stuart Bell based his crusade on the judgment of the two doctors who least inspired the confidence of Butler-Sloss'

Dr Irvine knew little about the diagnosis and so depended on Manchester police surgeon, Dr Raine Roberts. But according to the report, her knowledge of anal abuse was "slight" and, more damning, she had been "unable to provide the cool, detached and considered testimony the inquiry might have expected from an expert".

On the other hand, the inquiry said it saw no reason to doubt the clinical findings of the paediatricians at the centre of controversy.

Bell, therefore, based his crusade against the diagnosis on the judgment of the two doctors who least inspired the confidence of the Butler-Sloss judicial panel, and in particular the police surgeon who encouraged the police in effect to declare UDI and pull out of joint investigations.

Bell's confidence in Dr Irvine explains his confidence in the police—their non-examination of suspected cases, their failure to interview suspected (and sometimes named) perpetrators, he sees not as negligence, but as proof of innocence.

But Bell's crusade owed not a little to his own arcane struggle for survival in the Labour Party. Certainly he is a man in the image of north-east Labourism, his language is suffused with the constipated committee-speak, his vanity creaks with the insecurites of the newly rich and powerful.

Discontent with Bell has grown since he was elected in 1983. Part of his problem is the transformation of the party from the passive, partriarchal fastnesses typical of the north-east into a political party that's trying to be a political party rather than a British Legion Club. Bell runs a tight ship and he's been consolidating his base, primarily with the general and municipal union which had dominated Tyneside and Teesside Labourism for longer than many an activisit cares to remember.

He apparently enjoys the patronage of the party leadership. His evidence to the inquiry included a covering note endorsing Bell's crusade from deputy leader, Roy Hattersley.

Bell's accusation of elitism and empire building are targeted at the renaissance of an eclectic new left in the local county parties. Ironically, he himself mobilises a certain elitism against two of his enemies, two electricians, councillors Bob Pitt and John Bell.

It was John Bell, a post-punk lad who was elected to the county council in his mid-twenties who pushed child abuse as a priority in the mid-1980s. He committed himself to child abuse because he had potent memories from school-days, "of lasses being sexually abused and lads being beaten up by their dads". As a new young councillor he went to the social services department library and read up on it.

When Bell accused social services of empire building and elitism, he claimed in documents submitted to the inquiry that they were "abetted in their search for new money by Cllrs Bell and Pitt, both electricians by trade, each acquiring such a surprising knowledge of child abuse . . ." Electricians, apparently, aren't supposed to be knowledgeable. ●

"Unofficial Secrets", Beatrix Campbell's account of the Cleveland controversy, will be published by Virago in September.

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Profit and principle

Ethical investments are becoming big business but lack of control leaves them open to abuse, warns James Stephenson

People interested in SIN are meeting this week. SIN is the comically inappropriate acronym for the Social Investors' Network. It is one of a number of attempts being made to impose ethical as well as financial conditions on investment. Participants include representatives of groups interested in making principles compatible with their profit. They are there to discuss trends in ethical investment and plan for the future.

SIN is just one instance of the burgeoning of ethical investment. Attempts to reconcile profit and principle are losing their "alternative" image and becoming an established part of mainstream finance. It is now possible to put money to a wide range of socially responsible uses. But the terms "ethical" and "socially responsible" beg many questions. One person's ethical investment is another's unacceptable dereliction of principle. Each option has to be scrutinised to establish what exactly it is counting in and out.

Britain's fastest growing building society is one possibility. The Ecology Building Society's loans are intended to encourage the "saving of non renewable resources, the promotion of self-sufficiency in individuals or communities, or the most efficient use of land". The Ecology is also the second smallest society in the country, with a solitary branch in West Yorkshire. But that is not an insurmountable obstacle, since deposits can be made through any bank at which a current account is held. The society started in 1981 with £5,000. It now has assets of £2.6 million.

Another, more risky, option is direct ownership of stocks (company debt) or shares (company ownership) in an ethically acceptable firm. This may take a negative form of deciding not to invest in companies that engage in unacceptable activities. It may prove difficult given complex corporate structures. It is not always easy to know about all the activities of a company, let alone a subsidiary or parent.

The Ethical Investment Research and Information Service (EIRIS), started in 1983, helps to untangle the web. EIRIS emphasises that it does not "make judgments about the moral acceptability of the activities of individual firms". It provides lists of acceptable companies given particular ethical criteria. It also has information on such things as alcohol, animals, arms and sales to military purchasers, nuclear power, overseas interests, political contributions, size, and South Africa. And it sells factsheets on individual companies making up 98 per cent of the value of the stock market.

Share ownership can be more positive. Money can be put into a company that engages in activity which the investor favours. Traidcraft, for instance, has share flotations from time to time. The company—which among other things imports Nicaraguan coffee—aims to promote "love, justice and equity in international trade".

Options are available even for those who have no intention of dabbling in stocks and shares. Bromige and Partners, together with Scottish Equitable, offer the Ethical Pension Fund. Declaring the pension fund to be ethical gets the trustees round a 1984 legal ruling that they must "exercise their powers in the best interests of the beneficiaries" where these are "normally their best financial interests". The judgment explicitly recognised that where the beneficiaries all held strict views on moral and social matters, the trustees were exempt.

The clearest evidence of the growing financial "respectability" of ethical investment in mainstream finance is in the area of unit trusts. Each unit gives the investor a tiny part of a basket of shares chosen by a fund manager. This spreads the risk of any single share price falling, though it does not protect against a falling stock market.

Friends' Provident—mindful of its original link with the Quakers—launched Britain's first ethically constrained unit trust in 1984. The unit has been spectacularly successful. It consistently outperformed the FT All Share Index in its first three years. It was the second best unit trust overall in 1987.

Ethical investments hold much appeal for financial institutions concerned with niche marketing

Success breeds imitation. There are now ten ethical unit trusts. One comes from the Church of England's insurance company, the Ecclesiastical Insurance Group. Another is sponsored by the British Medical Association and avoids only tobacco companies. Minimum investments are £500 or £1,000 depending upon the choice of trust. All the trusts' fortunes have been mixed in the wake of last October's stock market crash. Two—NM Schroder's Conscience Fund and Abbey Life's Ethical Trust—have actually lost ground on their launch prices. But, generally, the trusts have performed better than the stock market as a whole. None of the trusts is listed amongst either the best or worst performing trusts over the year. There appear to be no financial penalties for investors in ethical funds.

Ethical unit trusts remain small beer, however, compared to the sector as a whole. There were about 1,100 unit trusts at the end of 1987. Unit trusts with ethical constraints therefore account for less than 1 per cent of the total. Moreover, ethical funds are smaller than average. Thus, they account for an even smaller part of the value of the £36 billion industry.

Britain is a long way behind the United States, where the idea of "socially screened" investment originated. The Social Investment Forum estimates that as much as 10 per cent of Wall Street's values is subject to some ethical test. We certainly have not reached the "critical mass" that Tim Smith, director of the Interfaith Centre for Corporate Responsibility, sees approaching in the US.

But the ethical investment bandwagon is gathering pace. And with it, concern that control may pass from the hands of scrupulous instigators. There is a danger that it may be hijacked by financial institutions with little interest in its objectives. It could become simply a handy marketing gimmick. Ethical investment holds much appeal for financial institutions concerned with niche marketing. For example, less than 2 per cent of Friends' Provident's managed funds are ethically screened.

The introduction to an EIRIS guide to ethical funds points out that, "there is no agreed way of defining an ethical fund, so there is nothing to prevent anybody using the word ethical to market a financial product even where there is little justification for doing so." Giles Chitty, chief executive of Financial Initiative, warns about the dangers of allowing ethical investment to become debased. It will, he says "be a missed opportunity, if we allow it to become co-opted by mere market opportunism". Buckmaster and Moore is a case in point. Its Fellowship Trust excludes, among others, companies investing in South Africa. But Buckmaster and Moore is itself owned by Credit Suisse which has considerable South African interests.

Another source of concern is the adequacy of some of the trusts' arrangements for monitoring their portfolios. The Conscience Fund, for instance, relies upon two meetings of unit holders each year and a "validation panel" of three, including David Bellamy. Firmer evidence of the rigour of the funds will be available when EIRIS undertakes its criteria analysis next year. Until then potential investors will have to trust to the ethics of the ethical fund managers. ●

The monthly watch on ethical unit trusts which appeared in New Society will resume in August.

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The great American smokescreen

Huey Long used to say fascism would come to America dressed up as anti-fascism. In fact, it may come in the guise of a health campaign. It was the conservative columnist William F Buckley Jnr who once proposed that Aids carriers should have an advertisement of their condition compulsorily tattooed on their bodies. But the most striking recent example has been the campaign against cigarette smoking.

Smokers are now on the run, particularly since the $400,000 award in a New Jersey court case to a man suing a tobacco company following his wife's death from lung cancer. The slide from Strength through Smoking (as displayed by the actor Ronald Reagan in his late 1940s commercial for Chesterfield) to the public pillorying of the "smoker" as toxic outcast has been accelerating over the past few years. New York commuters have beaten up a smoker at a train station. In both California and New York, public buildings are now smoke-free zones, and San Francisco has declared its transport system off-limits to the smoker. A judge in Knoxville, Tennessee, agreed with one parent suing another for custody of a child that smoking in a house containing the disputed infant did indeed constitute child abuse. The Surgeon General proclaims that smokers are addicts. Donald McDonald, President Reagan's drug adviser, calls tobacco a "gateway drug".

I write as someone who quit a three-pack-a-day habit five years ago, and though I can't say I'd die for the right of the man next to me to blow smoke past my face, I don't greatly mind if he does. What I do mind are these self-righteous types who start flapping their hands ostentatiously as soon as anyone within 30 feet of them lights up, announcing officiously that "their" air is being polluted. Of course the health fascists say that as a victim of my neighbour's "secondary smoke", I am indeed dying for his rights, but as we shall see, that's hogwash. (Health fascism, I should add, has its appropriate antecedents. Hitler was a rabid anti-smoker and health nut, even though Dr Morell had him on 28 different drugs by the end of the war. He nibbled his beansprouts while ordering the construction of forced labour camps and the gassing of Jews.)

One of the reasons for the success of the anti-smoker drive is that people attribute any defence of smokers' rights to the tobacco companies, which are down there on the bottom rung of public esteem along with dog-beaters, journalists and General Tony Noriega. The tobacco industry has obviously prospered from human addiction and suppressed or otherwise contested evidence inimical to its interest. Confident that anything a tobacco company doesn't like is somehow morally OK, people gird themselves for a night of the long noses, poking themselves into other people's business.

It's not as though the prodnoses care whether people die of lung cancer. The fact that about half the companies in the Fortune 500 now have drug tests for prospective employees in no way indicates that these outfits have, all of a sudden, been consumed with anxiety about the health of their employees. If moral concern drove them forward they would be beating down the doors of the Reagan administration, asking why the past seven years have seen a pitiless assault on environmental standards.

The name of the game here is productivity and profits, as was lucidly set forth in the 20 May issue of *Workers Vanguard*, organ of the Spartacist League, and by far the most spirited publication from the heavy left sector. Unlike most left or liberal publications, this bi-weekly has taken a strong line in favour of smokers' rights. It stresses that the anti-smoking drive is just one more stratagem, along with urine-testing and lie-detectors, for keeping workers in line. With the smoking bans, about a third of the American population and almost half the industrial proletariat will be turned into "legal addicts". There's a strong class bias here too, since smoking increases towards the bottom of the social scale, disproportionately inhabited by blacks and Hispanics. A typing pool or a shop floor is easier to invigilate as "smoker free" than an executive office.

In April 1985 an article in *Health Care Strategic Management*, "Increasing Productivity Through On-Site Smoking Control", claimed that approximately 92 non-smokers can accomplish the same workload as 100 smokers. In August 1986, *Military Medicine* wrote that smokers take 50 per cent more sick leave, need more medical care, "wasted six per cent of (their) working hours to the smoking ritual", require expensive ventilation and exact "a high price in employers' morale". What both corporations and the military recognise is that smoking on the job is a subversion of the authoritarian norm, though the military also recognises that a

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There is a hidden agenda to the anti-smoking campaigns in the US. Alexander Cockburn charts the rise of health fascism.

EVA, directed by Joseph Losey/Ronald Grant Collection

Health fascism? "The anti-smoking campaign shifts the blame rather too neatly on to the victim"

timely cigarette can help the troops follow orders, even unto the ultimate sacrifice.

Another factor in the anti-smoking drive, one not often raised publicly by the health fascists, is the high cost of ventilation. In new offices and institutional buildings, heating, ventilation and air conditioning constitute the second highest item in finishing a project, and are hence a big target for cost-cutters. The so-called "energy crisis" of the mid-1970s was a marvellous excuse for the better-bottom-line brigade to cut down on the proper ventilation of new construction, thus giving rise to the "sick building", in which office workers breathe in endlessly recirculated chemicals, viruses and bacteria and find themselves getting ill, particularly with respiratory infections, more than they used to. So shove workers into smaller and smaller work spaces with inadequate ventilation, often no windows, and then blame the smoker when people get unhappy or sick.

But what about the "secondary smoke" and its ill effects, strongly urged by the anti-smoking lobby? The evidence is pretty sketchy. A 1987 article by a West German bio-statistician, K Uberla, in the *International Archives of Occupational and Environmental Health*, concludes, after reviewing the available studies: "the observations on non-smokers that have been made so far are compatible with either an increased risk from passive smoking or an absence of risk." A non-smoker sitting in the smokers' section on a round-trip flight between San Francisco and Tokyo would inhale the equivalent of half a cigarette's worth of nicotine. Evidence of the effects of tobacco smoke on infants, particularly those in the domestic circumstances of mothers most likely to smoke, is more debatable. Such infants are also prey to the leaking gas stoves and toxicity of low-income living, making specific diagnosis of the malign effects of tobacco difficult to estimate.

A story in the *San Francisco Chronicle* last autumn cited a report based on data from the National Safety Council and the Bureau of Labor Statistics estimating that "nearly 6,000 workers who died in the first half of the 1980s would still be alive" but for the decline in enforcement of standards by the Occupational Safety and Health Administration. The same companies that enforce smoking bans and test workers for drug abuse drag their feet combating silicosis. The executive with the No Smoking sign on his desk has a panorama of belching chimneys at his back. One of the joys of the anti-smoking campaign, from the vantage point of capital, is it shifts blame so nicely to the victim.

The fate of the Christie Suit

For the last 18 months or so I've come to associate a particular kind of manic gleam in the eye of interrogators at public meetings of a progressive nature with an outfit known as the "Christie Institute". What, they would ask, did I think of the Christie Institute suit?

The Christie Institute is a public interest law firm based in Washington DC and headed by a charismatic; that is, someone whose religious devotions tend to include an ecstatic interlude of speaking in tongues. The most prominent lawyer attached to the Institute is Daniel Sheehan who came to prominence for his work on the Karen Silkwood case.

In 1984 a powerful bomb disturbed the preliminaries of a press conference being given by Eden Pastora at La Penca, just over the Nicaraguan border from Costa Rica. Some were killed and others wounded, among them Pastora himself, and a freelance journalist called Tony Avirgan. A widely-held view at the time was that Pastora had been the object of an assassination bid by the CIA, irked that he stubbornly refused to fall in behind the main contra body, the FDN, based in Miami and Honduras. Avirgan and his wife Martha Honey retained the services of the Christie Institute to sue on their behalf.

But sue whom? Sheehan went to work and finally got a judge to agree to a criminal suit naming 28 co-conspirators, brought under the RIOC statute, an outrageous conspiracy law originally devised to harass unions like the Teamsters. In a famous affidavit Sheehan proposed the idea that a "secret team" had been running amok in significant areas of US foreign policy, ever since the CIA's attempts to overthrow Fidel Castro at the start of the 1960s. Many of the individuals he cited had been active in the CIA in Miami, then in Laos and Vietnam, then in Central America, and the allegations of drug-running and assassinations were also substantial. The climax of the affidavit was, of course, the effort of the secret team to murder Pastora.

There were sound pragmatic reasons for proposing a secret team. The logical alternative was to say that the villainy was part and parcel of American foreign policy and that the secret team was none other than the US government and its agencies. But that would have brought the US Justice Department, with all its lawyers and unlimited funds, in on the defending side. Hence the attraction of a team that had run amok.

Lawsuits are expensive and the Christie Institute's costs were soon running at around $40,000 a month. Sheehan, his wife Sarah Nelson and associates were constantly on the road, not rooting out facts but giving fund-raising speeches. Various versions of the affidavit were sold to supporters at $15 a throw. Progressive causes, particularly in California, began to complain that Christie was soaking up all available charitable funds. As with assassinologists in the 1960s and 1970s, obsessed with the murders of the Kennedys and of Martin Luther King, conspiracy-mongering became a substitute for political analysis and organising. Supporters began to conceive of the Christie Suit as a kind of doomsday weapon against the powers that be.

On 23 June it all came crashing down. The Florida judge who originally gave the case standing ruled that the Christie Institute had failed to link the La Penca bombing with the vast conspiracy proposed in the affidavit. He threw the case out. There will be an appeal. The institute's principal and supporters claim the judge's dismissal of their case proves the case's inherent correctness, for who but a secret team could compel the judge to act in such a way?

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Getting your own back

Cancelling third-world debt would benefit the wrong people, says Susan George. A different approach is now called for.

The major financial institutions—the World Bank, the International Monetary Fund, assorted central and private bankers—hope to solve the third world debt crisis with a varied menu of technical fixes. Their aim is to make sure the banks get paid back, come what may.

Non-Governmental Organisations (NGOs) want something quite different: justice. They demand relief for third-world people now making enormous sacrifices to pay back money from which they never benefited. NGOs are, however, divided on the kind of strategy that might bring this about. Some want outright cancellation and actively encourage debtor governments to default. Let the North worry about the problem, they say, and pay off its own banks out of military budgets. Since Fidel Castro first launched this proposal in 1985, calls for cancellation have been variations on his theme.

The Castro view can be expressed on a banner or a ten-second television spot—a singular advantage. It reflects, too, the plain truth that much debt is illegitimate and should not be paid back (debt, for example, accumulated by undemocratic and/or repressive military regimes for weapons, nuclear power plants, etc). Nor should interest be paid on flight capital long ago spirited northwards by southern elites. Good, detailed research in North and South should help us better to define illegitimate debt.

Full cancellation could, however, work to the advantage of the very system now spreading unprecedented hunger and poverty throughout Latin America and Africa. It would not increase the power of poor people—probably not even their incomes—and would almost certainly be counter-productive. Why? Because cancellation would turn recipient countries into financial pariahs for the foreseeable future. A default is a default no matter who declares it, and the debt crisis presents debtor countries with not one but two dilemmas. The first is to pay back what is already owed; the second, to maintain access to fresh funds. Though they might be somewhat more flush at the beginning, forgiven debtor countries would quickly find themselves too poor to import necessities and would be pushed into autarchy. Greater self-reliance is a worthy goal; being forcibly cut-off from the rest of the world is not.

Mitterrand's announcement that France will cancel a third of poor African countries' debt has been hailed as a breakthrough. The money involved, however, represents a mere 10 per cent of what France spends anyway on aid to Sub-Saharan Africa every year. Will the promised debt relief be simply deducted from the normal aid budget? This is unclear, but even if cancellation implies fresh funds for African governments, the extra amount comes to just 15 francs per French person (about £1.50). The French case shows that we must look at "debt relief" in relation to total aid. Creditors may be tempted to create an illusion of generosity while actually reducing their overall aid contributions.

The relevant question remains, of course, aid to whom? Cancellation risks rewarding the worst and mosts profligate governments (African tyrant Mobutu, for instance, with his record number of 11 public debt reschedulings) while penalising governments that have made heroic efforts to pay back on time. Cancellation, if less than 100 per cent, would also be a mirage. At a recent NGO meeting in Lima, Central American economist Franz Hinkenlammert showed that despite immense sacrifices demanded from their populations, Latin American governments were still paying back only about 50 per cent of the financial charges owed. These countries cannot remit any more, because their peoples cannot be squeezed any dryer.

Cancellation would not increase the power of the poor majorities—nor their incomes

Let's assume that private banks (or public creditors) pretend to accept NGO demands, announce cancellation of, say, half the debt, but insist that debtors then not be allowed to welsh on the remainder. Nothing would change for Latin America. It is *already* paying back interest on only 50 per cent of its loans.

In fact, cancellation could provide a licence for third-world governments to go right back to the disastrous and discredited development models that got them into trouble to begin with (at least for those still able to borrow fresh money—Brazil, Mexico and a few other large and geopolitically important debtors).

Nor are elites likely to declare a unilateral default from which they would have a good deal to lose. Several indebted governments have gratefully used the International Monetary Fund as an excuse for enforcing policies against the poor. Elites suffer little or nothing, and often gain, from present IMF adjustment programmes. They eat well whatever the increase in malnutrition. They can afford private schools, clinics, and automobiles when public education, health care and transport budgets are slashed. Higher unemployment gives them a greater pool of cheap labour to choose from. Fresh funds may provide them with renewed opportunities for capital flight and graft.

Furthermore, default might trigger reprisals. Though US Treasury officials and commercial bankers may be bluffing, they have declared they would seize all the defaulting country's assets abroad (ships, aircraft, cargoes).

The goals of a debt campaign should be to get money and the political power that goes with it directly into the hands of the poor majorities, bypassing the elites and, insofar as possible, the State; and to ensure much greater popular control over the development process. Cancellation may make an emotionally satisfying slogan, but it cannot accomplish these goals.

The "3–D" solution, standing for Debt, Development and Democracy, could put both money and power into the hands of the poor. Instead of cancellation, debtor governments would pay back the interest (and an appropriate part of the principal) on the legitimate public debt in local currency, not in hard-earned foreign exchange. Payments would be credited to a national development fund, on the express condition that this fund be co-managed by the State and by the authentic representatives of the civil society. No third-world country, however poor, lacks legitimate associations and NGOs. Northern NGOs, on the whole, know who these authentic representatives of the people are—they have been working with them for years. Money in the development fund would be drawn upon by local associations and would provide funds for projects devised by villages, peasants, women, etc; loans to small farmers; wages for workers engaged in ecological renewal.

And while we're at it, we could add a fourth "D", standing for Debate. Without it, the most well-meaning strategies may backfire. ●

Susan George is the author of "How the Other Half Dies". Her most recent book, "A Fate Worse Than Debt", was published earlier this year by Penguin.

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POLITICAL COLUMN

Votes or values?

The electorate is voting with its hand in its pocket rather than on its heart

Stephen Howe

Almost everything the present government does is unpopular. Polls have fairly consistently shown clear majorities against most of Mrs Thatcher's main legislative proposals. Especially striking is last month's MORI poll, conducted for *Weekend World* and the *Sunday Times*. It shows huge majorities against all privatisation. Sixty-one per cent oppose, just 31 per cent approve of, the Poll Tax—other polls have suggested even bigger majorities against—while a "two-tier" NHS in which extra payment delivers quicker treatment is rejected by a massive 66 to 30 per cent. Of 11 supposedly "Thatcherite" policies about which respondents were asked, just three won approval.

Most Conservative policies, then, are disliked. The government, though, is not. Over the same period it has surged again to command seemingly impregnable ten- and 12-point leads in the polls. This is the central paradox of British politics. The paradox is, indeed, sharper than attitudes to specific policies might suggest.

The most remarkable findings of the MORI poll were those on general social values. Respondents were asked to choose between five pairs of opposed, "socialist" and "Thatcherite" values. On three of the five, clear majorities were found for the "socialist" choice—which had over 40 per cent support on all five. Forty-nine per cent said they would prefer "a mainly socialist society in which public interests and a more controlled economy are most important"; as against 43 per cent who wanted "a mainly capitalist society in which private interests and free enterprise are most important". Note the wording of the first alternative: it contains the supposedly dead-cert turn-off words "socialist", "public" and "controlled". For such a slogan to command such support in mid-1988 is truly remarkable.

Why can't the opposition parties capitalise on this apparently massive anti-Conservative — more, positively and full-bloodedly socialist — groundswell? Obviously, electoral geography and party alig ients go far to explain a political outcome so ch at odds with apparent individual desi s.

These, however, cannot fully account for the formation of choice itself: the seeming dichotomy between the values many people espouse and those they'll vote for. Even if we assume, implausibly, that all non-Conservative votes correspond to MORI's "socialist" value-holders, we are left with a gap to be explained. Nor is it adequate, let alone fair, to pin all or even most of the blame on Labour's current leadership. Surely not even someone as blinded by bitterness as Dr John Gilbert could believe that ditching Kinnock would go far to closing the Tories' lead.

Other findings of the MORI poll may suggest a better answer. Forty-two per cent felt their standard of living had improved over five years, only 27 per cent that it had diminished. Fifty-eight per cent were "fairly", 16 per cent "very" satisfied with their present standard of living. Sixty-two per cent believed that in the long term this government's policies would improve the economy: far the highest figure since Thatcher took office. At the last election, 46 per cent thought Labour made promises the country couldn't afford, as against just 18 per cent for the Tories. On 28 May 1987 over half said there would be an economic crisis if Labour won. Subsequent trends will if anything have reinforced that conviction.

So, the weary old cliche about hearts on the left, wallets on the right, and votes following the latter not the former, seems to have a revived application. Can enough voters be wooed into following their hearts instead, or do they have to be shamed or even scared into it? The idea of frightening people into heeding their consciences isn't a very attractive one. Nor is it easy to see what might bring it about.

The idea of frightening people into heeding their consciences isn't a very attractive one

The main Labour strategy at present—if it can be dignified with such a title—seems to be to wait for an economic catastrophe to drive presently comfortable electors into their arms. It isn't going to happen: despite the looming problems as the oil runs out, the trade gap yawns ever wider, and skill shortages stifle sustained growth, no nemesis is just around the corner.

Every indicator is that the increasing prosperity which almost all those in full-time work now experience, and believe they'll carry on experiencing, will continue at least long enough to carry the Tories through 1991. It is a precariously-based affluence, fuelled by the credit explosion which now keeps ministers awake at night; an affluence which has left between a quarter and a third of the population — heavily weighted by region, gender and race — untouched. It is an affluence bought at the expense of social provision and communal values.

Again, polls have consistently been revealing strong majorities who feel that their "quality of life", as indicated by concern over issues from the environment to fear of crime, has diminished even if their personal prosperity has increased. Intriguingly, the largest group (47 per cent in Gallup's 1986 survey) felt the much-maligned sixties to have been the best time in which to live. It is, maybe most damningly, a shabby, meagre affluence by comparison with other European industrial states, as standards of living in country after country have pulled ahead of Britain's.

Any electorate less insular than Britain's would long ago have begun to recognise and voice dissatisfaction at this relative decline: but how much of the drunken nihilism of young Britons abroad may be an inarticulate, unacknowledged expression of envy? When they are not noisy and vulgar, British tourists so often seem lost, bumbling, clinging together in querulous suspicion of all they encounter. Cast up by the tides of empire onto this safe if dirty little island beach, tourism then sends them adrift on a sea of internationalism where they cannot adjust to difference and refuse to see how they have declined.

No wonder so many applaud Thatcher's strident obstructionism toward all pan-European initiatives; no wonder if some secretly admire our lads doing battle with the Hun on the disturbingly opulent streets of German cities. More money in the pocket is a poor basis for the hegemony Thatcherism enjoys, but for now and the immediately foreseeable future it's enough. Perhaps something other than economic disaster might induce the salutary fear that scares people back into recognition of community: recognition where it matters, in the polling booth. But what could this be: riots? The government certainly seems more worried at the moment about civil disorder than about electoral defeat. If it happened, though, democratic socialist values would be least likely to benefit.

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LETTERS

Elusive citizenship

Congratulations on your merger, and your commitment to the concept of citizenship. Your columns will doubtless be full of learned analyses and definitions of citizenship, and we await these discussions with interest.

There is one group of people, however, for whom the rights and responsibilities of citizenship seem increasingly illusory. These are the young homeless people who can now be met throughout the country.

Forced to move from place to place in search of basic lodgings, unable to secure full-time work that will pay a wage to meet their rent, and vilified on all sides by politicians and the popular press, most will find the reality of citizenship beyond their grasp.

I trust that your paper will pay due attention to this group of people who will, unless society changes its attitudes, grow into their twenties and thirties with nothing but cynicism to repay a world that offered them only insecurity and rootlessness.

Julia Unwin
Chair
Young Homelessness Group

Charges against gay men

The Gay London Policing Group (GALOP) is receiving an increasing number of reports that the police are charging men suspected of minor gay sexual offences under local bye-laws and under provisions of the Public Order Act 1986.

The intention appears to be to deny the men the right to the jury trial that they would be entitled to were they charged with the appropriate offence under the Sexual Offences Act 1956.

The right to jury trial for such offences as soliciting or gross indecency has been specifically preserved by parliament in recognition of the devastating consequences an erroneous conviction can have on a man's career and reputation.

It now appears that some police officers in a number of forces are deliberately circumventing the intention of parliament by choosing to charge under the local bye-laws or for public order offences when the allegations would sustain a charge under the Sexual Offences Act.

GALOP would be interested to hear from anyone who has acted for a man in such circumstances. As many of the bye-laws are extremely obscure, a full reference, and preferably a copy of the bye-law in question would be very much appreciated.

Philip Derbyshire, GALOP
38 Mount Pleasant
London WC1X 0AP

Analysing Thatcherism

Bernard Crick ("Bumping the Leader", *NSS*, 24 June) set out an excellent way forward for the Labour movement: "We don't want a better Thatcher; we want no more Thatcherism."

Labour should be the model and paragon of cabinet government, of a team, of collegiate or collective authority. It should proudly exhibit a clear and public structure of policy-making committees, certainly dominated by the shadow cabinet and its national executive, but open to advice from any level of the party, experts and interest groups.

Already a Fabian group meeting at 11 Dartmouth Street has begun to analyse "Thatcherism" and to see how a Fabian approach could provide a viable socialist alternative that would command popular support. We should welcome others joining us so that we could develop more ideas to a successful conclusion.

Chris Sewell
264 Staines Road
Twickenham TW2 5AR

Fairness of treatment

Steve Platt's article "Skeleton service" (*NSS*, 17 June) presented a useful summary of the degree of change taking place in local authorities but his attempt to look forward and suggest how Labour councils might capitalise on the goodwill that exists towards them is over-simplified.

The issues surrounding compulsory tendering of council services, and housing and education opt-outs, would be very different if there was a Labour government on the immediate horizon. But strategies based on waiting for the cavalry to arrive are unsustainable.

The reality is that loss of services will harm those who need those services most. Labour councils should not deny the flaws in their services, and should vigorously pursue improved cost-effectiveness and greater responsiveness to consumers. We, as politicians, need to inculcate a belief in the rights of individuals.

A crucial effect of that process would be to place at the centre of the work of Labour councils questions about fairness of treatment. It is a widely-held view (and not just by socialists) that we all have the right to be treated fairly. It follows that councils should seek to provide fairness by ensuring that as employers and service providers they deal with individuals on the basis of need and ability, not on spurious grounds of gender, race, sexual preferences, age, or even politics.

Much recent debate has shied away from this issue or, at least by implication, suggested it cannot be a priority in the present climate. Nothing could be further from the truth. The establishment of well-managed, efficient, user-friendly services will achieve very little if those services are allocated unfairly.

Steve Bullock
Leader
Lewisham Council

Mistaken for a missile

If the most advanced and sophisticated electronics can mistake a civilian airliner for a fighter plane, what chance do we have when similar technology confuses a private jet with a nuclear missile?

Apologies will be even less useful after Armageddon.

Michael Joseph
Eynsham, Oxon.

BBC and race

How *do* you know with such supreme confidence that the "BBC's opposition to racism is undiminished"? (*NSS*, Letters, 1 July.)

All the evidence shows that notwithstanding the odd statement here and there, and cosmetic "initiatives" to paper over the cracks, nothing *substantial* has changed in the structure or attitude of the BBC as far as the black and Asian communities are concerned.

Perhaps Mr Checkland would like to respond to this sweeping statement by informing us:

- How many black and Asian people work at the BBC, where they are in the pyramid, how many apply, are interviewed, etc, and how the intake profile has altered over the past five years?
- What *specific* programme changes and innovations have been made to indicate that the BBC takes the subject seriously?
- Why so many black and Asian people who work for the BBC (in *EastEnders*, for example) feel that the BBC is inherently racist?

If these are the realities, it would have been refreshing for the BBC policy actually and honestly to reflect them.

As for *NSS*, it should refrain from falling on its knees everytime grand edifices like the BBC slap its wrists—otherwise like the BBC it too will develop non-functional limp wrists that can never rise to any challenges.

J Milman
Mid Glamorgan

A missed coup

Your editorial on *A Very British Coup* (*NSS*, 24 June) failed to live up to the seriousness of the issues raised by the serial. Instead of seeing an opportunity to discuss the "Chile experience", the Peter Wright revelations of plots to destabilise the Wilson government, the likelihood of a run on the pound when Labour is elected, the resistance of the civil service, and so on, you took the easy option and preferred to treat it all as a joke.

It is totally wrong for you to try to fob off your readers with complacent humour, for where else will crucial political questions be addressed if not in the pages of *NSS* and other left publications? Why is it that the left

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press these days seems unwilling to tackle tough subjects? *Labour Party News* is an insult to the intelligence, the new *New Socialist* is simply an organ for Labour leadership propaganda, and *Marxism Today* has adopted market socialism with no holds barred.

Sadly if we want in-depth analysis from a socialist perspective, the media field is becoming increasingly barren.

David Morgan
Manchester

Powerless mothers

I am the mother whose account of my nightmarish flight to find help for my three year old sexually abused daughter appeared in *NSS* ("Torn apart at home", 1 July). Thank you for an excellent issue, blowing the male-serving myth that children are abused because mothers "collude".

There is one vital issue, however, that no article brought out, and was cut from my own; how bloody hard it is *economically* for mothers to protect their children.

I only felt able to divorce because—unlike most women—I am qualified in a "male" skill that earns reasonable money. Even so, life as a single-parent family in Tory Britain is terribly tough. Even with our circumstances known, I was refused council housing—so much has been sold, I was told, that we would first have to serve two years or so in bed and breakfast.

It was the same with childcare; thanks to cutbacks on what is already the worst level of nursery provision in Europe, it was only after a fight that I was granted two and a half hours nursery care a day, so that I could work to feed us.

Only recently I came across a mother with three young daughters, whom she had removed from a sexually abusive father, living in one room in a filthy, noisy, dank bed and breakfast. That woman was brave; she was also suicidal.

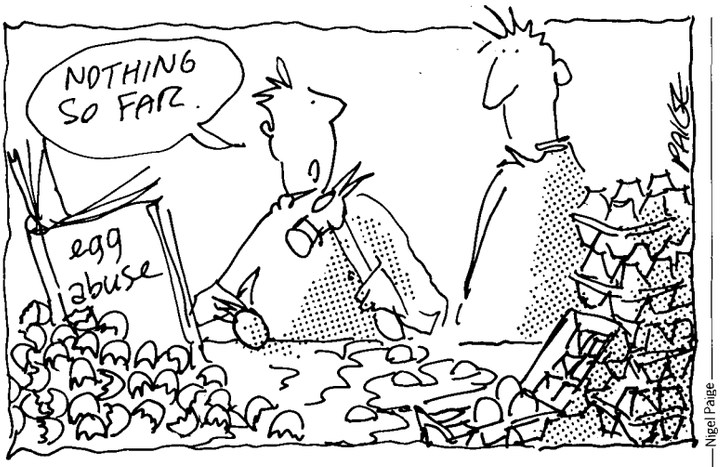
Is this the only kind of escape route Britain can offer to mothers who seek to protect their children?

Until *all* mothers have the opportunity to be economically independent of men, and not be punished for that independence by poverty-level state "support", men's sexual abuse of our children will continue. What right, meanwhile, have any "experts" to condemn mothers for "colluding"? As someone else in your special issue put it, "Collusion is an expression for female impotence."

Power doesn't just mean therapy: it also means jobs, money, housing and childcare. Very few mothers in Britain, never mind the would-be protectors of abused children, have free access to these.

Meanwhile, small hearts and bodies are being broken. *That*, not Cleveland, is the true national scandal.

Susannah Cochrane



Nigel Paige

Blaming the messenger

I suppose it is quite possible that somewhere along the line during the past year Jeremy Laurance has expressed some sympathy, not to say indignation and sense of outrage against the abuse of family life that occurred in Cleveland.

Doesn't the fact that hundreds of children were removed from their parents' care and placed in homes with foster parents for long periods bring out any spark of real feeling in him? Or should I suggest that Mr Laurance raises the matter with Dr Jane Wynne as he seems very carefully to have failed to do so in "Blaming the messenger" (*NSS*, 1 July).

He suggests "public awareness of the problem [of child sex abuse] should be raised". I am wondering how I should go about that. Perhaps tomorrow when I see my good friend Len, who has a 10-year-old daughter, I should ask him straight out whether he is abusing her sexually? Or perhaps Mr Laurance should make a short tour round his favourite pub asking the men whether they are having it off with their young children?

The heart of the matter is that what happened in Cleveland, and may well have been going on in Leeds for all I know, showed an utter contempt for the fundamental decencies of living, in the way that families, and especially the children of those families were treated.

A Wilcock
London W2

Pimlott's proposals

Before we can decide whether Ben Pimlott and Bruce Kent really agree (*NSS*, 17 June), we need to know more about what Pimlott has in mind. Of course, in general terms they agree that unilateral disarmament initiatives should be aimed at eliciting a matching response, and so lead to a "graduated reduction in tension". But from a policy point of view the vital question is: what should those initiatives be?

On this, Pimlott is less than helpful. "Labour," he says, "should declare that it will pursue disarmament with, if need be, unilateral vigour", and should "unilaterally show enthusiasm" for multilateral deals. This is so empty as to be worthless.

If unilateral initiatives are to produce a matching response, they have to be sufficiently radical and decisive to send an unequivocal message. For a Labour government coming into office, the obvious initiative radical enough to fit the bill would be the cancellation of Trident. If that is the sort of thing Pimlott means, we can take him seriously.

No one denies that in the process of converting to a non-nuclear defence policy, some steps will take longer than others. A Labour government could capitalise on this. Immediate steps such as the cancellation of Trident could be coupled with the demand for a matching response from the Soviet Union, and a statement that such a response would facilitate the further steps in Labour's programme, such as the removal of American nuclear bases and the denuclearisation of British forces in Germany (which are bound to be more protracted).

What is needed, then, is not vague talk of "unilateral vigour", but a clear programme of specific unilateral steps and a clear plan for using them to promote the wider disarmament process.

Richard Norman
Canterbury

Out of the shadow

The title of Alexander Cockburn's article, "Shadow man" (*NSS*, 24 June), gave the impression that Michael Dukakis is the head of some international narcotics organisation.

Among other things, you say that, "Dukakis was spared much inconvenient scrutiny about his ideas and policies..." and that he wrote "one of the most unreadable pieces of political literature ever to creep from a printing press".

You say that Massachusetts' progress has nothing to do with Dukakis. You say trade unions were eroded by Dukakis and thus labour costs reduced. Then, because Reagan spent more money on arms, Massachusetts was the beneficiary.

It maintains that Dukakis, "takes some people on welfare and puts them in very low-paid jobs, thus supposedly schooling them for self–betterment".

The article is full of inaccuracies and suppositions, with phrases such as, "his inevitable role will be that of attempting to make the war economy work", and so on, and on. You also predict that the cold war, under Dukakis, will get worse as always under Democrats. This is an inaccurate and unjust supposition.

The article ends with the phrases, "There is no evidence that Dukakis has the intellectual background or the political coalition necessary to contest...and that he is surrounded by kindred cold war functionaries."

The article is offensive and it has not said why Michael Dukakis is the "shadow man". It displays the same attitude as past articles in the *Times*, the *Express*, and so on.

Frixos Constantine
London W1

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STATE OF THE NATION

Border crossing

John Lloyd

Having to read and think about Soviet affairs in preparation for a six-month posting to Moscow in two weeks' time (and being stuffed with Russian language at the same time: a great pain and pleasure which produces a constant slight headache), I'm struck by how deeply subjective western commentary on Gorbachevism has been. Unavoidable, of course, but worth noting for what it says about us, what it does not say about the Soviet Union, and what to be aware of in oneself.

The euphoria on the right is wearing off. Mrs Thatcher's visceral recognition of a fellow politician in a hurry has given way to her deeper pessimism that international relations can never be free of the arch of nuclear terror. The diaspora of dissidents, many of whom have every good cause for scepticism, insist on the limits of the effective changes to date: Alexander Zinoviev, in his latest work, *Gorbachevism*, proposes only two outcomes—adaptation to the Soviet system or removal from power: he is more vivid than many, but typical in his analysis. The *Times* man in Moscow, Christopher Walker, ended his tour of duty with a sharp piece which implicitly accused many of his fellow correspondents of over-enthusiasm: his stablemate on the *Sunday Times*, Angus Roxburgh, interpreted the party conference last month as a demonstration of the continuing strength of the "conservatives", led by Yegor Ligachev, and dwelt on the limitations of reforms under continuing one-party rule. And in a closely-argued piece in the *New Republic* ("Why Glasnost Can't Work", 13 June), written before the 19th Conference, David Satter, a former *Financial Times* Moscow correspondent, concluded that *glasnost* and *perestroika* are designed to perpetuate "the Soviet Union's Leninist framework...and it is this framework that makes the Soviet Union aggressive and militaristic".

The left is different: the euphoria seems to be growing. Indeed, to judge by the evidence of the three weeks that shook Anthony Barnett (*NS*, 6 May), the Soviet Union has finally caught on to the main theses of the sixties' English New Left. The most enthusiastic (and the most assiduous and insightful) of British reporters has been Martin Walker of the *Guardian*: perhaps it is only on the left, consciously or unconsciously aware of our own blockages, evasions and cowardices, that the immensity of the Gorbachev task can be felt.

But—as Walker and other enthusiasts recognise—there are very large questions surrounding this immense project, questions whose answers are not (as the right often assumes) *given* by reference either to Soviet (or even Russian) history or to the structure of the party, but which must take the inhibitions of these great forces seriously.

First, the present is being opened up by using the past as a lever: but it is a carefully designated part of the past. Stalin is open season: the slaughter, direct and indirect, which he visited upon his people is now being exhumed from a collective memory which had been forced to freeze it in fear. It cannot be imagined that this will be an orderly process: as it becomes *utterable*, revulsion must gather pace and break the bounds which the Party—Stalin's party, after all—will wish to put upon it.

And the main border it will want to police will be that between Stalin and Lenin. Gorbachev needs a lever for movement: what other can he use but Leninism? He must appeal to Leninist values as the Prime Minister does to Victorian ones: and as in that exercise in roseate historicism, we will recognise its utility but be unable to discern its veracity. Lenin was Stalin's master: not just in intellect but in the use of terror; in the absolute dominance of the Party; in the complete intolerance of extra-party opposition. Lenin it was who made the fateful decision to take power for the Bolsheviks alone, cutting out the representatives of all the other forces, reactionary and democratic, in pre-revolutionary Russia. To be sure, he noted in his testament that Stalin was rude. Rude or not, he was his master's fist. Will the bounds be set wide enough to debate *that*?

Gorbachev is unlikely to introduce unemployment in a state that has at least guaranteed the right to work

And there are risks in Lenin being accepted as a revivified fountainhead, too. For among his other bequests was a "compact" between the state and the Soviet autonomous republics: that they would *be* autonomous, and that their languages, traditions and cultures would be respected. How much of a pent-up longing to break free from the all-Russian grip is evident not just in the dispute between Armenia and Azerbaijan over Nagorny Karabakh—but in the speech after speech from republics' first secretaries at the Party conference, testifying to a lack of provision on language schools and a continuing reflex of centralisation. It is difficult to see, in principle, what they would hope to gain from pushing nationalist demands very far: but that the demands are there, waiting to be stroked to life, cannot be doubted.

Most important of all for the people: can economic restructuring be made to work? In this context it is perhaps hardest of all to understand leftist enthusiasm: since Gorbachev is the man who is likely to introduce the concept of unemployment in a state which has at least guaranteed its people the right to work. Further, in badgering his sclerotic enterprises to introduce some form of market pricing (though, as far as one can tell, all under the continuing ambit of the State and the Plan) he is forcing his managers to make their workers work harder—not necessarily for more pay. Couple this with his anti-alcohol drive—which has made it difficult for workers to get their favourite antidote, or at any rate compelled them to waste more valuable time brewing it for themselves—and you can see he runs a terrible danger of disaffection from below, especially when he must raise prices.

Good causes, these, for intellectual pessimism. But not for determinism. Gorbachev cannot know what will happen as a result of the dizzying rhetoric he has employed: for the potential it *seems* to hold out can only be explored and realised by his people. They may be too beaten down, too scared after 70 years of what Czeslaw Milosz called *ketman*, or enforced double-think/speak, too inured to the system, to do anything other than sullenly defy the signals Gorbachev is making. But if the intellectuals are now being told to *think* rather than to hack out more eulogies and denunciations; if the managers are being told to *manage* rather than fulfill central plans; if the workers are being told to work, innovate and become involved rather than fill in a time-sheet; if the society as a whole is being told to find itself as a separate, civil sphere—if all of these orders are coming down, then perhaps some independent movement will start and the boundaries which are all too plain will no longer hold. And if that happens, it will shake all of us.

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SOCIETY

The end of the Nissan honeymoon

"Working for Nissan will be different," said the advertisements. So it proved for the people of Sunderland. Steve Briggs reports

When the Japanese car manufacturing conglomerate, Nissan, announced in 1984 its decision to set up a plant on the former Sunderland airport site, the local and regional press were ecstatic. Finally, it was believed, an industrial knight in shining armour was appearing over the horizon of an area which is among the very hardest hit by the recession and accompanying unemployment of the past decade.

According to research carried out for the European Commission, Sunderland Metropolitan District was one of the areas of highest unemployment in Europe and fewest resources to cope with it. In 1984, adult male unemployment in Sunderland's inner area was in excess of 60 per cent and youth unemployment, if participation in government schemes was disregarded, was as near 100 per cent as made no difference.

The Labour-controlled Borough Council was understandably enthusiastic. For the first time in many years Sunderland was the focus of national attention in an industrial context, and the news, rather than being about redundancies or yet another plant closure, was about a major new development that would, if all went well, secure the future of the town for many years to come. At the time, any criticism was so muted as to be unnoticeable.

Earlier this year the honeymoon ended when Tyne and Wear County Association of Trade Councils (TWCATCA) published a slim pamphlet titled: *Nissan and Single Trade Union Agreements—The Way Forward or a Dead End?*

The report is extremely critical of Nissan and of single trade union agreements. Published in the wake of the Ford fiasco in Dundee, where the apparent inability of the trade union movement to offer Ford an acceptable single union deal led to Ford deciding not to set up a new plant in that hard-pressed town, Northern regional union leaders interpreted the criticism as an attack on themselves and their organisations. In particular the AEU, the union which had signed the single union agreement at Nissan, was extremely defensive. It attempted to expel from its membership Alex McFadden, the Secretary of the County Association of Trades Councils and one of the authors of the report.

Peter Schrank

But, says McFadden (who doubts whether the attempts to discipline him will succeed): "The AEU interpreted the report as an attack on the union. It isn't. Any union could have fallen into the trap that Nissan set and we make that clear in the report. What we are concerned to do is firstly get a debate going about how the situation at Nissan can be rescued, if that's possible, and secondly, ensure that this sort of thing never happens again.

The single union deal that Nissan and the AEU signed is a restrictive one. It rules that the principal negotiating body will be the company council, and the company has the right to veto membership of that council. Additionally, union membership is not a prerequisite for company council membership. In fact, in May this year, when the workforce numbered 1,390, union membership had only been taken out by a total of 82 employees, equivalent to just 7 per cent of the workforce. The figure is believed to have increased recently, but it is still extremely low.

There are two reasons for this. Firstly, until a few weeks ago, new employees going through the induction process, never officially encountered the union. They were given a sheet of paper which stated that there was a union and said who to contact, but at no time were new workers exposed to the arguments for joining up. Secondly, given the very restricted negotiating rights held by the AEU, the argument for joining the union is not a powerful one. What power the workforce enjoys is all vested in the company council. In those circumstances the AEU presence at Nissan is largely symbolic and has worked to the benefit of the company.

According to McFadden and to academics Phil Garrahan and Stuart Crowther, who published an article on Nissan titled "Corporate power and the Local Economy" in the *Industrial Relations Journal* this Spring, aspects of Nissan's way of organising its operations cannot be viewed in isolation. Like a house of cards, if one part of Nissan's system fails, the whole fails.

At the core of Nissan's philosophy and operation is the "Just In Time" method. This is a reversal of the traditional western way of running a business which is sometimes characterised as operating on a "Just In Case" basis. Put simply, Nissan aims to have only enough components in stock for seven hours production at any time. The potential savings are enormous in terms both of capital invested in stock and the space needed to house those components.

In addition Nissan aims to be single sourced. That means that unlike other vehicle manufacturers who frequently arrange to buy the same kind of component from a range of different suppliers. Nissan only deals with one supplier for each component. Nissan also aims to go into part merger with each supplier giving it a large say in product design, develop-

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ment, pricing, and, crucially, in supplying the firm's industrial relations policy. The importance of Nissan having a say in how suppliers function in terms of industrial relations cannot be overestimated. A key clause in every contract for components that Nissan enters into, is that the supplier agrees to deliver orders on two hours notice. With Nissan holding such a small reserve of stock, an industrial dispute in one of its suppliers would undoubtedly bring production at Nissan to a halt within hours. According to the TWCATCA booklet, it's the Just In Time system that is at the root of the problem: "Like a web the system creeps out and affects all workers who come into contact with it."

Just In Time only makes economic sense if the operating employer can guarantee that its own workforce and those of its suppliers will never take industrial action. Nissan claim in their recruitment advertisements that "Working for Nissan will be different..." According to researchers familiar with the British vehicle manufacturing industry, so it is.

According to one, who declined to be identified: "On the occasions that I went round the Ford plant in Dagenham when the party I was with reached the various different parts of the factory the workforce would acknowledge that by stopping for a few moments to look at us or by making a lot of noise and making it impossible for us to talk. What they were doing was essentially making it clear that they were not in a zoo, that they were human and that we were interlopers. That doesn't happen at Nissan. The workforce is so disciplined and has to work so fast that visitors are ignored. Another thing which struck me at Nissan was that I didn't see a single smile on the face of anyone working on the shop floor."

It is the relationship which Nissan seeks to establish with its suppliers that explains why it bought 733 acres of land—a vast area—even though it needs less than half of this for its own purposes. In March 1984 it purchased 297 acres of the Sunderland airport site. At the time that and the surrounding land was free of any form of industrial development and, although the figures have never been officially released, it is reliably understood that the price paid was £1,800 per acre.

This figure was probably a fair price for a greenfield site. In the summer of 1987 Nissan went on to buy a further 436 acres of adjoining land at the same price, in line with the terms agreed with Sunderland Borough Council prior to the initial purchase. A realistic price for that second parcel of land would have been £20,000 per acre. That represents a subsidy to Nissan of just under £8 million of public money. As one critic said: "Where else in Britain would they have been able to get a deal like that?" Besides this, Nissan has also received more than £120 million in central government aid.

Ownership of the second parcel of land is enabling Nissan to encourage, on its own terms, the establishment of supplier factories next door to its own plant, virtually colonising the area. In effect, although Sunderland Borough Council remains the formal planning authority, Nissan has become the industrial development agency for the borough to date. Nissan has only sold one parcel of land, 25 acres, to one supplier, Ikeda Hoover, of which it owns 51 per cent.

By announcing early on that it wished to sign a single union deal, Nissan was able to sign an agreement virtually on its own terms—which include a commitment to establish an enterprise committed to the highest level of quality, productivity and to avoid any action which will interrupt the continuity of production.

Peter Wickens, Nissan's Personnel Director, spells out in his book, *The Road To Nissan*, the kind of workforce the company is seeking: "At the moment the company is making every effort to recruit a loyal body of employees who would find unofficial action unthinkable."

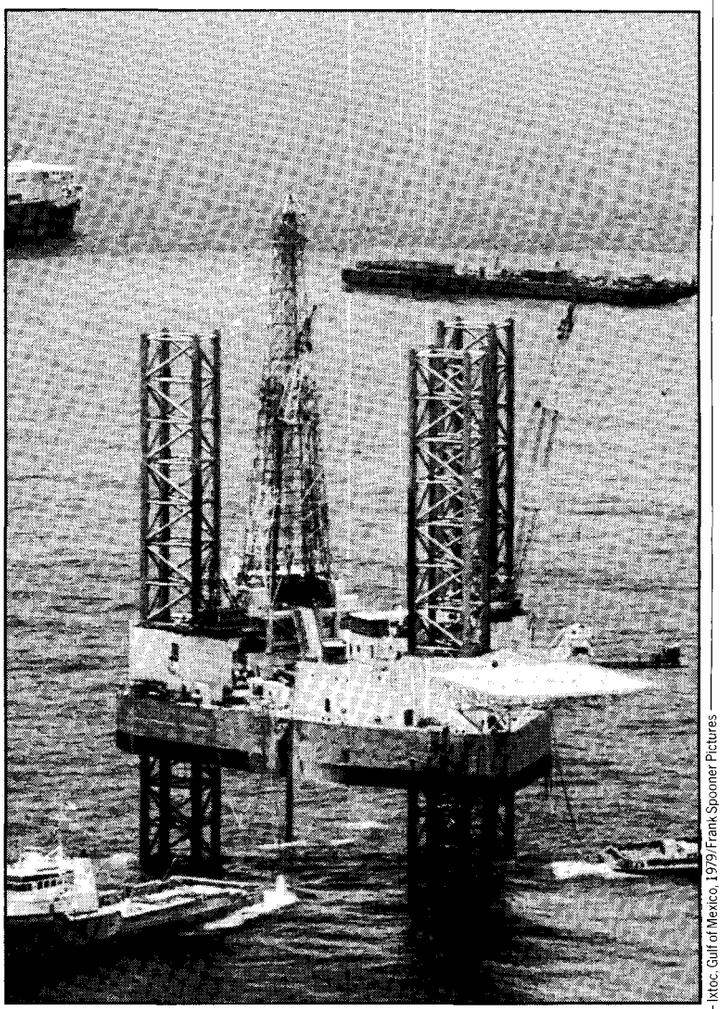
In carrying out the research for this article, it became increasingly clear that Nissan should be given the opportunity to answer a number of questions — including fairly mundane ones about the number of employees at the plant and how many were in the AEU. I also sought confirmation about the price that Nissan had paid for the land it bought in Sunderland, and asked about its attitude to union membership.

The company insisted that all questions be submitted in advance by telephone, and undertook to provide replies by the start of this week. But by Monday it had changed its mind and refused to answer questions over the telephone, offering instead what it had originally refused — a visit to the plant to talk to its executives.

The issues raised by the establishment of the Nissan plant in Sunderland have serious consequences for the labour movement and for those who live in such areas. The Tyne and Wear County Association of Trades Councils pamphlet concludes in these terms: "Labour controlled councils in areas of high unemployment are seeking to ensure employment at any price, and Trade Unions are seeking membership at any price. They have started a cycle which if not stopped may have the effect of destroying both the Trade Union Movement and the Labour Party itself."

Disasters waiting to happen

An offshore oil rig would never be passed as safe if it was on land, writes Martin Ince. And the new breed of rigs is as unsafe as Piper Alpha



Ixtoc. Gulf of Mexico. 1979/Frank Spooner Pictures

The oil industry will want to regard the Piper disaster as an isolated error, while conceding that a few useful lessons can be learnt from it. For example, the fact that over a hundred men were sleeping next to the gas processing area, so that most were killed without any chance of escape, will mean that new attention will be paid to platform design, with more separation between large numbers of people and the most dangerous offshore processes.

But it is also important that serious thought be given to just how safe anyone can hope to make offshore oil and gas operations. Every day, thousands of men and a few score women work in the North Sea within yards of explosive materials capable of erupting with the violence of a nuclear weapon, and almost as fast. The difference is that atom bombs are precision instruments, and setting them off is complex and difficult. North Sea oil and — especially — gas are continuously in a condition in which the challenge is to keep them from exploding.

According to calculations made by offshore safety analysts, a tonne of gas could be released into the platform by a minor gas leak. Expanding as it was released from the 100-atmosphere storage system to normal pressure, this tonne of gas could fill the whole Piper platform, making it almost certain that the gas would be ignited by anything from a faulty electrical motor to a cigarette

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somewhere on the structure.

At an onshore chemical works, safety inspectors would never sanction massive concentrations of hazardous plant, with the scope for accidents to one piece of equipment causing catastrophe to another, which are regarded as economically essential on offshore plant. Instead the plant is spread over many acres, and, since the Flixborough disaster in 1974, few people live nearby. But the Piper platform, like many others in the North Sea, was a tower block filled with competing hazards, and the product it produced (oil, gas for the British Gas system and heavier gasses for chemical manufacture) just does not cost enough to pay for a different way of doing things.

So not too much should be expected from the technical fixes which will now be suggested for ensuring that the Piper disaster does not recur. Offshore installations, like space shuttles or nuclear power stations, are unforgiving. They are complex systems in which everything in them has to work. Minor failures — a valve at Three Mile Island, perhaps a pipe weld or a gas compressor at Piper — do not cure themselves, as they do in most industrial operations, but build up fast into catastrophic failure.

Besides fundamental considerations like this, there were factors that made Piper a special case. As well as bringing oil to the surface it was used as a centre for processing and transferring North Sea oil and gas. The part of the platform where the disaster started included plant for separating the two and sending them into a variety of pipelines to other oilfields and to two onshore terminals.

So although any offshore structure has its hazards, Piper had an immense array of them. In particular, the gas which was routinely handled there has all the same dangers as the tamer, but still dangerous, version used in gas cookers and central heating. On the Piper platform the gas was hot, and at pressures of up to 100 atmospheres. There was also a huge amount of it. The Piper platform alone would store several tens of tonnes of gas and the pipeline leading to it would contain hundreds of tonnes more which would be released by a serious leak on the platform.

The Piper inquiries will have to give serious consideration to improvements in platform design which have become standard since Piper Alpha was installed in 1976. The frontier for platform theory has moved from UK waters to Norwegian, and to three structures now under construction for use there, Gullfaks A and B and Sleipner. These are all being built on a massively larger scale than Piper, allowing for living space to be put farther away from process equipment. This would not prevent complete destruction of the platform by a Piper-type equipment failure, but could reduce the number of deaths it causes. The idea of a completely separate accommodation platform has also been tried on some North Sea fields — but installing such a platform forces hundreds of people to walk from bed to work across a walkway a hundred feet above the sea, sometimes in the teeth of a winter gale. This replaces occasional massive catastrophes with a slow pattern of people falling into the sea instead.

The Piper inquiries will also hear that current Norwegian design calls for blastproof walls to be built around key parts of oil platforms, especially control rooms. But it is possible to overstate the effect these would have during a major platform disaster. Radio messages from Piper imply that the control room was operational long after the first explosions on the platform — but that the operators in it were trapped and their controls had long ceased to have any useful effect on the course of events.

So what are the possibilities for a radical step forward in oil platform safety? At Shell's Central Cormorant field, the North Sea has its first "subsea completion", a robotic oil platform at the seafloor, serviced by submersibles and managed from another surface platform miles away. Shell has avoided making the obvious point that this solution puts fewer operators at risk, but the Piper inquiry may say it instead.

There will also be pressure for the technology at the heart of the Piper disaster, the mixing and processing of high-pressure gas, and oil with large amounts of dissolved gas, to be eliminated by a rethink of what does and does not happen on offshore platforms.

It would be possible to do away with the pipes which bring the gas and oil to the platform, and the plant which processes and redistributes them, by installing the equipment on the seabed instead. This would mean less plant, especially less explosion-prone plant, being placed on the platform itself, removing one potential source of hazard from future oilfield structures.

But even if some sources of danger are removed from oil platforms, handling oil and gas straight out of the ground will continue to be an activity where disaster is only a step — a failed microchip or a cracked pipe — away. Piper Alpha was an old, crowded platform with a poor reputation in the industry. But nothing now happening in the North Sea makes anyone think that newer structures or other companies are fundamentally safer than Piper Alpha was.

Martin Ince is features editor of The Engineer.

Voluntary sector goes to market

A Home Office-sponsored document, *Evaluation in the Voluntary Sector*, was published last week to encourage voluntary groups to "use evaluation techniques to improve the services they give and show those funding them that they are working effectively". It has appeared at a moment in the voluntary sector's history when its future role hangs in the balance, with local councils cutting back on voluntary sector spending and central government urging efficiency and value for money.

Even so, some voluntary sector organisations are now set to expand. Health authority spending on organisations which work with the rootless and the institutionalised, like the Peter Bedford Trust, is rising as a result of long-stay patients from mental hospitals being decanted into the community.

The flexibility of the voluntary sector, says Marilyn Taylor from the National Council for Voluntary Organisations, is one of its strengths. But this may be under threat as it begins to take over many of the services provided formerly by the state sector.

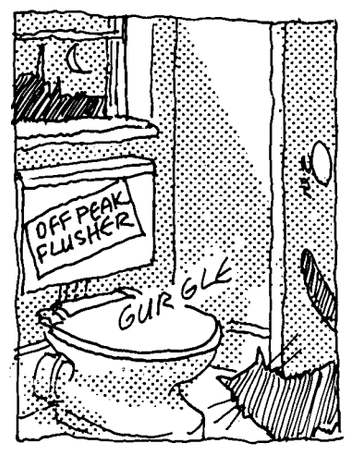
Large organisations who are able to provide contracted-out services cheaply are likely to be given work, under pretty tight contracts, while smaller community-based groups get little funding and have to struggle to survive. And while it may seem a good thing to expand, this may lead the organisation away from what it was originally set up to do.

The report has been greeted by worry on many sides, not because any voluntary organisation is against evaluation as such, but because many are sceptical of crude exercises being undertaken which are primarily aimed at cutting back the voluntary sector.

In the end, says Mog Ball who wrote the report, voluntary organisations must take the high ground and indulge in much more self-evaluation so that they themselves know exactly what they are attempting to do and why. Secondly, they must go much more on the offensive and spell out what they think good evaluation is. *Vicky Hutchings*

Water sell-off will hit consumers

Paul Fox reports on the gloomy prospects for the privatisation of the water industry



"Will we see advertising campaigns designed to encourage consumers to use more water and flush the toilet twice?"

Water rates could rise by 29 per cent after the water boards are privatised, according to an analysis carried out by an independent water finance expert.

Mr Stanley Hill, a chartered accountant writing in *Public Finance and Accountancy*, estimates that privatisation will mean an annual extra cost to the consumer of around £400m to provide investors with an annual gross yield of 8 per cent on their stock, while around £350m will have to be set aside for corporation tax. (Water authorities are exempt from corporation tax under English law.) The money to pay for this £827m expenditure can only come from sharply higher charges to consumers, leading to much higher water rates, if they still exist after privatisation.

Even if a metered pay-as-you-use system were introduced consumption could well fall, as people became more conscious of turning off running taps, and result in the ludicrous sight of advertising campaigns designed to

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encourage consumers to use more water and flush the toilet twice.

Given these figures, it is not surprising that the government has failed to publish detailed financial estimates, except to say that it hopes to raise some £5bn from the sell-off. Mr Hill also believes that there will be other additional costs: higher directors' fees, higher top salaries, services to shareholders and public relations. A further £28m of income could disappear as some services are transferred to a new government quango: the National Rivers Authority which will become responsible for environment quality and pollution, land drainage and flood prevention, conservation and recreation. The new water plcs will concentrate on water supply and sewerage only.

Cutting back on spending on assets might be one way, Hill suggests, that the new water service plcs might try and balance the books. Since current capital spending has failed to prevent an overall deterioration (only 66 per cent of the water which enters the Liverpool water system comes out through the tap), there seems very little slack to play with. A regulatory system similar to Ofgas and Oftel is planned but is likely to be as unsatisfactory, since this is a political sell-off by the government and they won't want too strict a regulatory body making life hard for the investors.

It is hard to imagine how water privatisation can be anything other than a disaster for the consumer, and a political nightmare for the government.

WELFARE WATCH

Entitlement to resettlement benefit doesn't stop you getting a community care grant as well, despite what social fund officers may tell you

Good news this week for Louise who, when I wrote about her five weeks ago, was stuck in hospital because a community care grant of £1,200 from the social fund had been refused. The social fund officer has now changed his mind and Louise has been shopping in her wheelchair buying furniture and equipment for her new home.

The reason given for the original refusal was that Louise would get about £1,000 in resettlement benefit on leaving hospital. Entitlement to resettlement benefit arises from the fact that invalidity benefit is reduced after a year in hospital. The money saved during the second year is payable on discharge. Although resettlement benefit was abolished in April, it is still payable if it accrued before then. Long-stay patients returning to the community over the next few years will therefore qualify for it, and Louise's success has important implications for them.

The social fund manual says that a community care grant to a single person is unlikely to exceed £500, and that any capital over £500 must be deducted from it. It also says—but only by way of guidance, which is not binding on SFOs—that capital should be defined in the same way as in the income support regulations.

The SFO dealing with Louise's case treated the manual's guidance as if it had the force of law. Under the income support rules, he argued, money available on application is treated as "notional capital"; therefore the amount by which Louise's resettlement benefit exceeded £500 must be taken into account. As the maximum grant would have been £500, the notional capital was enough to wipe this out.

When Louise protested that the resettlement benefit could not be notional capital since it was not available on application, the SFO changed tack and argued that it was *actual* capital. Finally, he agreed that it was neither. He also agreed that the £500 limit on CCGs could be exceeded if the circumstances warranted it. So Louise received a grant for the full cost of the essential furniture and equipment needed to enable her to be discharged from hospital.

But what if the SFO had stuck to his original decision? Louise would have had no right of appeal. As a last resort she could have asked for the decision to be reviewed by a social fund inspector. The inspectors are yet another new breed of DHSS officials, invented to justify the government's refusal to allow appeals to an independent tribunal. As they are bound by the instructions in the manual to precisely the same extent as the SFOs, their powers are extremely limited and they are unlikely to overturn an SFO's decision.

Perhaps that is why, in reply to a recent parliamentary question, shadow social security minister Margaret Beckett was told that the 40 inspectors had received only 53 cases for review in two and a half months. With local DHSS offices desperately needing more staff, it would make sense to remove the inspectors from their ivory tower and give them some work to do.
Tony Lynes

Central Cleveland mystery remains

So how many children *were* sexually abused in Cleveland? A week after the publication of Lord Butler-Sloss's report the answer to this key question remains as clear as mud.

It is, on the face of it, a serious omission. There are plenty of statistics flying around, but precious little interpretation. This leaves the field dangerously open to anyone who wishes to prove almost anything. Far from damping speculation, the omission has served only to fuel it.

In one corner, Michael Bishop, Cleveland's social services director, fiercely defended his department's record last week. Of 118 place of safety orders taken out, 83 resulted in further court orders or the family voluntarily accepting supervision by a social worker. Bishop takes this as confirmation that "there was real cause for concern about sexual abuse." Nine cases fell for lack of evidence despite social workers' suspicions. But in 26 cases, the High Court cleared the 12 families involved. "I have to balance the damage to these 12 families against literally hundreds of cases where there was at best cause for concern, at worst serious sexual abuse," he said.

In the other corner, Sue Amphlett, director of the pressure group Parents Against Injustice, insists that there are 27 families, involving 66 children, who denied abuse and who have effectively been cleared. Of the 66 children, 63 have been returned home or are being rehabilitated and the remaining three are still awaiting their court hearing. "If they got less than 50 per cent of their diagnoses right that's a scandal," she said.

The report itself is of little help in this dispute. The panel felt unable to comment on individual cases because many had already been decided by the courts. It contented itself with observing that of the 121 cases originally diagnosed, 98 had returned home. Some of these may have been mistakes. But some were confirmed victims returned home when the abuser had moved out or been imprisoned. Some went home on care orders, some on supervision orders and some with a social worker still allocated, because there was continuing cause for concern.

The inquiry panel are understood privately to have reached a view on the number of actual cases somewhere between Michael Bishop's and Parents Against Injustice. But the issue is something of a chimera. In the management of sex abuse, correctly identifying *possible* cases is at least as important as confirming them. The kernel of the Butler-Sloss report is the need for all the agencies to have a clearer idea of when suspicions should be raised, on what basis and with what result. What has been missed in the initial comment is that a diagnosis of suspected sexual abuse may be justified, and require action, even where abuse turns out on further investigation not to have taken place. *Jeremy Laurance*

Tories rebel on child benefit cuts

Tory backbenchers are warning the government that it faces a major revolt if child benefits are not uprated fully in line with inflation in the coming financial year. Last year benefits were uprated, but the year before that they were frozen.

Timothy Raison, the former minister, and more than 20 other Conservative MPs have written to the Chief Whip David Waddington urging full up rating. (They do not expect to recover the "lost" year.)

The group is also making clear they would also oppose a proposal which the Prime Minister is known to favour — to stop child benefit altogether for the top tax payers on 40 per cent tax or any attempt to tax the child benefit itself.

A fierce struggle is being predicted. Treasury Chief Secretary John Major is expected to use the support of the Prime Minister to argue strenuously for the ending of the child benefit for the top tax payers. Treasury and other ministers are alarmed that the present weekly payments of £7.25 a week adds up to £4.6bn a year, a tenth of the entire social security budget.

It is understood that Social Services Secretary John Moore and his Social Security Minister Nicholas Scott would trade a stop on child benefits for high earners in return for an uprating of those on lower incomes if they thought this could be reconciled with the General Election manifesto pledge to pay child benefits "as now". Some Tories say that "as now" means regular uprating: the Prime Ministers and others say it does not.

To abolish the benefit altogether from one group would be represented as a clear breach of the manifesto. Timothy Raison and his group claim it would also be impracticable with confusion until quite late in the tax year about whether some groups would get the benefit or not.

The weakness of taxing the benefit is that with separate taxation this would fall on the mother, the partner frequently less able to afford it.
John Lewis

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Sex and the over-seventies

Vicky Hutchings on the need to take old people's sexuality seriously

South East London and Kentish Mercury

I had read too many novels and had learnt too much at school not to know a good deal about love, but I thought it was only a matter that concerned young people. I could not conceive that a man with a beard, who had sons as old as I, could have any feelings of that sort. I thought when you married all that was finished. That people over thirty should make love seemed to me rather disgusting.

Willie Ashenden in *Cakes and Ale*, by W Somerset Maugham

Earlier this year Ralph Borkett and Jackie Jolley, development officers from Age Concern in Lewisham, were asked for help by a warden in a local sheltered housing project. A couple in their eighties were having some sexual problems and the warden didn't whom to turn to. Neither, it turned out, did Age Concern.

The couple, who were "close and loving", were no longer sleeping together after the husband's stroke which had been complicated by a minor heart attack. The wife had confided to the warden that she was having difficulty sleeping alone, but said that she was doing it for his sake because she was "afraid to wake him up". It transpired that they were afraid to make love as they didn't know what was safe to do. They had felt too embarrassed to talk to the doctor, and had retreated from the problem by sleeping apart. The wife was later able to admit to the warden, who was sympathetic, that "she missed her cuddles".

Seven out of ten married couples over the age of sixty are sexually active, and, according to one study in 1975, 15 per cent of men *increase* their sexual activity after the age of 70. That's all very well for those who still have a partner and are hale and hearty—but not many people seem to be worrying about the rest. It's the belief that any sexual activity after a certain age is embarrassing, seemingly held by many of the people who work with the elderly, that Age Concern decided to confront.

A "famous gerontologist" ("I'm sorry, he's a household name, so I can't mention it") when asked for advice replied: "I haven't got a clue." After weeks of telephoning, Jackie and Ralph managed to discover that the Family Planning Association's education unit ran courses on sex and the handicapped. They have now adapted one of these specifically for the elderly, for whom prostate and menopausal problems are particularly upsetting.

So in March this year Jackie and Ralph, with money from Lewisham Women's Committee, organised a "Sexuality in Later Life" conference, which ranged over topics as diverse as the special sexual needs of elderly lesbian and gay people, the handicapped, and attitudes in different societies to sexuality in elderly people. As many local people as possible who work with the elderly were invited: community workers, social workers, officers in charge of old peoples' homes among others. Most had to take a day's leave and pay the £5 fee out of their own pocket in order to attend. But there was one glaring absense — not one of the doctors invited came.

A deliberate decision was taken to make the title of the conference "sexuality" not "sex", as "sexuality" can encompass a wide range of acts and feelings, from hugging and holding hands to sexual intercourse, and Age Concern were concerned not to seem to be suggesting that *all* elderly people should have an active sex life.

Most people want love and friendship, but the elderly often don't like to speak out about their sexual needs for fear of sniggers. They are also far less likely to have the opportunity for any kind of sexual relationship once their partner has died.

Younger people often fail to appreciate sexuality in an older generation, and children can react with particular horror to the idea that their own parents are taking up with someone else. Worse, if the parent is living with them, children may have the power to enforce their prejudices.

In many old peoples' homes there is usually very little privacy to start any kind of relationship, even if the staff were well disposed towards their inmates forming them. Often they are not. Handicapped people or residents of mental hospitals often experience the same reaction: the ability to be a complete and sexual being is denied by the staff who label it as "dirty" or "not nice".

Mrs Florence Dougan, from the Merrydown Sheltered Housing for the Elderly in Lewisham, says she finds old people very diffident about talking about their sexual needs; it is almost a taboo subject and often "you have to mind-read" to discover what's really going on.

This October, Age Concern is organising another conference in Lewisham, this time for the pensioners themselves. They hope it will be packed.

Contacts: Age Concern Greater London Newsletter, 54 Knatchbull Road, SE5. Tel: 01–737 3456. SPOD (the Association to Aid the Sexual and Personal Relationships of People with a Disability), 286 Camden Road, N5. Tel: 01–607 8851.

TAILGUNNER PARKINSON

"I have only had one intense—well nearly intense—exchange with Vivien Stern, director and battling Boadicea of the National Association for the Care and Resettlement of Offenders. It took place at a probation officers' conference in a ritzy Lake District hotel where she was one of the guest speakers.

Now Vivien is not a shrinking violet. Once she gets going, words rush out of her mouth as though they'd picked up bad habits from naughty waterfalls. On this occasion, she told her audience how marvellous NACRO was and how the probation service had fallen behind in the fight for penal reform.

When later I put this to Graham Smith, Inner London's chief probation officer, he said that in fact the Service was where the action was and doing hard bargaining—not just shouting slogans. But at that conference, I was in no position to query Vivien's viewpoint and confined myself to asking one question: "Vivien, what criticisms would you make of your own organisation?"

There was a terrible silence — a silence that must have seemed an eternity for her since it lasted at least the better part of a second. However, when equilibrium returned, she said something to the effect that the weakness of NACRO was that there was not enough NACRO!

Well, this week I'm going to tell Vivien one small defect in her organisation: in its reports it doesn't always reveal the reality behind its reforming figures.

In a recent study of remand prisoners (*Remands in Custody — Some Facts and Figures*) NACRO points out that in 1986 at least 18,250 remand prisoners who were later convicted of crimes were given non-custodial sentences—implying that they didn't deserve to go into the nick while awaiting trial.

Well, perhaps they did and perhaps they didn't. My guess is that, in most cases, the sentencing courts took into account the fact that the convicted person had already been imprisoned on remand when they finally imposed a non-custodial sentence.

The other day I went to see a young man with a history of disruptive behaviour who'd been remanded in custody for loutishly going up to a complete stranger in the street and smashing him in the face. "I'd had a few drinks and my bird had left me," he explained. Ultimately, when this defendant appeared in court he pleaded guilty and was given a non-custodial sentence—one of the cogent points in my report being that he'd served a period "inside" while waiting for his case to be heard.

Reformers who live inside statistics end up producing propaganda rather than progress."

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DATABASE

Student grants

The current review of student financial support, chaired by junior education minister Robert Jackson, which has been under way for two years, is expected to report later this month. Its conclusion will probably take the form of a White Paper and it is almost certain that one of the main proposals will be the introduction of top-up loans to supplement student grants.

Loans will be justified by a survey conducted for the DES in 1987, which showed that half of all students expected to have loans outstanding anyway, averaging £258 at the end of the year. 41.5 per cent of students were found to have overdrafts—averaging £268, and 14 per cent had credit card debts—averaging £174.

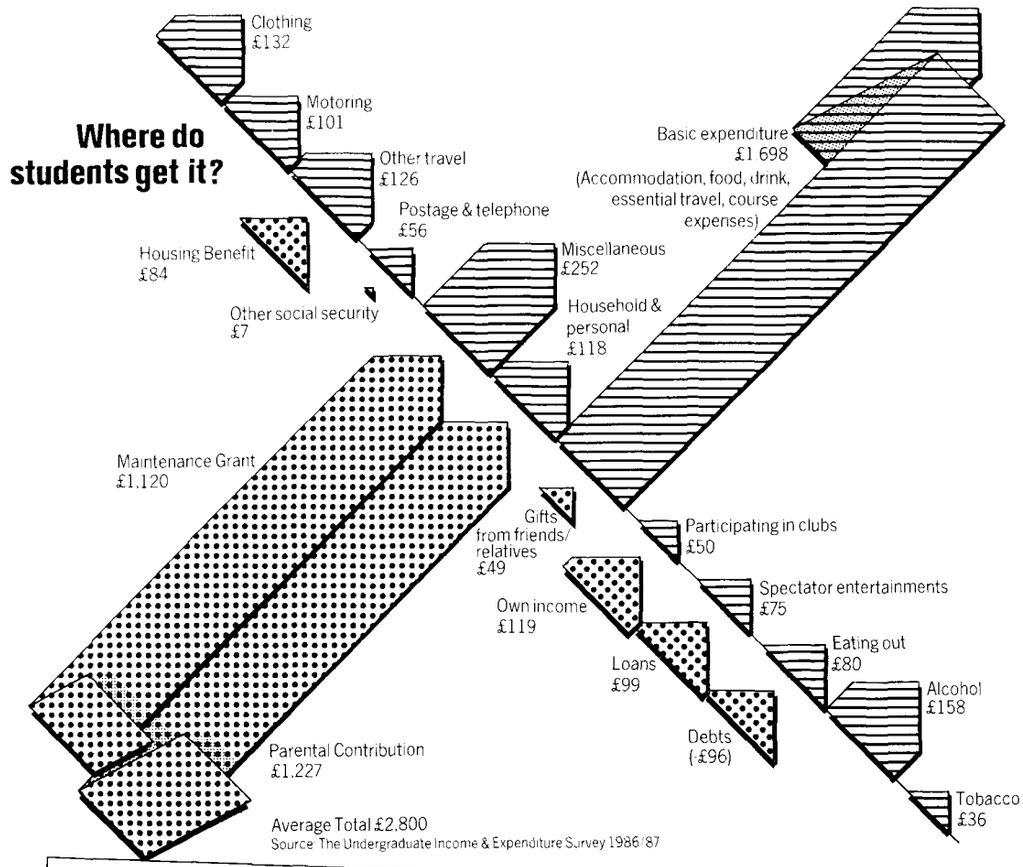
There could be some grounding to the concerns expressed by the NUS; that loans would discourage women, mature students and poorer students who are not able or willing to graduate with a huge debt to repay. It is clear that students who are worse off are more reluctant to get into debt and that the incidence and amount of student loans increases with students' incomes. The average debt for students without full grants (who have richer parents) was £278, but only £93 for those with grants.

It is apparent from the survey produced earlier this year by the Committee of Vice Chancellors and Principals that grants cover only the basic needs of students. Those living out of London spent £1,592, on average, ot the £1,972 award on board and lodging. In London, students spent £2,221 on subsistence, 95 per cent of the £2,330 maximum award.

The real value of the maximum standard award is estimated to have declined by about 6.2 per cent in real terms between 1982-3 and 1986-7. While the former minimum award of £410 was abolished in the 1985-6 academic year, the value of covenanted tax rebates to the average student has increased from £65 in 1982-3 to £211 in 1986-7. However, it was announced in the March Budget that no covenants made by parents on or after Budget day will get tax relief.

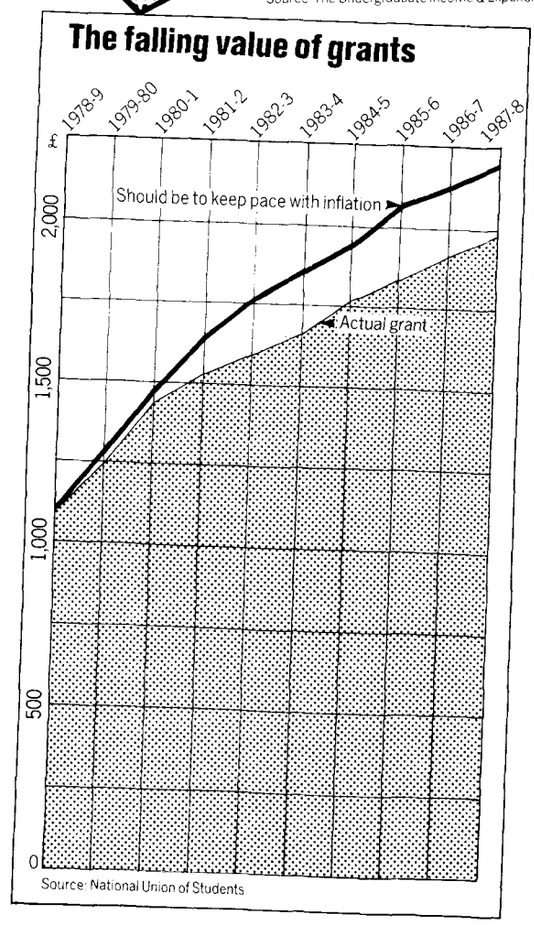
While the value of grants has fallen by 21 per cent between 1982-3 and 1986-7, parental contributions have increased by 86 per cent. The proportion of students whose parents were assessed for a contribution of more than £1,200 was higher in 1985-6 than in 1984-5: 41 per cent in the universities compared with 34 per cent previously. *Shelley Jofre*

What do students spend their money on?



Source: The Undergraduate Income & Expenditure Survey 1986/87

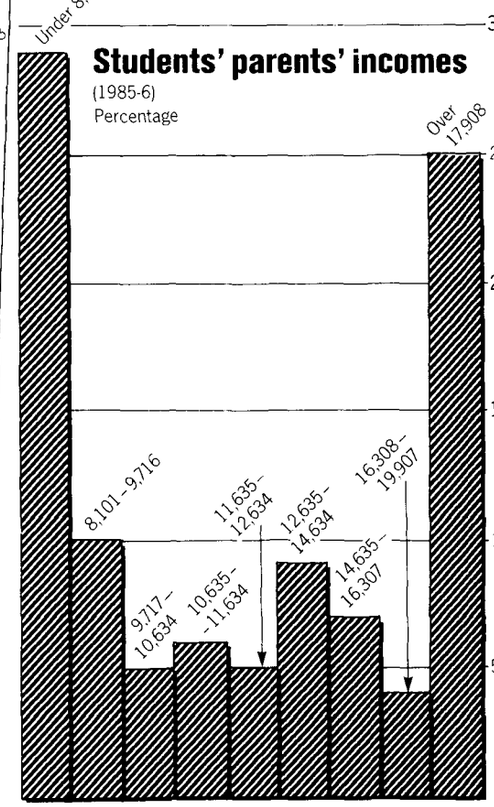
The falling value of grants



Source: National Union of Students

Students' parents' incomes

(1985-6)
Percentage



Source: DES Statistical Bulletin, March 1988

Tony Garrett

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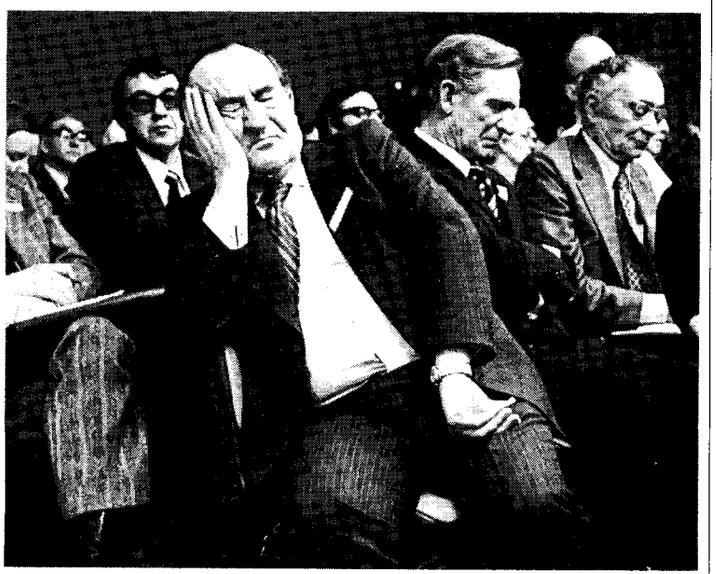
The rules of social life

Pat McNeill looks at the unwritten codes that govern our behaviour



Sally and Richard Greenhill

The students for whom this page is written are coming to the end of the academic year, and most will be putting their studies of sociology on one side until September. That's fair enough, but it is no reason to stop studying and observing social life, and the holiday period provides many opportunities for this. Holidays are a time when the unwritten rules and conventions of everyday life are widely breached, and other rules, recognisably those of "being-on-holiday", come into force.

Take clothing, for example. The middle-aged man dressed in shorts, sandals and a patterned shirt, open at the neck, with a straw hat on his head, is scarcely recognisable as the the sober-suited professional commuter who travels into the office for the rest of the year. By wearing these clothes, he is telling the world, and himself, that he is on holiday, that many of his usual social obligations are suspended, and that he can behave in ways that he would not contemplate in the work setting, and which he assumes will not be witnessed by colleagues. An unwritten rule of holiday-making (and of works outings and office parties) is that indiscretions and excesses are not held against you in the work situation. Our man's children also know that he is operating with different rules from those of everyday life, especially those concerned with what counts as a waste of money.

Walking along a busy pavement is something we do almost every day of our lives, and we do it pretty well. That is, we get where we want to go, without bumping into people on the way, and without giving offence to other pedestrians. If we think about this at all, we think we are doing it "automatically", and in a sense we are. But we had once to learn how to do it, and we are working at it and obeying the rules all the time, though at a level where we only become aware of it when a problem arises.

Imagine that you are walking along a narrow pavement, on your own, when you see two people coming towards you from the opposite direction. How do you pass them? A basic rule is that you don't pass between two people who are walking "together". But how do you recognise that they are together? If they are holding hands, there is no problem. But if not, how close do they have to be to each other before it becomes rude or aggressive to walk between them? How do the ages and the genders of the three of you affect the rules? What if they are both members of the police force? What if you are? Can they be further apart and yet still be together?

Another situation: you are walking along a deserted street after midnight, on your way home after a late party. Someone appears from a side street on your side of the road and twenty yards ahead, and turns along the pavement on which you are walking, and in the same direction. You find that you are walking along behind them, but slightly faster, so you are catching them up. You don't want them to think they are being followed, so what do you do? Walk more quietly? More noisily? Start whistling? Slow down? Speed up? Carry on at the same speed, but break into a trot a few yards before you reach them, continuing until you are safely past, perhaps with a muttered "good night" as you go by? Or do you cross the road and overtake on that side? How would your actions vary with the age and sex of the other person? What if there were two of them?

Now imagine that you are the person in front, and you have just become aware of the person behind you. Which action by them would you find most reassuring? And which would you find most worrying?

The example of how strangers, arriving one at a time, sit on a park bench is well known, but less well documented are the niceties of etiquette that are observable in men's public lavatories as each new arrival has to decide which stall to use. If there is a row of stalls, and only one other user, it is not appropriate to make use of the immediately neighbouring one, but it is perhaps overdoing it a bit to go as far away as possible. How is the choice made? What is the etiquette in the ladies'?

Shoplifting is governed by deeply subtle rules. The serious shoplifter strives to give the impression of being in the shop simply to look and perhaps to buy, and takes great care to conceal that they are shoplifting. This is largely a negative activity, avoiding actions which will arouse suspicion. But people who are not shoplifting sometimes become aware that their browsing could look suspicious, so they conspicuously do "not shoplifting". This is not just the negative activity of "not shoplifting", but the positive activity of "doing not-shoplifting". It might involve holding the hands and arms in awkward positions, or ostentatiously waving items in the air as you walk round the shop. Watching someone in this situation is particularly interesting because they are usually unsure whether they have an audience, so they don't know which way to direct their performance. It is possible to provoke "doing not-shoplifting" by doing "being a store-detective".

Girls and women have to learn how to do waiting-for-a-friend-in-a-public-place, and how this differs from doing-waiting-to-be-picked-up. The former usually involves a girl conspicuously looking in shop windows, at her watch, and up and down the street, but carefully avoiding eye-contact with any male stranger. Men have to learn how to recognise these signals, and to distinguish them from those of the girl who is looking for a customer or a casual pick-up. The rules for the prostitute are largely the obverse of those used by the girl with an appointment.

All such rules are both produced and recognised by social actors, and they exist only as long as they are continually so produced and recognised. But, of course, mistakes can occur in both production and recognition. Most commonly, these mistakes are made by children, who have not yet learned the rules, and by people who find themselves in unfamiliar settings, such as on foreign holidays. Many social faux pas are simply a matter of not knowing what the rules are, and so failing to observe them or failing to recognise them. Most people protect themselves in these situations by "keeping their head down" until they feel they have a grasp of the situation they are in. In doing this, they are in effect conducting a small-scale piece of social research. Many more rules can, however, be identified through systematic and conscious observation, and it's a good way to while away those idle holiday hours.

This is the last Society Today for this academic year, but it will be back in September. NSS would be very grateful for any comments, ideas and suggestions about next year's series, especially from students and tutors.

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ESSAY BY JOHN BERGER

Art of the interior

A major exhibition in the US and France has revived interest in the paintings of the 17th century Spanish painter, Francisco de Zurbaran (1598-1664). John Berger describes how a painting by Zurbaran stopped him in his tracks and explores why a half-forgotten painter from the 17th century has again become eloquent in the 20th century. Is the revival of interest in Zurbaran an example of modern society's preoccupation with the private?

It was seven years ago, in the National Gallery of Stockholm, that I first became really interested in Zurbaran. The painting which stopped me in my tracks was *Veronica's Veil.* (He painted several versions.) The white kerchief is pinned to a dark wall. Its realism is such that it borders on *trompe l'oeil.* Rubbed on to the white linen (or is it cotton?) are the traces of Christ's face, haggard and drawn as he carried the cross to Golgotha. The imprint of the face is ochre-coloured and monochrome, as befits an image whose medium was sweat.

That canvas in Stockholm made me realise something which applies, I think, to any visual work of art which has the power to

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move us. Painting first has to convince us, within the particular use of the pictorial language it is using, of what is *there*, of the reality of what it depicts. In the case of Zurbaran: of the kerchief pinned to the wall. Any painting which is powerful first offers this certitude. And then it will propose a doubt. The doubt is not about *what* is there; but about *where* it is.

Where is the face so faintly printed on the kerchief? At what point in space and time are we looking. It is there, it touches and even impregnates the reality of the cloth, but its precise whereabouts is an enigma.

Before any impressive paintings one discovers the same enigma. The continuity of space (the logic of the whereabouts) will somewhere on the canvas be broken and replaced by a haunting discontinuity. This is as true of a Caravaggio or a Rubens as of a Juan Gris or a Beckmann. The painted images are always held within a broken space. Each historical period has its particular system of breaking. Tintoretto typically breaks between foreground and background. Cézanne miraculously exchanges

Above: the painting which stopped John Berger in his tracks—Zurbaran's Veil of St Veronica in Stockholm. Overleaf and detail left: The Holy House of Nazareth, Cleveland Museum of Art

the far for the near. Yet always one is forced to ask: What I'm being shown, what I'm being made to believe in, is exactly where? Perspective cannot provide the answer. The question is both material and symbolic, for every painted image of something is also about the absence of the real thing. All painting is about the presence of absence. This is why man paints. The broken pictorial space confesses the art's wishfulness.

Let us now return to what is specific to Zurbaran. One of his early paintings shows Saint Pierre Nolasque kneeling before the apparition of Saint Peter, crucified upside down on his cross. Nolasque kneels on solid, solid ground. The crucified saint, who is the same size as the living figure, is a vision from beyond time and space. And on the ground where the two spaces (one solid, the other visionary) are hinged, Zurbaran has placed his signature. He was the master of such hinges.

What sort of man was he? Apart from his paintings and the commissions he received, we know little about him. A supposed self-portrait (he is standing with his painter's palette at the foot of the Cross) shows us a rather indecisive man, who is both devout and sensuous. A contemporary of Velazquez, he worked, not for the sophisticated Royal Court, but almost exclusively for the Spanish Church at the height of its fanatical Counter-Reformation.

I should perhaps say here that I have a visceral antipathy for the kind of religious institution for which Zurbaran worked. Cults of martyrdom, flagellation, saints' relics, damnation and inquisitorial power are for me detestable. My spiritual sisters and brothers were its victims. Yet for years this man's art has not fascinated me—for one can be fascinated by horror—but touched me, made me dream.

Zurbaran was married three times and was the father of nine children, most of whom, in the age of the plague, died before he did. He worked for the monasteries, yet his inspiration was domesticity—an inspiration which became more and more obvious during the course of his life. Not the domesticity of a paterfamilias or a bourgeois male moralist (sufficient here to compare his paintings with Dutch contemporaries like Jan Steen), but a domesticity which accrues through labour: childbirth, ironed linen, prepared food, fresh clothes, arranged flowers, embroidery, clean children, washed floors. His art is infused, as that of no other painter of his time, by the experience, pride and pain of woman, and, in this sense, is very feminine.

In qualifying Zurbaran's vision as domestic, I am not only thinking of certain favourite subjects he painted, or of the turn he gave to certain subjects, but, more profoundly, of the way he envisaged almost any scene he was ordered to paint. For example, in an early painting of the monstrously tortured Saint Serapion, what we actually see in his picture are the hands and head of a peasant husband asleep, and the robes hanging from his body, like precious linen tousled by the wind on a clothes line. It isn't that the subject has been secularised: it is rather that the life of the soul has been thought of, tended, and finally, saved, like the life of a household.

Art historians point out that Zurbaran remained in some ways a provincial painter. He was never at ease in the grand architecture of ambitious compositions. This is true. His genius lay in making a shelter, a home of *corners*.

Let us go to *The House at Nazareth* (Cleveland Museum, USA). On the right, Mary imagining the future: on the middle finger of her right hand a thimble, by the flank of her nose a tear. On the left, her son Jesus, who is making a crown of thorns, one of which has pricked his finger. Between them a kitchen table. Every object in the picture has its symbolic tag: the two turtle doves are for the Purification of the Virgin after the birth of her child; the fruit on the table for Redemption; the lilies for Purity, and so on. In the 17th century, such scenes from the childhood of Christ, and also from the childhood of the Virgin (another subject which Zurbaran loved), were widely popular and were controlled

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and distributed by the Church as models of devotion and patience. None of this, however, explains the image's emotional charge. The French painter, Laneuville, who was a pupil of David, wrote in 1821 about "the magic" of this canvas.

The magic begins, as I've said, with a doubt following a certitude. It begins with a spatial break, a discontinuity. The foreground of the floor is continuous across the canvas. The hinge of the discontinuity is the nearest table leg.

From his knees upwards, the child is placed in a space that is indefinable, and opens on to angels. To the right of the table leg, in the territory of the mother, the space remains that of a room in a house—even the window, or picture on the wall takes up its everyday position. The table top, impossibly upturned towards us, mediates between the two spaces. The pages of the open book on the left flicker in the light of the angels. The two books on the right are unmistakably placed on the kitchen table. The two different spaces correspond with two different times: on the right, everyday time, every night-time: on the left, the time of prophesy, pierced time, like the boy's finger pierced by the thorn.

We come now to the psychic spatial discontinuity, to the narrative jolt which, given the rest, increases further the picture's extraordinary charge. It is the sight of her boy which is making the mother so pensive. The sight reminds her of his future. She foresees their destiny. *And yet she is not looking at him.* Spatially she is simply not looking in his direction. We are looking at two spaces. She, confined to one, *knows*.

Mothers in Nazareth today, foreseeing the tragic destiny of their sons, are Palestinians. What does Zurbaran mean in our contemporary world? Let us first be clear. It is no longer a single historical world, as it was from the beginning of the 19th century onwards. Nor is it any longer ours. We, in our culture of commodities, are living our crisis; the rest of the world are living theirs. Their crisis is us. The most we want is to hang on to what we've got. They want the means to live.

'In Zurbaran's art we find a background which is blackness: it represents the world into which we are thrown at birth'

This is why our principal preoccupations have become private and our public discourse is compounded of spite. The historical and cultural space for public speech, for public hopes and action, has been dismantled. We live and have our being today in private coverts.

The fact that Zurbaran's art is domestic means it is an art to which we are not necessarily closed. By contrast, public art—whether it be that of Piero della Francesca, Rubens, Poussin, David or the Cubists—leaves us cold. (The debate of post-modernism is simply about the loss of public nerve.) Zurbaran's art of the interior suits our fear of the outside.

Once we are inside with him, we are intrigued, troubled, and obliged to dream about the colossal difference between the life he paints and ours. Everything he paints looks as if it is eternal. Everything with which we surround ourselves feels as if it's disposable. Return to the marvellous house in Nazareth. Her sewing, the cushion on her lap, her dress the colour of pomegranates, the chiffon scarf round her neck, her cuffs, the hand holding her head, her lips, are as present as a Manet or Degas might have wished, painted with a tactile intensity. And yet, present as she is, the expression of her eyes shows, she is also elsewhere. The hinge of the two spaces within the picture is a visible one. A similar but invisible hinge exists within the being of this woman.

Zurbaran painted a few still-lives of jars, cups, fruit. The objects are invariably placed on the edge of a table (or shelf) against a dark background. Under them, beneath the table or above and behind them, there is a darkness which may be nothingness. What is visible has been placed on the very edge of this darkness, as if somehow the visible has come through the darkness like a message. Everything and everybody in the house at Nazareth has a similar quality of being or receiving a message. And so, quite apart from the fact that the subject is a prophesy concerning the Holy Family, everything in the painting is perceived as sacred.

What do I mean by sacred? "Set apart because holy" as the dictionary suggests? Why holy? Because of the angels? No, curiously enough, angels in the sky are the least holy thing in Zurbaran's repertoire. (They are simply a fond parent's baby fantasies.) His sense of the sacred comes, not from symbolism, but from a way of painting and of placing. In everything he paints he sees not only a form but a task accomplished or being accomplished. The tasks are everyday household ones such as I have already mentioned. They imply care, order, regularity: not as moral categories but as evidence of meaning, as a message. Any peasant, not entirely dispossessed of his land, would recognise what I'm talking about here. It is where, against the chaos of nature, a sense of achievement includes aesthetics. It is why, if possible, the wood is stacked and not just thrown into a corner. Against the myriad natural risks, daily acts of maintenance acquire a ritual meaning.

In Zurbaran's art we don't find the chaos of nature, but we do find a background (as in all Spanish art) which is blackness: the blackness represents the world into which we are thrown at birth like salt into water.

It is not Zurbaran's saints or martyrs or angels that emanate a sense of the sacred for us, but the intensity of his looking at what has been worked upon against this background, and his knowledge that human space is always broken and two-fold. Such knowledge comes through compassion, for which there is no space in our culture of greed. As for ritual acts, such as making a cup of coffee or tea, they are still performed every day, and within a family or between an old couple, they may still preserve a meaning, but publicly there are no everyday ritual acts, for a ritual requires a permanent sense of past and future, and in our culture of commodities and novelties there is neither.

Zurbaran has become eloquent at the end of our century because he paints stuff—stuff one might find in a flea market—with a concentration and care that reminds us how once it may have been sacred. ●

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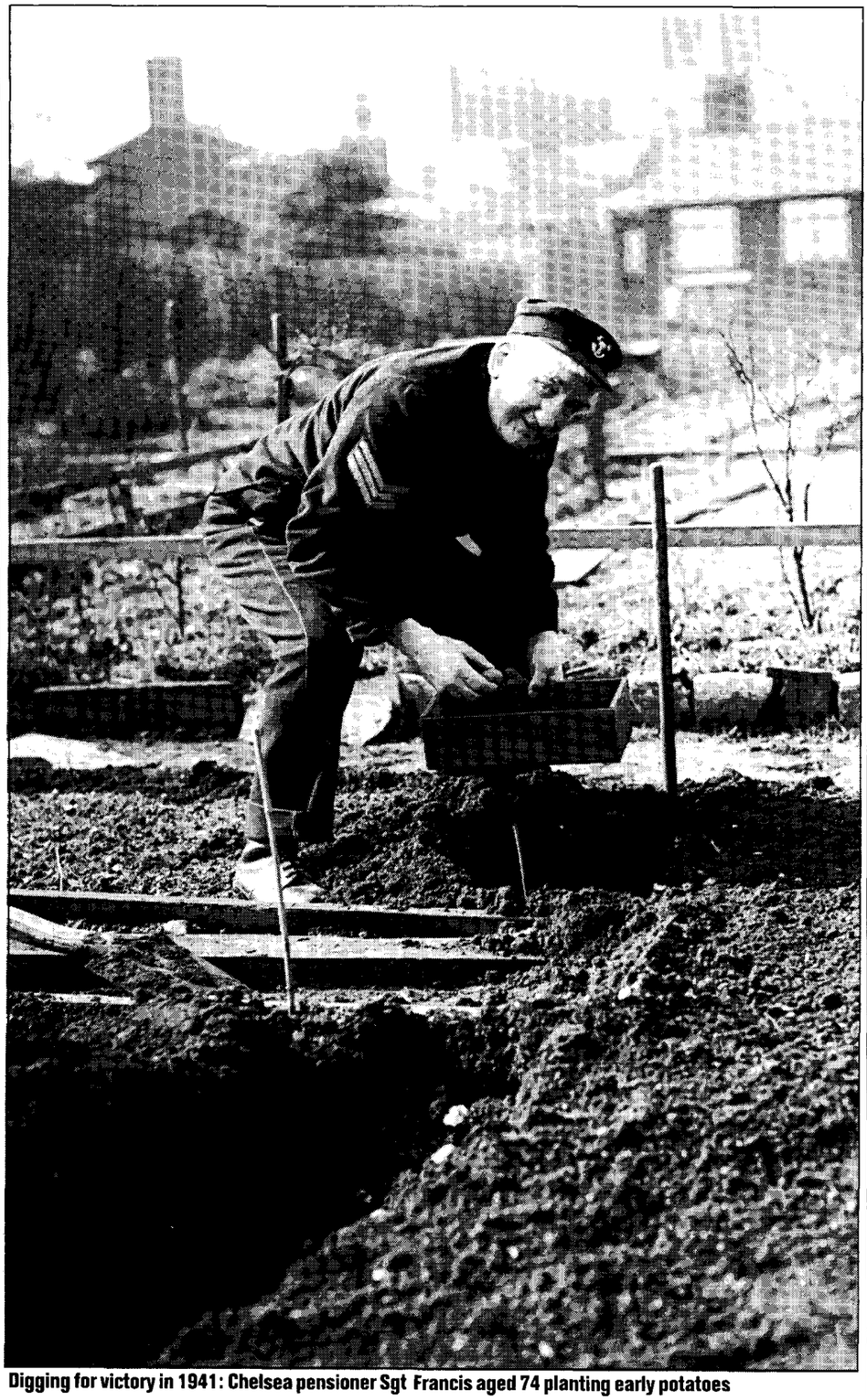
The greening of the English middle classes



BBC Hulton Picture Library

Digging for victory in 1941: Chelsea pensioner Sgt Francis aged 74 planting early potatoes

RURAL ENGLAND: OUR COUNTRYSIDE AT THE CROSSROADS
Derrick Mercer, David Puttnam and Derry Brabbs
MacDonald £14.95
THE CHILD IN THE COUNTRY
Colin Ward
Robert Hale £12.95
THE ALLOTMENT: ITS LANDSCAPE AND CULTURE
David Crouch and Colin Ward
Faber £13.95

Howard Newby

For the last two decades public debate about the English countryside has been conducted almost wholly around the conflict between modern agricultural technology and environmental conservation. It is as though rural England consists of nothing but farms and wildlife habitats. The result has been a rather one-eyed vision of the countryside, one from which the concerns of most rural inhabitants are excluded. Important though the environmental debate has been, other, equally valid, concerns have been ignored. The environmental lobby has not developed an economic and social analysis to put alongside its ecological critique and so the public has remained largely uninformed about the factors shaping the countryside today.

And yet major changes are in train and public policy is in disarray. So-called "rural riots" and alleged threats to develop land within the Green Belts are but two manifestations of the transformation of rural England. Both, in their way, illuminate how outdated are the assumptions which inform current policy on the countryside, assumptions which were developed in the 1940s in the shadow of Dig For Victory sentiment and anti-urban demonology. Almost 50 years on some of these assumptions are not just still intact, but they have been reinforced by the rhetoric of conservation and protection which has dominated discussions about the future of the countryside in recent years.

We certainly need a national debate on the future of the countryside, but one which is informed by a cool appraisal of current realities. The policies which guided the countryside through the postwar reconstruction and beyond are rapidly becoming obsolete, but refurbishment can only take place when the nature of their obsolescence is publicly recognised.

In this context *Rural England* is not only an opportunity missed; it is also positively mischievous. It is an extended version of colour-supplement journalism, placed between hard covers and offered as a coffee-table sales pitch for the Council for the Protection of Rural En-

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gland. It is seductively presented, entertainingly written and fails almost completely to address the factors which are going to shape rural England between now and the end of the century.

The photographs give the game away. Derry Brabbs's lush evocations of the English landscape are almost too good. Technically they are superb. But the message they carry is both alarmist and alarming. They certainly convey the sense of a cherished landscape which no one in their right minds would wish to destroy. But it is a landscape almost entirely without people. More than 200 photographs of "rural England" contain only half-a-dozen or so with people in them. Allied to Derrick Mercer's highly readable text, which conveys the sense of a threatened countryside at risk from the myriad developments of uncivilised urban man, the reader cannot help but be alarmed. It will certainly sell well in the home counties Green Belts and give a further push to the accelerating bandwagon of political support for "sane" (ie, irrational) rural planning.

The root of the problem, perhaps, is that the countryside, for most people, is observed rather than experienced. We see it through the window of a car or a train. A privileged few gaze at it through their drawing-room windows. Derry Brabbs presents us with a vision viewed through the lens of a camera. But what we see is dependent upon what cannot be seen—the underlying social and economic fabric of rural life, about which the public remains alarmingly ignorant. If this book represents the current state of CPRE thinking on the future of the countryside, then I, too, am alarmed—but not in the way David Puttnam would wish.

Viewed as a social, rather than as a visual, phenomenon, a very different set of priorities present themselves. Colin Ward is only too aware of this. *The Child in the Country*—a sequel to his successful *The Child in the City*—demolishes two cherished myths, about childhood *and* about rural innocence, before settling down to provide a balanced survey of rural life and rural institutions from the standpoint of the needs of the countryside's younger inhabitants.

The children themselves are, perhaps, given less of a voice than one would have wished, but Ward skilfully and sympathetically questions the assumptions of grown-ups of all kinds about the experience of growing up in rural Britain. His conclusion—that there is nothing particularly distinctive about the rural, as opposed to the urban, environment—will not please all his readers, but he is correct to emphasise that the differences are often grossly overstated.

The interweaving of urban and rural influences also informs Colin Ward's book, written with David Crouch, on *The Allotment*. This is a delightful *pot-pourri* of history and contemporary observation. Its tone varies between scholarly treatise and kaleidoscopic anecdote, but the overall effect is one of infectious enthusiasm. Allotments (or "leisure gardens" to use their modish alternative) have made a comeback in recent years, fuelled in part by the increasing "greening" of English middle class culture.

Crouch and Ward make the valid point that allotments and allotment-holders are not amenable to glib generalisations and that their social composition, motivations and activities are enormously varied. The book is, indeed, a celebration of human ingenuity and the human capacity to sell self-expression and personal identity in what, to the outsider, may seem eccentric and even bizarre forms. In this respect the book is strongly informed by Ward's anarchist philosophy, but the message is more convincing for not being overdone.

In their way these last two books tell us much more about the reality of rural England that the CPRE's effort. We now live in a society in which the countryside, as a social and economic entity, is not governed by agriculture. It is a countryside in which there is no longer any absolute shortage of land. But it is a countryside which is, for the most part, becoming more and more socially exclusive. We must begin to discuss what the role of the countryside will be under these new conditions, and what is the appropriate balance between agriculture, forestry, conservation, recreation and community development. Nicholas Ridley has a point. Drowning it out with a howl of self-interested abuse is not going to provide a substitute for future policy. The public is being induced to participate in a moral panic about the future of rural England, rather than offered a constructive set of considered options.

The path of deference

THATCHER
Kenneth Harris
Weidenfeld & Nicolson £12.95

R. W. Johnson

This is one book you *can* judge by its cover. On the front cover is a photograph of an attractive blonde woman, carefully posed, the light exactly behind her giving a halo effect and dulling her features into an attractive softness. The woman is, visibly, Maggie, but she looks all of 35. The book is much the same: it's got lots of facts about Maggie all right, but the tone is bland, sanitised and admiring.

On the back cover is a photo which goes a long way to explain this somewhat slavish tone—the author conducting an interview with Maggie, is happily squatting at her feet as she does the talking. Despite Harris's interviews with the (anonymous) great and good, his book is really just a readable canter over well-trodden ground. It contains little that is new and seems mainly to have been constructed from a dutiful reading of the press clippings.

One result of this is that it repeats a lot of the conventional wisdom about its subject, much of which is either wrong or self-contradictory. Thus Harris tells us that Maggie's strength is that she's always believed in the same things and has just resolutely carried them out. He simultaneously tells how she was an ardent Butlerite in the 1940s; how she was an enthusiastic public spender at the DES; how Airey Neave, the campaign manager who won her the Tory leadership, saw her as an acceptable substitute for Whitelaw, who had been his first preference; how privatisation got one solitary mention in the 1979 manifesto; and so on. Similarly, Harris asserts that Mrs Thatcher is a very shrewd politician, though his book is littered with examples suggesting the opposite.

Kenneth Harris is not only chairman of the *Observer* but also the author of a decidedly good biography of Attlee. This alone will doubtless make his *Thatcher* a considerable success. It really doesn't deserve it. If conventional wisdom haunts this book, what ruins it is deference. Amazing things are allowed to pass—for example, Maggie saying that her father was very strong on how you shouldn't marry for money. Odd, isn't it, how that subject will crop up? Harris maintains a manful silence about the fact that Alfred Roberts had two daughters and both married millionaires. Just a little billion-to-one fluke.

Similarly, various key incidents in Maggie's career we've learnt from other biographies—the school nickname of "Snobby Roberts", the fact that other children used to go home a different way to avoid meeting her, her ludicrous belief that she could win Dartford, the complete ignorance of economics which compelled her to take elementary tutorials in the subject after becoming Tory leader—things like this just get left out. But when Harris does mention some piece of appalling Thatcher behaviour he will always find some pat little way of saying it was all for the best.

He will never take responsibility for any judgment implying disapproval of Maggie. The furthest he'll go is to say something like "there were those who felt that perhaps she was authoritarian". When it comes to incidents which don't really allow of such treatment—like the unavoidably emphatic fact that Maggie was the first premier in history to be voted down for an honorary degree at Oxford and that she has refused to visit the city ever since—these are also left out. No doubt when Mr Harris was squatting at Maggie's feet he didn't feel like asking her about things like that.

Part of the problem here is Waldenitis or grovelling power-worship, as it's sometimes known. But partly it's because if we face the fact that Maggie is actually just a narrow-minded, ill-informed, bullying suburban fishwife then we all feel a lot worse about being governed by her. It's miserable to admit that the real reason she keeps winning elections is that the opposition is divided and its leadership hopeless.

In the Sunday journalism world of Kenneth Harris someone who wins three elections must have learnt some great Secret, so there has to be an elaborate mystique to be disentangled. As anyone will know who read his interview with Maggie or, *a fortiori*, Brian Walden's, the easy way out of this is to swallow whole the Thatcher myth which Maggie herself so fervently believes in. But we now have, ye gods, the most absolute ruler since Cromwell, someone who feels able

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publicly to rule out her entire cabinet to succeed her, who effectively asserts her right to choose her own successor, and who has even begun to interpret religion for us. Faced with this sort of megalomania, those who choose the path of deference have not a little to answer for.

Afrikaner myth

WHITE TRIBE DREAMING
Marq de Villiers
Viking £14.95

Adam Kuper

Marq de Villiers bears one of the most famous Afrikaner names. His first South African ancestor was a Huguenot, who arrived in Cape Town exactly 300 years ago, escaping from the religious persecution which followed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Yet though he was born into the purple of Afrikanerdom, he is not a true Afrikaner nationalist. The son of a liberal journalist, de Villiers associates himself with the younger generation of dissident Afrikaner intellectuals, like the former leader of the Progressive Party, Frederik van Zyl Slabbert, and the academic theorist, Hermann Giliomee.

Nevertheless, interweaving the history of the Afrikaners and the saga of his family, de Villiers goes along with the central Afrikaner myth, which is that the Afrikaner nation—like the de Villiers clan—somehow existed already in the western Cape in the 17th century. This is a familiar illusion, but his own account indicates how difficult it is to justify. The Afrikaans language was not generally adopted by the educated strata until well into the present century, only becoming an official language of the country in the twenties. The political unity of the Cape and Transvaal Afrikaners has lasted for only a generation, and now looks rather unstable.

As de Villiers himself suggests, it is also by no means certain that Afrikaner nationalism will continue to be the dominant force in white South African affairs. For three generations the most reliable support for the unity of the *volk* was hostility towards the English (a sentiment clearly shared by the author), but links with Britain are irrelevant today, and the "black danger" may impel Afrikaners to merge with the English and even the so-called Coloureds.

But de Villiers is no historian, and his book is best read as a family saga in the broadest sense. It is a deliberately tribal history, though written for outsiders to make a political case. His thesis is that the Afrikaners should be regarded as just another dominant tribe playing African tribal politics, rather like the Kikuyu in Kenya. In the long view, he urges, "what is happening in South Africa is not a denouement or a culmination at all but part of the continuous, seamless and restless history of tribal realignment."

This is superficially plausible, for the European image of Africa is precisely that its politics are rooted in primordial ethnic identities. That was also the premise on which apartheid was constructed. One can see how a mildly dissident Afrikaner like de Villiers might enjoy suggesting that his people are just another African tribe. Who could then accuse him of racism? Why should the Afrikaners then not enjoy the same tolerant understanding which is extended to the Kikuyu? And has the experience of modern Africa not demonstrated that Westminster constitutions do not suit tribal societies? "What's happening in South Africa now," de Villiers writes, "is not colonialism but a post-colonial tribal power struggle."

But de Villiers is borrowing old European stereotypes when he describes black South Africa in tribal terms. The Afrikaners are more like modern nationalists than pre-colonial tribesmen and their main opponents are not tribesmen but black, urban South Africans who are united in their hatred of Afrikaner domination.

If they do not merge with the English and the so-called Coloureds, the Afrikaner's last hope may be to split black South Africa. Apartheid was a scheme to retribalise the African population. Inevitably it failed, but new ethnic identities may be crystallising in the post-apartheid state, most notably the very modern—even post-modern—Zulu identity which is being fostered by Buthelezi. If this trend continues, then the Afrikaners would indeed have created a South Africa in their own image, though even then they are unlikely to rule it forever.

The first in-depth study of the IRA for twenty years

PATRICK BISHOP & EAMONN MALLIE

THE PROVISIONAL IRA

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A libation of blood

LEADER OF THE BAND
Fay Weldon
Hodder & Stoughton £10.95

Carole Angier

Sandra Sorenson, heroine of *Leader of the Band*, astronomer and writer, believes in form: "Get the form right," she says, and "the whole . . . will surely add up to more than the sum of its parts."

Yet *Leader of the Band* is bursting with parts which overwhelm the whole. With themes—sex and fame (mostly sex, "parts" is an appropriate pun), genetics and reproduction, truth and self-discovery, time and guilt. With appendices—short stories about three of the characters are piled onto the end. With the whole history of the 20th century—Sandra's father was a nazi who used her gypsy mother in genetic experiments, thus producing not only Sandra but 100 or so half-siblings...

That's typical. But it's also, probably, deliberate. For what happens to clever, successful Sandra is love; and love, as she says, makes fools of us. "We do not want to be organised," says her love, the leader of the band. "Efficiency is the enemy of creative energy." I guess *Leader of the Band* didn't want to be organised either; I guess Fay Weldon chose creative chaos for her form, as well as for the point of her story.

The story is: Starlady Sandra, in line for Astronomer Royal, runs away from Matthew, in line for Judge, with Mad Jack the trumpet player. She wants to throw everything away for love and life in a transit van. Her past, and Jack's, pursue her, and it's not to be. But Sandra, who has

Is Fay Weldon getting back at all those novels about slim long-legged girls?

refused to bear Matthew's children or a nazi's grandchildren, throws everything away instead to go home and have Jack's baby. Creative energy is all.

Fay Weldon has thrown a lot away, too, to release her own creative energy. Mainly she's thrown away feminism. For this story is a romantic cliche, an adolescent fantasy—the Virgin and the Gypsy, the Lady and the Carpenter. Sandra and all the other women are completely, ludicrously dependent on their men, especially on sex with their men ("Fuck Jack and die? I thought. Too right, I thought. Any day"). Jack and Sandra are cliches. Jack is mad and bad, tall and lean, above all "well-hung"; Sandra is small and slim and loves looking up at him—she had to look down at Matthew, and his willy (her word) was small... Of course she didn't want *his* baby, but will have Jack's like a shot, all agonies of history and guilt forgotten. It's more woman's magazine than anything Jack's wife reads, to Sandra's contempt; indeed it's worse than any woman's magazine. Is it the most aggressive anti-men feminism, after all, Fay Weldon getting back at all those novels about slim long-legged girls?

Whatever it is, it's not nice. The book isn't nice, but full of fucking, both act and word; Sandra isn't nice, but arrogant and egotistical. And yet, and yet... Creative energy *is* here. The book buzzes and zings like Sandra's private parts. It's full of insight, humour, good writing. Occasionally it's infuriating and silly, but often it's exciting and (dare I say it?) true. "Blood's the libation the God of Chance requires", someone says in the first appendix, "A Libation of Blood". That's what *Leader of the Band* is, too (are those L's and B's deliberate?)—a libation of blood and other juices to a literary God. It's half yuck, and half wonderful.

A future that works?

WHAT FUTURE FOR LABOUR?
Eric Deakins
Hilary Shipman £7.95

Kenneth O. Morgan

Labour's policy review since the last election has so far been something less than a Great Debate. There has been the non-event of the Labour Listens campaign, Celtic confusion over defence, the poisonous backdrop of the usual unfraternal leadership contest. And yet, in spite of it, some genuine attempt at a reassessment of Labour's values and priorities has got under way.

Two familiar groups of participants have been engaged—the prophets and the pragmatists. The former (such as Eric Heffer in *Labour's Future*) warn the party of the dangers of losing contact with the old socialist faith. The latter (like Roy Hattersley in *Choose Freedom*) urge Labour to accommodate itself to new social and economic realities. Eric Deakins, former MP for Walthamstow and a minister in the Callaghan government, stands between these two groups, though he inclines unmistakably to the revisionist diagnosis. In this dark hour for the movement, he has provided a robust and refreshing analysis which in many respects could be a launch-pad for a more hopeful future.

His short book covers a huge range of issues—the unions, party democracy, economic management, poverty, incomes policy, educational equality, defence, the EEC, the third world, even Deakins's personal solution to the Falklands issue. Naturally none of these can be treated in depth, and there are major gaps of which perhaps law and order, race relations and the Scottish and Welsh dimension stand out. But the main drift of his argument is clear and convincing, as he tries to reconcile efficiency with equality, pragmatism with principle.

A strength of the book is that Deakins takes for granted incontestable social changes. The declining status of the unions, the erosion of the class structure, the weakening of the communal ethic and civic culture that fired the pioneers of 1945, the economic gulf between an ailing north and a prosperous south to which Labour at present has little to say, are all staples of his version of the new realism.

He is scathing on party tactics, and the dangers posed by vanguard *arrivistes* whom he sees as rootless, non-intellectual, middle class polycrats, quite distinct from the old type of Fabian intellectual. He also shrewdly notes the excessive power of professional pressure-groups, whereby the teachers' unions, for instance, tend to block out a serious re-think of educational priorities. He suggests ways of moving on from sterile shibboleths on incentives, welfare, Clause Four and especially nuclear weapons. At the same time, the socialist commitment remains crucial for him. He is anxious not to squander ideological capital in the pursuit of a value-free, economic growth. Finally, his treatment of third-world poverty shows a welcome internationalism of spirit. All this is to the good.

Even in this treatment, though, the socialist creed remains ultimately cloudy, almost Platonic, embodying "a wider sense of purpose", with major questions begged. The author offers needless hostages to fortune in a very negative approach towards Europe, while the transformations wrought by the Thatcherite hegemony are not fully taken on board.

But in general, the book is refreshingly open-minded and forward-looking. The challenge now will be to relate these reappraisals to Labour as the left's only valid and credible instrument of power. If Deakins can purge himself of excessive pessimism (including towards Neil Kinnock as leader), he can help ensure that his party offers not only a past that consoles but a future that works.

From Wolfenden to Clause 28

RADICAL RECORDS: 30 YEARS OF LESBIAN AND GAY HISTORY
Bob Cant and Susan Hemmings (editors)
Routledge £7.95

Melissa Benn

This book was initiated in 1985, a time of optimism, still, for the lesbian and gay movement. The radical impetus of some metropolitan Labour local authorities on issues of sexual politics lingered, despite abolition. Yet even in the course of the book's making the political times have changed dramatically. The book went to press on the eve of the 1987 election, and is now

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published in the climate of Clause 28/AIDS-related homophobia, but also in a time of public solidarity in the face of the new "real family"-based right-wing moralism.

Radical Records, a book of unsynthesised history, provides an important background to these new developments. Containing 22 pieces of personal and political reflections, covering a wide range of campaigns and periods spanning the last 30 years, it is necessarily fragmented. Too many of the contributions feel as if they have been summarily wound up, chopped dead, when you want them to go on and on, and give more detail.

Arranged in a more or less chronological order, the contributions give a sense of the hugely different periods there have been in lesbian and gay politics within even a relatively short time. The pieces on pre-Wolfenden days have a dignity in tone and content that are deeply moving.

Allan Horsfall, in particular, describes cautious campaigning on behalf of the Homosexual Law Reform movement in a milieu of social isolation, police pogroms and the near-complete and shameful absence of Labour Party support. Ian Dunn, involved in Scottish politics of that period, is more straightforward. "People like me had a godawful time in the fifties," he says. Contrast this with the Gay Liberation Front politics of the early 1970s—mass meetings, protests, dances, disruptions—a politics at once public and defiant.

And then the "GLC days" where, for the first time ever, the institutional left "met" the lesbian and gay movement within the constellation of what is termed the "new social movements". *Radical Records* seems very much a product of the politics of this period, when the left in general, and feminism in particular, became aware of "difference", of diverse oppressions, histories and desires.

The book gives space to these different voices of experience and identity—Chinese, Irish, black, disabled—as well as to more campaign-based stories. But one of the problems with this approach, a problem fed by local government (which, after all, had the power to fund or *withhold* funding) is that "oppressions" can come into competition with each other, and an unofficial hierarchy of identity and related moralism can paralyse political argument and effectiveness.

Being a book of history, *Radical Records* cannot answer the political questions it sets itself, for the contributors are necessarily locked into their own "story". It is only in Susan Hemmings and Bob Cant's joint introduction (in which both editors speak for themselves, thereby creating the impression of a dialogue, and airing tensions between them) and in Jan Parker's concluding chapter that they begin to ask and argue the questions that have become urgent in 1988.

Perhaps the most pressing of these questions is: what kind of alliances are possible both within the gay and lesbian movement, and with sympathetic heterosexuals, in order to mount an effective and popular public counter attack on the latest form of government-inspired homophobia?

Defined by colour

VOICES OF NEGRITUDE
Julio Finn
Quartet £14.95

Adewale Maja-Pearce

The philosophy of *négritude* was first propounded in a 20-page journal, *Légitime Défense*, a single issue of which appeared in Paris in the summer of 1932. Léopold Sédar Senghor, the great Senegalese poet and sometime head of state, defined it as "the sum total of the values of the civilisation of the African world", and called it a "revolution". In the sense that it was part of the worldwide anti-colonial movement which ended with the collapse of the European empires, revolution is not too strong a word; but what made *négritude* different from all other such movements was its emphasis on the importance of culture as the primary tool of political liberation.

It is no mistake that its founders were the leading poets of the day. They included, apart from Senghor himself, Aimé Césaire of Martinique, whose long poem, *Cahier d'un retour au pays natal*, remains the classic text of the movement; Léon-Gontran Damas of Guyana; and Alioune Diop, also of Senegal, who later founded the celebrated journal of African culture, *Présence Africaine*.

There was no parallel to *négritude* in the English-speaking colonies, where the agitation for independence remained entirely political. This was because the British were never interested in denigrating the African achievement in order to convince the colonials of the superiority of British culture, which in any case was taken as given.

It was perhaps unkind of Wole Soyinka, the Nigerian writer, to dismiss *negritude* on the grounds that "the tiger does not proclaim his tigritude—he pounces". Senghor could not pounce—as Soyinka so effectively did—until he had divested himself of the suspicion, implanted from his first day at school, that the further he travelled from Africa and the closer he came to France (became, in fact, a Frenchman, even if only a black one), the more he was to be envied by the unfortunates he had left behind.

But what were these specifically African values? For Senghor, they were to be found in the Africans' ability for "instinctive reasoning". In his famous poem, *Prayer to Masks*, he asks rhetorically: "For who else could teach rhythm to the world that has/died of machines and cannons?" This comes perilously close to the all-blacks-got-rhythm school of thought, and it points to the central weakness of *négritude* as a philosophy.

For all its achievement *négritude* was, at bottom, profoundly reactionary, and limited to the extent that once it had attained its political objective—independence—it had little to offer. It was a philosophy which was generated, in

Rex Features

Léopold Sédar Senghor as head of state

Senghor's own words, out of "the refusal to assimilate, to see oneself in the 'other'." But even Senghor failed to understand that this very act of refusal was in itself negative: the "other" already loomed too large in the scheme of things.

Julio Finn will disagree, but then his definition of *négritude* is more eclectic than I would have thought reasonable, and includes the sum total of all "black" writing, wherever and whenever it is to be found. I don't see that this serves any useful purpose, except to perpetuate the idea—and this was the reason for *négritude* in the first place—that human beings are defined first and foremost by colour. As a historical phenomenon *négritude* certainly demands an authoritative work, but unless it is to be understood as a movement of a specific time and a specific place, it simply degenerates into a meaningless abstraction.

KARL MARX'S ANSWER TO THATCHERISM

MARXIST MORALITY

BY WILLIAM NASH **£4.95**

At a time when Britain is once more being subjected to the dogma that a number of individual wills competing in terms of self-interest will somehow cancel each other out for the general good, and that no other motivation can fuel a modern society but personal aggrandisement whatever the cost to those millions who fall by the wayside, Marx's prescription for a genuinely free society is particularly worth studying.

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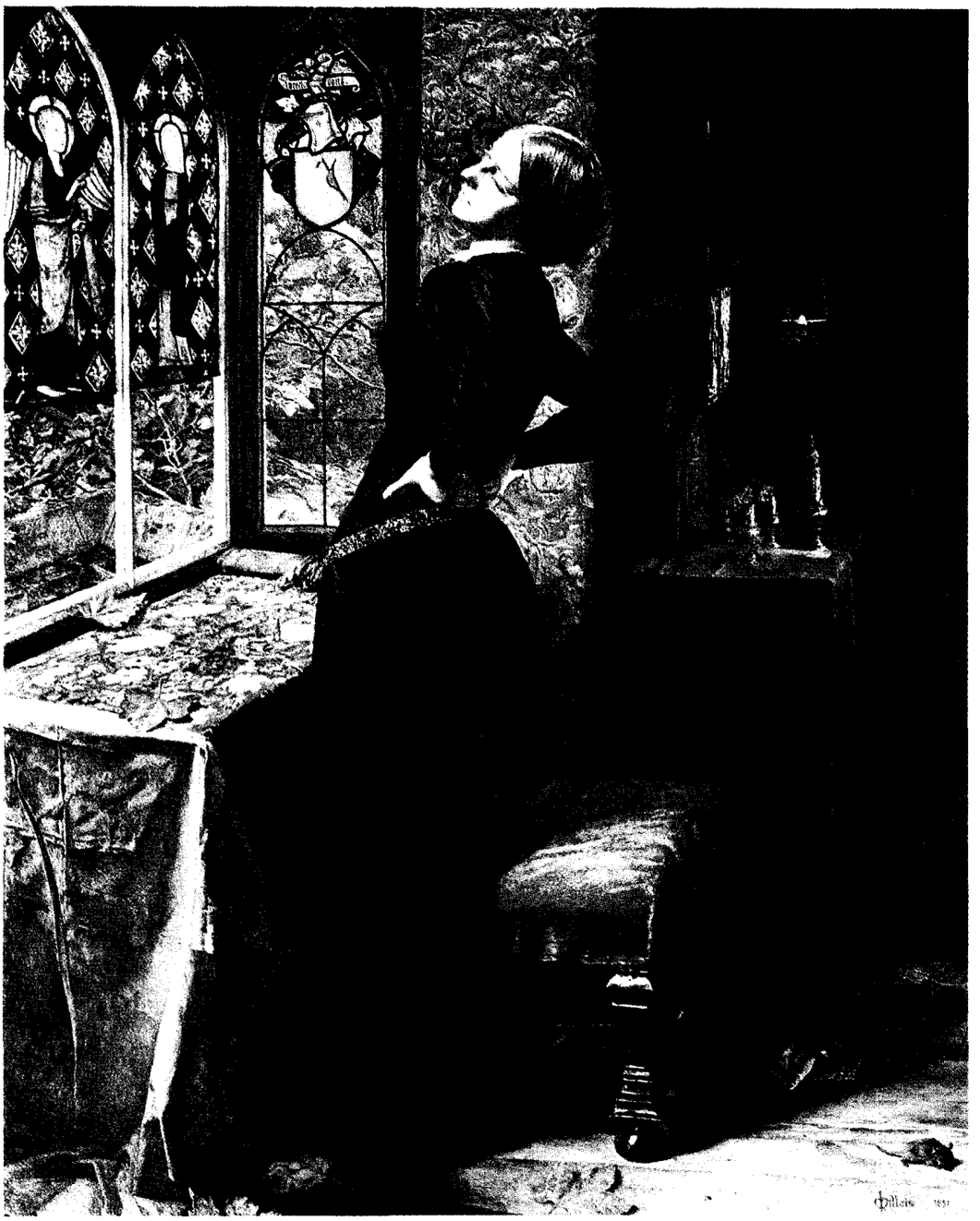

John Everett Millais's "Mariana" was inspired by these lines from Tennyson's poem of the same name: "She only said, 'My life is dreary,/He cometh not,' she said;/She said, 'I am aweary, aweary./I would that I were dead!' "

Millais's picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1851. Ruskin approved of it, but wrote in "The Times" that he was glad to see that Millais's "lady in blue is heartily tired of painted windows and idolatrous toilet table".

"Mariana" is reproduced in Jeremy Maas's classic study, "Victorian Painters", which is published for the first time in paperback this week by Barrie & Jenkins at £14.95 (a small hardback reprint is also available at £30).

A man without qualities

WALDHEIM AND AUSTRIA
Richard Bassett
Viking £11.95
THE WALDHEIM FILES: MYTH AND REALITY
Michael Palumbo
Faber £5.95
KURT WALDHEIM: A CASE TO ANSWER?
Jack Saltman
Robson Books £14.95

Jussy Brainin

Until a few years ago Austria was thought of as a happy land. Then in rapid succession came the wine scandal, the Reder and Frischenschlager affairs, finally the Waldheim nightmare. The world's newspapers have now moved on to other dirty fields; but a locust cloud of fast and furiously written books has settled on Austria's major postwar scandal.

It was worth investigating, because the Waldheim case lays bare the rawest issues of the last war: war crimes and individual responsibility for them. Certainly it would not have been worthwhile focusing on Kurt Waldheim himself. His record shows neither intellect nor character, but only opportunism and naked ambition.

All these books were written under pressure. At least one hopes that is the reason they are so full of annoying, undermining errors. Waldheim's home town is Tuln, not Tülin (Palumbo); Metternich said that the Balkans, not the Orient, began at the Landstrasse (Bassett); and the photograph of Waldheim in Austrian army uniform must have been taken not just "probably before world war two" but definitely before the spring of 1938, because within weeks of the Anschluss all Austrian soldiers were in German uniform (Saltman).

The merit of the three books—when they are read together—is that they offer us the widest possible spread of views to judge from. Richard Bassett does not care for Waldheim, nor for that matter for Austria. Michael Palumbo, despite an early effort to appear objective, soon reveals his true colours as a Waldheim partisan. And Jack Saltman, in his book of the TV trial, largely

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allows his witnesses to speak for themselves.

Each has some good points to make. But each, alas, manages to spoil his own case. Bassett indulges in cheap jokes ("the world woke up to find Strudel on its face"); he dislikes Austria too much to be objective, yet is unable to muster a conclusion stronger than that Waldheim's "repeated lies about his knowledge of the wartime Balkans made him an unsuitable president". Palumbo is even more unbalanced, this time against Israel and the World Jewish Congress; he favours a conspiracy theory, based on the fake (he says) Yugoslav "Odluka" document. Saltman's book is the most even-handed and brings out even more than the TV presentation the impossibility of Waldheim's claims not to have known about the arrest and deportation of Greek Jews. But in the end it is more concerned with the trials of the programme makers than with the issues of the trial itself.

What emerges from these three books is that Waldheim's personal responsibility for any war crimes is unproven. Simon Wiesenthal himself says that Waldheim is guilty of many things, but being a war criminal is not one of them. Nonetheless, by concealing key parts of his past he demeaned the position of UN Secretary General; and by then seeking and accepting the Austrian presidency, he put personal ambition above the principle that the president should be beyond controversy. At the very least, he has twice put ambition before principle. His lies have damaged Austria; and his constant claims of love for his native land, like his excuses, have a hollow ring.

Triumph of hope

THE HEALING BRAIN
Robert Ornstein and David Sobel
Macmillan £14.95

Pat Williams

Faced with a life-threatening illness in the late seventies, I asked my doctor what my chances of recovery were. He said, bleak and reluctant: "Two out of three die," and found my grin inexplicable. "You mean I've a one in three chance of survival," I said, much relieved. "What do the survivors have in common?"

It seemed crucial to know, but neither he nor his colleagues could tell me, so with the help of friends, including the authors of this book, I dug out the then rather sparse information for myself. But now the answers are fairly piling in. Professor Ornstein and Dr Sobel have collected them in an excellent book which will not only fascinate the ordinary reader and be inordinately useful to the ill, but should also be required reading among all health professionals and play a part in all health policy decisions.

Increasingly, research confirms that good health correlates with *attitude*. Much, much more than we officially thought—though I suspect we all, especially doctors, knew it informally. When we are ill, doctors bring curative agents to us from outside, but our own internal posture seems to play a great, at times the greatest, part in the healing process.

Statistical and epidemiological studies, enormously important as they are, don't show the whole picture. (We know, for instance, the risk factors for heart disease, but the knowledge does little to predict *who* has the heart attack. Data from six major heart disease projects show that of the 600 high-risk men among 7,300 studied, 86 per cent did *not* have a heart attack over the ten years of the study.)

The authors contend that the placebo effect, now a focus of research, demonstrates the self-healing mechanisms within the brain, which can be mobilised by appropriate cues. Some of the statistics are remarkable, as are the facts. Placebos can be so powerful that, for instance, a patient given a drug to induce nausea but told it would relieve it, found it did. And sham artery-tying operations for coronary disease benefited patients who had the placebo surgery (no longer allowed) as much as those who had the real operation.

Different cures and techniques, from purging to blistering, come and go over the years. Hailed as the latest thing, they often work, then fall out of use. Perhaps new cures are needed, over and over again, to mobilise and freshen optimism. In spite of patently useless and often dangerous treatments, people get better. If they did not, we would have no institution of medicine.

And modern bio-medicine is *marvellous*. Many of us live on borrowed time because of it. But it's not the complete story, and can at times seem inhuman. Ornstein and Sobel suggest we should be able to learn how better to coordinate medical therapies with the brain's own efforts to heal itself, and find further ways of igniting intrinsic healing systems. In that way we would be able to add to what we have already a national *hope* service.

Gravity-haunted logos

ENGAGING FORM
Jeremy Reed
Cape £6.95
THE GREY AMONG THE GREEN
John Fuller
Chatto £4.95
IN THE HOT-HOUSE
Alan Jenkins
Chatto £4.95
MONTEREY CYPRESS
Lachlan MacKinnon
Chatto £4.95
MY DARLING CAMEL
Selima Hill
Chatto £4.95

Robert Sheppard

Reading a book of mainstream contemporary British poetry is often like confronting a series of slick advertisements for itself. Page after page of Jeremy Reed's sizeable collection, *Engaging Form*, consists of displays of his technical virtuosity in a variety of lyric forms. By far the largest proportion of his prodigious output is dedicated to finely constructed observations of nature that often attempt to outdo Ted Hughes in their use of a now conventional style of aural over-emphasis and imagistic precision to ensnare the vitality of nature:

> Tension transmits a buzz to the surface,
> duckweed flotillas buoy where a fine lace
>
> of insects microdot the clear shallows.

The process seems unmotivated, the product peculiarly unmoving. This is perhaps because Reed's true obsession lies not with fidelity to nature but with the temptations of the artificial; in "Byzantine Sonnets", the rather humourless gravity of Lautréamont seems evoked to capture an atmosphere that is meaningfully lacking in feeling, excessive only in the delight of decadence:

> Her sated snake's body has lost its charm,
> this she bitch, once a circus prostitute,
> twists like ivy for the imperial loot
> and flicks each diamong with her tongue.

The veteran John Fuller falls into the now not so contemporary style as he breakfasts with domestic Martians at the beginning of *The Grey Among the Green*: "Toying with a log-jam of All Bran/In milk almost blue, like a wrist." But there are minor lessons to be learnt from the shape of the bowl, in the concluding, heavily ironised and quite ordinary moral favoured by post-Movement verse: "A shape matched by the defining zones/Of our weakest spots: collar, belt."

In "England", an air-traveller's view of the nation resorts to the first person plural—another conventional device—to morally coerce readers into accepting this image of England: "A gravity-haunted logo, a significant shape/From which there is no escape." England's poetry, too, seems to share this gravity.

In Alan Jenkins's *In the Hot-House*, familiar contemporary poetry themes recur, though adolescent (and not so adolescent) sexual experiences are alarmingly abundant. He deploys the apposite epiphany that Reed reserved for nature for the objects of his desire:

> I remembered your breast in stark
> moonlight,
> a smooth white stone coming clear of your
> blouse,
> its network of pale purples, blues.

The effect is again curiously unmoving; but then, such autobiographical excerpts have been styled into an artificiality of their own, and are common commodities in the poetry market. At one point Larkin's shadow falls across the page, when the narrator declares that he's "more the type to catch a train" than touch "ninety and her thigh". I don't believe him!

In the first two sections of Lachlan Mackinnon's *Monterey Cypress*—like Jenkins's, a first

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volume—the author has not only his Martian moments ("kicked-off plimsolls' tongues are lolling/like dogs' "), but reverential meditations on now and England ("We read our history/in the melting horizon; that,/and our uncertain future"), as well as trawling the rich memory pool of Grade 2D, 1963. Standard materials, used competently. In part three, the poems focus upon a personal and cultural exploration of Paris, and in "Le Cimetière de Montparnasse" Baudelaire, Tzara, de Beauvoir and Sartre are memorialised in a satisfying poem that promises to escape the gravity of English verse by courting the surreal: "At the end of the world there will be cats/crouched like police-cars in the rubble." Unfortunately, the poem ends as a traditional graveyard meditation on mortality:

I was lonely, but nothing like the dead
are lonely, I was scared by all that
bricolage of faiths,
the Cross, the Star of David, the blank
disbelief.
The same mongrel cats kept
crossing my path
over and over. Watch them. They are
watching.

Why only poetry which exists within such narrow parameters becomes widely published and distributed is an interesting question, but one too large for this review.

Whether Selima Hill escapes this traditional (and usually male) Englishness by being a woman, I wouldn't like to say. But, in *My Darling Camel*, her poetry of strange disconnections, uncomplicated syntax and unaffected diction, shifts poetic style away from a world of representations and social recognitions and from the attempt to ennoble reality through the pathos of rhetoric. Narrative voice lacks continuity in a way that evokes genuine mystery and can potentially move readers, by involving them in the construction of its meanings:

Ulrike Meinhof, sing angelically;
Mongöl invaders, bathe in padded light;

it is the Buddha passing on his elephant.
Lucy, take your love and follow him.

Love on the dole

WORK, LOVE AND MARRIAGE: THE IMPACT OF UNEMPLOYMENT
Janet Mattinson
Duckworth £9.95 paperback/£19.95 hardback

Phyllis Willmott

Though attributed to a single author, this book is really the result of teamwork by three psychotherapists from the Institute of Marital Studies. They were helped by discussions with a group of other therapists (social workers, probation officers, health visitors, marriage guidance counsellors and pastoral counsellors) in two workshops, which were set up to look at the impact of unemployment on both clients and the practitioners themselves.

Originally intended to be "simply about loss of employment and the effect of this on some marriages", somewhere along the assembly line it got tangled up with an interest in the meaning of work and employment. It therefore aspires to be a book of "rudimentary ideas" and "not about the process of therapy, casework or counselling". It also claims to be essential reading for therapists and those facing problems of unemployment, but it is doubtful whether it is of much interest to anyone other than those who took some part in its production.

The book starts off with a historical review of work and employment (and the distinction between the two), and goes on to look at love and marriage, and the purpose and meaning of all these in people's lives. The chapters are lightly sprinkled with case histories, which are used to illustrate points of discussion on the non-economic benefits of work, such as the need for some separateness in marriage, or the sublimation or containment of other needs.

The second part of the book rehearses well-known theories on attachment, loss, change and grief, as pioneered by John Bowlby, Peter Marris and others. But it fails to show what use such theories are in helping the unemployed to make sense of their predicament.

To take just one example, it does not face the issue that, though finding time to grieve for a lost love may be essential to healthy recovery, it could be a disaster for the 40 year old who is made redundant and who must search fast and furiously for a new job. The help psychotherapy can give to most of the unemployed is limited, which is why the last section of the book sensibly turns to the wider issue of the management of change in the post-industrial society.

Despite the defects and uncertainties of this book, its main message is clear enough; and it is a valuable one for the participating therapists to have learned. What it adds up to is that unemployment puts strains on marriage, that more unemployment means more calls for help, but that the best way of saving the services of therapists for those who really need them is to get rid of unemployment or find workable alternatives to it.

White supremacy

BLACK PEOPLE IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE: AN INTRODUCTION
Peter Fryer
Pluto Press £14.95

Edward Pilkington

Peter Fryer, in the sequel to his marvellous *Staying Power*, quotes from a speech given by the Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge in January 1986: "What we need," he said, "is more English history, not this non-existent history of ethnic entities and women."

Fryer's new book is more English history, but firmly of the "non-existent" variety. It explores the largely unmapped terrain of black people's experiences in the British empire: a grim yet inspiring account of brutal oppression and resistance. I suspect the Regius Professor would not approve.

Fryer describes how British merchants, soldiers and civil servants plundered and disrupted black societies throughout the world, from Africa and Asia to the antipodes. India's thriving textile and craft industries were systematically undermined to make way for British manufacturers. Up to 50 million Africans were untimely ripped from their continent as a result of slavery, a cold-blooded Diaspora which makes even the holocaust pale by comparison.

Of course, it is no surprise to hear that atrocities were committed under the Union Jack. The extermination of aborigines in Tasmania or the abuse of Asian indentured labourers in South Africa have already been patchily documented elsewhere. The value of Fryer's book, as an introductory volume, lies more in its width than depth. By cataloguing Britain's global excesses, drawing on an enormous variety of sources to do so, he throws the darker side of empire into graphic and harrowing relief. It makes one wonder why cartographers chose pink to represent the British *imperium*, rather than blood red.

Such an unrelenting account of British brutality would be unutterably depressing were it not for the author's emphasis on black resistance. His pages are replete with descriptions of the courageous actions of "non-existent" people, such as the formidable Nanny, a black woman who led a prolonged slave rebellion in 18th century Jamaica.

It is these tales of black opposition to British imperialism that have been most blatantly left out of the history books. Fryer's overriding objective is to establish black history as an integral part of the educational curriculum. "It is the duty of teachers who recognise the need to combat racism to throw light on this hitherto obscure area of British history," he writes.

At the heart of the book is Fryer's analysis of racism. He suggests that the ideology of white supremacy was an essential facet of imperialism. How else could Britain justify the barbarous subjugation of millions of black people unless they were defined—politically, morally or genetically—as inferior?

This identification of racism with empire sharpens the relevance of Fryer's writing to the modern political debate. It convincingly refutes the still prevalent belief that Britain exported democracy and "civilisation" to her "primitive" colonial subjects.

This same spurious rationale underpins Thatcher's opposition to sanctions: our presence in South Africa is a force for good so we must stay. But Thatcher would do well to ponder Fryer's contrasting message: our track record leaves something to be desired. We have not exported civilisation around the world, but hunger, disease and strife.

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Will it end in tears? Trudie Goodwin and Barbara Thorn in "The Bill"

ITV's new image

Fitting the Bill

Next week's relaunch of police series "The Bill" as a "soap" is part of ITV's attempt to restructure its audience ahead of the satellite scramble. Steve Clarke investigates

For ITV, next week's relaunch of the police drama series *The Bill* as a twice-weekly half-hour "soap" could mark the beginning of a long-awaited ratings resurgence by the demoralised independent companies.

The Bill was one of the few successes of last year's miserable ITV autumn schedule, when it was played as a 60-minute weekly drama series and attracted audiences of up to 14 million viewers. A lot is riding on the new-look series. Its success or failure may play a part in determining what happens to ITV in the deregulated broadcasting environment of the 1990s.

In scheduling terms, the revised version of *The Bill* is a belated attempt by ITV to fight back against the success of *EastEnders*. In one of the first examples of Michael Grade's belief in a coordinated scheduling policy between ITV and Channel 4, following the traditional pattern of scheduling BBC1 and 2, Grade has moved *Brookside*, the Merseyside soap with a message, from Tuesday to Wednesday evenings in order to maximise audiences for *The Bill* on Tuesdays and Thursdays. And using *EastEnders* as a role model, a one-hour omnibus edition of *The Bill* is to be shown on Friday afternoons at 2pm.

As *Crossroads* came to epitomise all that was wrong with ITV, *The Bill* could come to symbolise the new image that ITV is anxious—but has so far failed—to promote, despite an £800,000 corporate advertising campaign.

In the past, audiences for *The Bill* were younger and more upmarket than the overall ITV audiences, which the advertising lobby is pressurising ITV to change. But the programme's producer, Thames Television, the largest of the ITV companies, realises that by altering its format, it runs the risk of losing *The Bill*'s original audience and attracting the traditional ITV soap watcher, who tends to be over 55 and lower down the social scale.

"It's a gamble but I believe it's one that will pay off," says Thames' director of programmes David Elstein. "What we're trying to do is much more ambitious and complex than any other twice-weekly drama serial currently on British TV." He adds: "The original format was successful and by changing it we don't want to do violent damage to it. We don't want to lower the standard but we want to produce four times as much of it."

With this in mind, *The Bill* is better resourced, and therefore more expensive, than any of its rivals, including *EastEnders*. It will be filmed entirely on location, with six weeks to turn round a single episode. In theory new writers and directors will be introduced every three or four episodes to avoid anyone becoming stale. Even so, at £240,000 an hour, *The Bill* works out at almost half the cost of Thames' other drama productions.

The Bill is expensive of its kind but it is not expensive TV. At one time it looked as if it would be made by an independent, because Thames refused to produce it in-house until it had secured substantial changes in working practices from the talent and craft unions. This means that Thames can now supply the network with a twice-weekly drama series, without apparently incurring old-style Spanish practices.

ITV's initial commitment to *The Bill* is for one year, by which time Rupert Murdoch's Sky Television will be upon us. But if the programme works, there is no reason to believe that it won't still be running when the franchises are readvertised in 1992. After that, what happens to ITV, never mind *The Bill*, is anyone's guess, but by attempting to restructure its audience and halt its decline in ratings, ITV does at last seem to be anticipating the future.

It is unlikely that Murdoch or British Satellite Broadcasting (BSB) could match programming as well resourced as *The Bill*, at least in their early years. As Superchannel, available to cable subscribers in Britain and continental Europe, has found to its cost, new media cannot afford to show premium programmes like *EastEnders*.

One way ITV can survive is to exploit its potentially strong points. At London Weekend Television, the iconoclastic and outspoken programme director Greg Dyke recently told staff that the company must strengthen its regional programmes and concentrate on quality if it is to thrive and appeal to a new audience.

There is more than a germ of truth in Dyke's contention that ITV, like the Labour Party, has not changed with the times. Moreover, it also suffers from the same internal divisions and bureaucratic procedures that stifle creativity: it has taken ITV more than three years to respond to *EastEnders* with *The Bill* and it has taken over a year to get the programme on to the screen.

LWT is now in the throes of reappraising its

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current affairs output under the new direction of Jane Hewland, who co-created the trail-blazing *Network Seven* with Janet Street-Porter. Out of the output that she inherited at the beginning of the year only one programme, *The London Programme*, is to survive, and its agenda is to become more populist.

In the past three years *Weekend World*, arguably the flagship of ITV current affairs, lost almost half its viewers. Now, faced with the prospect of new competition and John Birt's revolution at the BBC, Dyke and Hewland are putting their heads together on a popular current affairs magazine show to be scheduled in the traditional Sunday evening God slot, provided the Independent Broadcasting Authority agrees.

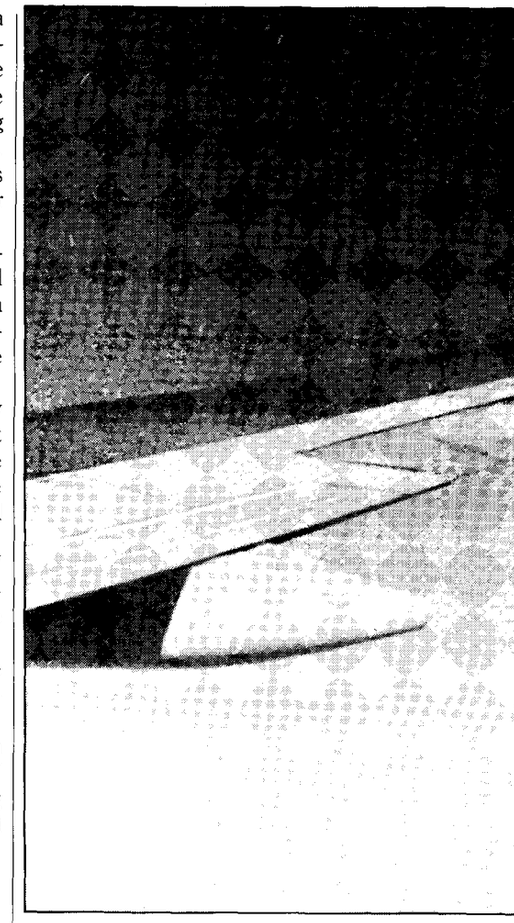
"Television current affairs programmes have lost touch with what ordinary people are concerned about," suggests Hewland, knowing that her plans are unlikely to overlap with those of the satellite broadcasters. She wants LWT to have a higher profile with Londoners. "As far as our viewers are concerned, we could be based on the moon," she admits. As the King's Cross disaster and Zeebrugge demonstrated, LWT is woefully ill-equipped to respond to crises that affect people in its region. As a result, a new studio is being built at LWT's South Bank HQ to house a new programming idea, entitled *The Weekend Live*.

This will run throughout the weekend as inserts between LWT's regular programmes, a constant reminder that viewers are watching a London-based station with responsibilities towards its regional viewers. For example, in the event of a local disaster, it would serve the community by appealing for blood or putting relatives in touch with the right authorities. Another function will be to show what happens behind the scenes as a programme prepares for transmission.

Dyke's decision to axe wrestling, darts, gymnastics and bowls and concentrate on so-called "top quality sports" such as the cream of English soccer is further evidence of ITV's determination to move away from its old image as the television equivalent of Woolworths.

More radical still is Dyke's idea of doing away altogether with the name ITV and replacing it with Channel 3. But critics argue that with the coming proliferation of channels, this is not the time to change ITV's name, despite its soiled image.

Ultimately, viewers' perception of what a TV channel represents come down to the programmes, which is why it is vital for ITV that the revamped *Bill* succeeds. In three years' time, who knows what sort of competition ITV will be facing. By then, if the radicals among Mrs Thatcher's broadcasting advisers get their way, commercial television might well have been divested of its public service duties. And ITV will be even more concerned with maximising profits, as any pretence about quality is dropped in the rush for ratings.



It is now widely acknowledged that the media shape the way issues are seen. But how? We asked a number of specialists to look at two current running stories. Brian McNair, the author of a forthcoming study of images of the cold war, compares TV coverage of the shooting down of the Iranian Airbus with that of the Korean airliner five years ago; and psychologists Peter Stratton and Helga Hanks consider Fleet Street's response to Cleveland

Shootdown

Accidents don't just happen

President Reagan was reported to have been "upset and angry" at suggestions of any moral equivalence between the missiles which shot down Iran Air Flight 655 and those which destroyed Korean Airlines 007 five years ago. As he was heard to say on television news bulletins: "there was a great difference. Our shot was fired as a result of a radar screen of a plane approaching it, at quite a distance. Remember, the KAL, a group of Soviet fighters went up, identified the plane for what it was, and then proceeded to shoot it down. There's no comparison."

Perhaps not, although even senior Reagan Administration officials have publicly acknowledged that the Soviets made "an honest error" when they fired on a civilian airliner five years ago. In one important respect, however, there is indeed "no comparison" between the two tragedies—the response of the media.

On Channel 4's *What the Papers Say* Francis Wheen commented on how "casual" and "muted" British press coverage of the Airbus incident has been, compared with the protestations of righteous editorial outrage which accompanied the shooting down of KAL 007.

Television journalists, too, have adopted very different approaches to the coverage of the two tragedies. The Korean Airlines disaster occurred on 31 August, 1983, and for the first two weeks of September that year the incident completely dominated television news. Every night, bulletins led with processions of angry "talking heads" denouncing the USSR, calling for sanctions and boycotts, and urging Europeans to take the appropriate lessons from the incident. At the time, the Reagan Administration faced substantial opposition to the deployment of cruise and Pershing missiles in Europe. On BBC news of 4 September, US Senator Robert Byrd suggested that "our West European friends take very close note of this. If they are willing to shoot down an unarmed commercial plane they are certainly willing to shoot down an unarmed European city, one that can't respond."

President Reagan, addressing journalists at Point Mugu Airforce Base and later in a televised speech to the American people, spoke of a "barbaric, terrorist, heinous act", an "atrocity", a "massacre", and an "unspeakable act of inhuman brutality". He compared the incident to Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and the "gassing of villages in Afghanistan".

With few exceptions, these views dominated television coverage and were reported without qualification. Indeed, journalists often reinforced them. ITN, for example, portrayed the President as the defender of the Free World against the Soviet threat, whenever and wherever it occurred: "When the Soviets act in a way which angers the western world, as in Poland or Afghanistan, that world turns to the United States to carry the banner of protest." (*News at Ten*, 2 September 1983).

The assumption of Soviet guilt is clear, as is the uncritical acceptance of Reagan's linking of the incident with Poland and Afghanistan. More worryingly, perhaps, the journalist takes it for granted that we are all happy for the US to "carry the banner of protest".

Despite the confident tone of this coverage (and it was typical of the broadcasters' reporting of the crisis) there were two sides to the Korean

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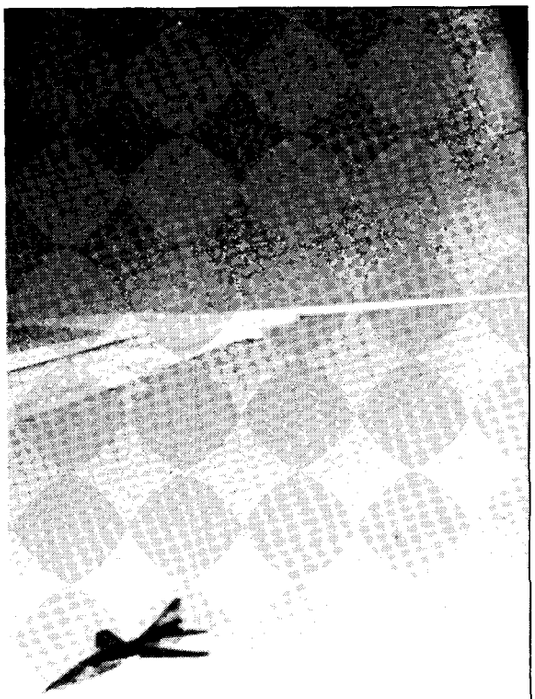

Airlines disaster. The US definition of the incident as "terrorism" and "barbarism" was based on two assertions: that KAL 007 had strayed into Soviet airspace by accident; and that the Soviet fighter-pilot who fired the fatal missile knew he was shooting down a civilian airliner. The Soviet Union's defence of its actions rested on the "spy-plane theory" that KAL 007 had been a "planned intelligence flight", carried out in collaboration with US reconnaissance services.

Although an "honest error" on the part of the USSR was later acknowledged by senior Reagan Administration officials, the Soviet case was rarely taken seriously by journalists. Consequently, elaborate theories had to be worked up to explain how a Jumbo jet, equipped with three independently functioning navigational computers, and flown by one of the most experienced pilots in South Korea, could have accidentally penetrated 500 kilometres into Soviet airspace, by coincidence passing over one of the most sensitive Soviet weapons establishments.

Despite a statement on television by former director of the CIA Admiral Stansfield Turner, to the effect that the USA had in the past used KAL flights for reconnaissance purposes, the "spy-plane theory" was dismissed as being, in the words of one ITN correspondent, "as amazing as science fiction". Instead, viewers were presented with a variety of entirely speculative and extremely improbable explanations for KAL 007's unprecedented course deviation. The "Marie Celeste theory", for example, advanced by *Channel 4 News*, suggested that "pressure of oxygen in the aircraft dropped suddenly, rendering passengers and crew unconscious and the plane out of control".

One television journalist told me in private, some time later, of how a Rediffusion flight simulator had been used to support an equally unlikely theory that the Jumbo jet could have "drifted" off course as a result of "total electrical failure". The simulation, he conceded, was of little or no value in establishing the truth of the incident, but it looked good and was presented on the news as being authoritative.

These efforts to explain the inexplicable were the product of journalists' uncritical acceptance of the Administration's account of the disaster, and a corresponding reluctance to grant the Soviet view any credibility. More than this, President Reagan's efforts to portray the incident as a graphic manifestation of the Soviet threat were rarely challenged by the broadcasters. The US had been granted "most favoured nation" status in the propaganda war which accompanied the incident, and tended to set the agenda in news coverage.

This "privileged" status is also evident in coverage of the Airbus disaster. Here, however, the effect was to minimise media interest. In contrast to the KAL incident the shooting down of the Iranian airliner was, for television news, a minor event, as a simple quantitive analysis shows. On 2 September 1983, 48 hours after the KAL story broke, BBC's *Nine O'Clock News* devoted 19 of its 25 minutes to the incident. ITN's *News at Ten* gave the story 13 minutes. At the same stage in the Airbus crisis the story warranted only five minutes 40 seconds on the *Nine O'Clock News*, and four minutes six seconds on *News at Ten*. Two days after the Airbus shooting *Channel 4 News*, which has almost an hour to deal with stories "in depth", gave it one minute and 51 seconds of news-time.

Statistics of this kind tell us little about the content of the coverage. They indicate merely that in terms of the news values which guide journalists in their work the Korean Airlines disaster was rated a great deal more highly than the shooting down of Iran Air 655.

In 1983 the broadcasters reinforced the Administration's definition of the shooting down of a civilian airliner as an "atrocity" of "inhuman brutality". In 1988 a similar incident was defined by the President as an "understandable accident", and declared "closed" three days after it happened. The broadcasters accepted this interpretation, and the incident declined in news value.

In recent years television news has come under fierce criticism from the right wing of the political spectrum. The BBC in particular has been accused of "anti-Americanism". Coverage of the Airbus and KAL incidents shows how ridiculous such accusations are.

"Images of the Enemy" by Brian McNair is published by RKP next month at £8.95.

Cleveland

No end of blame

The response of Fleet Street to the Butler-Sloss Report was clearly derived from a pre-set agenda. In the past, newspapers have dealt with sexual abuse by presenting perpetrators as monsters, very different from ordinary parents. Such an image works to create the belief that the sexual abuse of children is rare, and allows a very simple approach to assessing claims by aggrieved parents. If they are clearly ordinary nice people, this has been accepted by the media as conclusive proof that they are not sexual abusers, and their stories can be told without question or challenge.

Media coverage of sexual abuse before the report became available had focused very strongly on the plight of innocent families torn apart by unfeeling professionals. The "plight of the children" was taken to refer unambiguously to non-abused children who had been snatched from their homes; never to children who had been damaged by abuse or who were still in their homes being subjected to continuing abuse. The denial of abuse was sustained by attacking those workers who were claiming that children needed protection from sexual assault.

The Butler-Sloss Report posed a problem for the newspapers in that it failed to pin the majority of the blame on specific individuals. Instead it recognised the widespread nature of the sexual abuse of children—and it called for positive action. It also contradicted some common media assumptions by showing that reflex anal dilatation is an observation, not a test, and that Doctors Higgs and Wyatt did not routinely rely on the technique as proof of sexual abuse.

So how did the papers react to this new information? Headlines in some of the tabloids on the day following publication of the report suggested little change: "Sack Her" (*Sun*); "Condemn This Laughing Crusader" (*Today*); "Not A Sign Of Regret" (*Mail*) each accompanied by a picture showing Marietta Higgs being guilty of smiling. The emphasis still seemed to be on attributing personal blame to professionals. For a more reliable assessment we undertook a content analysis of all reporting of Cleveland in national papers over the four days preceding and four days following the publication of the report.

What we found was an increase in articles in which the main concern was abused children, up from none at all to eight per cent of the space devoted to Cleveland in the tabloids, and from seven per cent to 20 per cent in the "quality" papers. However, even after the report, the largest amount of space was devoted to criticism of the workers meant to be protecting children from abuse—up from 13 per cent to 50 per cent of space in the tabloids, and from two per cent to 33 per cent in the qualities. Most attacks on the report concerned its failure to determine how

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many chidren had been abused, though its failure to offer outright condemnation of Dr Higgs received fair coverage in the tabloids. Apart from summaries of the findings of the report, items supporting work to protect abused children were very rare.

Other workers who tried to minimise the extent of abuse and focus attention on the problems of innocent families, notably Stuart Bell MP, were also criticised in the report, but by and large the papers did not take up these criticisms. Several devoted space to Bell's claim that abuse figures are being exaggerated to obtain unnecessary extra funding for social services. The other major theme was support and concern for innocent families. However, while the space devoted to these increased in the tabloid (three per cent to 15 per cent), it stayed constant in the quality papers at around six per cent.

A final strategy adopted by some papers was to simply ignore the facts uncovered by the report and maintain their original stance. Here the prize must go to the *News of the World*: "Dr Higgs...brought heartbreak to a hundred families torn needlessly apart after her strange, invasive examinations" (10 July).

As psychologists who have been working for many years in multi-disciplinary teams to tackle abuse we find the media response disappointing. Although concern began to be expressed for abused children, only two articles pointed to the need for more resources to treat victims, and in general the needs of workers in the field was rarely a major theme. The predicament of perpetrators was occasionally mentioned but basically they were ignored. A YTV film by Miriam Stoppard showing how abused children readily become abusers themselves unless treated, was described in the *Financial Times* (6 July) as "pornographic". "It is hard," the paper went on, "to imagine who might be helped by a programme of that sort."

While we rely on state employees to protect children from their parents and other adults, we have to accept that they will make mistakes, and all we can demand is that they make their judgments in such a way that the costs of mistakes are minimised. Diverting our energies and resources into moral indignation against those who are trying to do something constructive in the area may make us more comfortable, but it will not help. As Katherine Whitehorn wrote in trying to account for the behaviour of the popular press: "most people very much want to believe that families are happy. They need to go on thinking...that the sexual abuse of children simply does not happen." (*Observer*, 10 July). The implication is that the popular newspapers must continue to tell their readers what they want to hear, but our analysis suggests that this stricture does not only apply to the tabloids.

Dr Peter Stratton is Director of Leeds Family Therapy and Research Centre. Mrs Helga Hanks is principal clinical psychologist at St James' University Hospital, Leeds. In next week's NSS Yvonne Roberts will examine further issues raised by media coverage of Cleveland.

New Woman
AT LAST, WHAT REALLY MAKES A WOMAN SEXY
Why you should be positively selfish
WHEN PASSION DRIVES YOU MAD (THERE IS A CURE!)
Crash cash course for the newly single
EXTRA: A GREAT SUMMER READ
Fay Weldon
Ruth Rendell
Tim Parks
WIN THE ULTIMATE TRIP TO NEW YORK
Are you lovers or rivals? How to tell the difference
FEEL GOOD AND LOOK GREAT IN FIVE DAYS
Truth About Marriage Today
What makes a woman sexy?
Some women simmer with sensuality. Others have all the appeal of a used tea bag. So what is that certain something – and who's got it? Colin Dunne knows

Magazines

Private lives

Caroline Merz on the trend behind this week's launch of "New Woman"

New Woman has attracted a lot of media attention largely because of its title. After the miles of column inches wasted on the New Man, everyone is anxious to know who the new woman actually is. Well, she turns out to be someone from her mid twenties upwards who "may well have been through the feminism kick, but has emerged a fulfilled woman who cares about the quality of her life". She is probably running a home, may well be married and have children, and she cares—above all—about *relationships*.

The magazine's editor is Frankie McGowan, who back in the sixties worked on groovy teenmags *Petticoat* and *Honey* (more recently she was assistant editor of the *Sunday Mirror*). Its publisher is Rupert Murdoch: *New Woman* is the first publication to come under a new branch of his empire, Murdoch Magazines. It's a sister publication to the American magazine of the same title, which Murdoch bought four years ago and is, by all accounts, a runaway success.

Frankie McGowan has no personal affiliation with the women's movement. "I've had nothing to do with people wearing dungarees, Doc Martens and close-cropped haircuts; I never needed those kind of symbols to show that I actually believed in women, and that women should have the same choices as everybody else." Her dislike of "feminism" thus defined extends to her work: "I've been very careful about pushing the feminist thing, because I think it alienated a lot of women like myself who wanted to bring up children and be with them." McGowan's scepticism about post-feminism is more healthy: she sees it as a convenient myth created by admen, a vision of super-tigress woman clawing her way up the corporate ladder, destined to make women feel inadequate and resentful.

An alternative (but not necessarily more admirable) version of post-feminism underpins the contents and style of *New Woman*, which reflects much of the philosophy of its American parent. The emphasis is firmly on emotional relationships, from problem page to features on step-parenting, lack of confidence, the importance of humour in (heterosexual) coupling. But the prescriptive "how-to" tone of many other magazines is taboo. If the magazine is pleasurable, its pleasures are not those offered by self-improvement: the step-mother feature, for instance, doesn't tell you how to deal with the brats and stop being Cruella DeVil, but simply offers one woman's account (admittedly with a happy ending) of her own traumatic experience with her husband's children.

In this it has much in common with other new "post-feminist" magazines like *Bella* and *Best*, although these are weeklies aimed at a different, more working-class readership. *New Woman* offers a direct and deliberate antithesis to the style of aspirational feminism offered first in the seventies by *Cosmopolitan* and more recently by the ill-fated *Working Woman*. These magazines were built on competitive individualism, committed to helping women achieve certain goals (either sex- or work-oriented). *New Woman* appeals equally to the individual, but is

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avowedly non-aspirational: its starting point is that women have absorbed enough of the ideas of feminism to go their own way without being hectored. Campaigning, training and politics (all part of *Cosmopolitan* and even of *Woman's Own*) are firmly off the agenda. And there's no social conscience: "we're not an angry magazine" says McGowan.

She concedes that if there was a burning political issue that demanded the magazine's attention they might give it some coverage, "uncluttered by any political bias". Most women's magazines are officially apolitical, meaning that a feature on, say, women politicians has to represent the views of members of the three main parties and inevitably tends towards the personal; but McGowan is determined to steer clear of this area altogether: "We won't be fertile ground for people to air their political views."

A mixture of entertaiment and advice has been the classic formula for women's magazines. As Janice Winship points out in her absorbing book *Inside Women's Magazines* (Pandora), publications as early as *The Lady's Magazine* of 1770 were offering a combination of "amusement with instruction". For a publication so hell-bent on encouraging introspection, *New Woman* puts a surprising amount of emphasis on entertainment. Its tone, in fact, is determinedly cheerful. There are lots of jolly cartoons, short stories and lightweight articles like "What makes a woman sexy?" (written from a male point of view), but the familiar "advice" ingredients like recipes and health and beauty features are there, too. Admittedly the recipes are relatively simple and quick, but they still involve new woman in cooking; there's a distinct disavowal of the publicity blurb which tells us that NW depends on Marks and Spencer's food hall.

From the cover inwards, *New Woman* constructs its reader as someone "determined to have fun"; the fun coming primarily from sexual relationships. The cover photograph is a three-quarter shot of a smiling young woman, her arms folded and her gaze meeting the reader with a confident, assured look: the look, presumably, of a new woman. She's not pouting provocatively and her sunshine yellow jacket isn't low-cut and "sexy"; nevertheless, the familiar qualities of femininity being sold are those of youth, charm and glamour.

The first issue of any magazine is bound to give a good indication of the ideal reader and of the magazine's own norms. From the contents and visual images of *New Woman*, it seems that norm is to be white, middle-class and heterosexual. Unlike *Cosmopolitan*, *New Woman* isn't going to address lesbianism as an issue or a problem; Frankie McGowan's approach is more in the traditional liberal vein. "There's no point in pretending lesbianism doesn't exist, it's a natural part of life. But we automatically take the majority view that relationships are heterosexual."

All in all, *New Woman* seems to have gone for a safe, non-contentious package with some familiar ingredients. There's lots of sex, for sure, but it isn't of the daring pre-Aids kind—most of it is contained within marriage. The back-page "lifestyle" article by and about Sue Lawley is another feature that will be instantly recognisable to women's magazine readers. The article concentrates on her problems of balancing work, marriage and home and implicitly puts her on the same level as the "ordinary" reader: the very real difference between her and most other women in terms of her wealth and celebrity status (and what these can buy her) are neatly effaced.

What *New Woman* does provide, however, is good value—unlike many other glossy magazines. In this respect it rivals *Cosmopolitan* or *Good Housekeeping*, which have always been good bets for a long train journey. There are lots of features, few fashion pages and three pieces of fiction, including stories by Fay Weldon and Ruth Rendell. Above all, though, *New Woman* offers those comforting qualities, acceptance and reassurance. Women today, says Frankie McGowan, want to know that there's no point in feeling guilty about feeling guilty. "She's bored with magazines that tell you how to achieve." What new woman wants above all, evidently, is to know more about *herself*. She is self-centred, private, "an individual". *New Woman*'s woman has, it seems, retreated from the fray into navel-watching.

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NELSON MANDELA
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Let's celebrate the birthday of a seventy-year-old man.

And mourn the fact that he's still in jail after twenty-five years.

The cynics say that 72,000 people came to Wembley with one thing on their minds–music–and not Nelson Mandela.

Let's prove them wrong.

Let's make it a quarter of a million. Or more.

Let's have a great time. It's a birthday celebration, after all.

Let's show everyone how much we really care.

There's terrible injustice in the world.

Unless you're prepared to live with it, there's only one thing to do.

Stand up and be counted.

Be there.

Put your body where your heart is.

NELSON MANDELA
Freedom at 70

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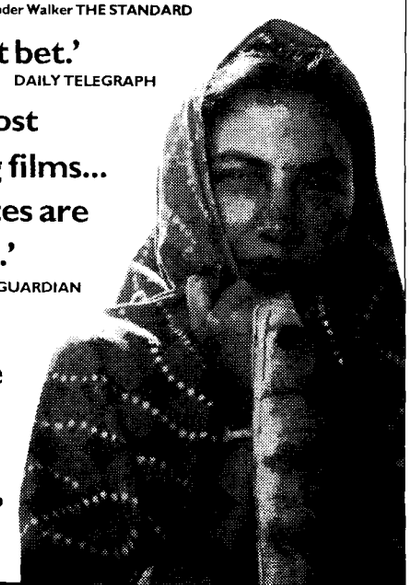
'One of Sen's most striking looking films... the performances are uniformly good.'
Derek Malcolm THE GUARDIAN

'A wizard at conjuring subtle moods...one of Sen's most polished pieces.'
Geoff Brown THE TIMES

An Artificial Eye Release



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Cinema

Talking dirty

Suzanne Moore on "Saigon"'s exploitation of the Vietnam war, and some other new releases

It was inevitable that after the recent spate of confessional post-mortems of the Vietnam war, the American film industry should start to re-colonise Vietnam as a film location. The war having been "dealt" with in films like *Platoon* and *Full Metal Jacket*, Vietnam—like Africa and India before it—can now once again provide an exotic setting for other kinds of films. So although **Saigon** is set in the midst of the war in 1968, it is actually a thriller rather than a war movie, the conflict being used to give an edge to an otherwise unoriginal story.

Two cops from the US army—one white, one black—investigate a series of murders of prostitutes and find evidence that implicates a high-ranking US officer. It soon turns into the familiar "who gives a damn about a few dead whores?" scenario with the cops struggling to reinstate some sort of justice in a desperate situation. Along the way one of them falls for an improbably sexy nun with an even more improbable French accent—"Sees-terre Neek-ole"; there's also a loony Colonel who gets his kicks out of S&M scenes with little Vietnamese girls.

The barbarity of war provides the perfect excuse for uninhibited displays of grotesque racism and sexism, so that despite the central buddy relationship between the black and white cop, the local South Vietnamese Police Chief "Lime Green" and the Vietnamese people are the object of derision. The men are "gooks" while the women are nothing more than "slant-eyed pussy".

Indeed, that tired old feminist cliche about the madonna/whore syndrome is borne out vividly in this film. The only women in *Saigon* are literally whores or nuns and you can guess which are Europeans and which are Vietnamese. Though the sleazy backstreets and bars of Saigon (actually Bangkok) and the action sequences are well filmed, the most interesting thing about this dubious enterprise is its language. This is the brutalised, hard and repetitive language of war or (as it is increasingly used) of "the street".

The word "motherfucker" must be used more times than "and" is in the bible. Women refer to themselves as "fuck-things" but are referred to as "fuck-bitches". In the Dennis Hopper tradition "fuck" is used both as a noun and a verb; thus you call someone "a fuck". A slightly more imaginative treatment is given by the VD patrol to gonorrhoea which is known as "Drippy Dick", and so on.

Luckily there is more than one way of talking dirty, and this is just one of Prince's many talents on show in his latest movie, **Sign o' the Times**. Basically a record of his recent concert in

The language of sleaze: madonna and whore in Saigon

Rotterdam, Prince's stage show is overflowing with influences from Hendrix to James Brown to Joni Mitchell. It is to his credit that the whole thing is so tightly choreographed that it doesn't disintegrate into chaos.

Prince uses the simplest of devices to illustrate his songs—musicians and dancers act out mini-dramas to songs like "I could never take the place of your man". Newcomer Cat, go-go dancer *extraordinaire*, is a powerful presence; and with musicians like Sheila E on drums and Boni Boyer on keyboards Prince can't be accused of using women merely as decoration.

The songs themselves are the usual mix of sex, religion and sex as religion. While the band shifts effortlessly between hard funk, Charlie Parker and power-chord rock, the man himself dances his way into several truly peculiar outfits, exhibiting a sartorial sense that undermines any coherent notion of "fashion". As with his music he picks 'n' mixes the styles of different decades and layers them into a collage that is always more than the sum of its parts. Cinematically, though, *Sign o' the Times* lacks such innovation. It has neither the sweeping camera work of *The Last Waltz* nor the inventiveness of Jonathan Demme's *Stop Making Sense*, and is chiefly held together by Prince's wonderful performance.

"Performance" is a word that the Pet Shop Boys don't appear to have heard of. So for **It Couldn't Happen Here** they resort to droning their way through an impressionistic and

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supposedly surreal English landscape. Imagine the terminal tedium of the average pop video extended to 30 times its natural life and you'll get the picture.

With the overkill style of the worst of Ken Russell, this film has no idea of what an idea actually *is*, so instead it's crammed full of images that go absolutely nowhere. Any contribution was obviously gratefully received—hey, let's set cars on fire, hey, let's have skinheads bashing up a phone box, hey, let's have zebras on a railway track, nuns in naughty underwear—brilliant! As everything is so deeply symbolic and metaphorical, emotion and meaning drain away. Ordinary people (ie working class) and ordinary life become somehow despicable as the hapless pair, Tennant and Lowe, wander around in search of something better (a way out of this mess?). Lyrics which may well sound profound when you're out of your brain on a throbbing dance floor sound pathetic when intoned deadpan by Neil Tennant in a dinner jacket. Chris Lowe trails around after him, the strong and silent, or more probably the strong and embarrassed, type. It couldn't happen here? Unfortunately it has.

Television

Masters of the Screen

Colin McArthur on television's inconsistent attitude towards cinema

British television's critical engagement with the cinema has been uneven to say the least. The BBC's achievements are firmly in the past, the last vestige of informed comment vanishing with the demise of *Arena: Cinema.* Thames Television has done praiseworthy work in salvaging silent films but its critical comment has been at best limited and at worst *(The British Cinema: Personal View)* execrable. Channel 4 was expected to do better and for a long time its *Visions* series fulfilled expectations, but it too was killed.

The stark fact is that no British TV channel has a *policy* on cinema, which would relate critical comment not just to current releases but to movies about to be televised, as well as exploring the cinema's history and its function as a commodity. In the absence of policy we have to be grateful for the occasional good thing that comes along, like Channel 4's **Movie Masterclass** (Sundays 9.15-10.30pm). Last week Jack Gold took students from the National Film School through Pontecorvo's *Battle of Algiers*; this week it's Mamoun Hassan on Kurosawa's *Seven Samurai.*

Despite the arbitrary choice of films and lectures (the series concludes next week with Lindsay Anderson on Ford's *My Darling Clementine*), *Movie Masterclass* has considerable strengths which can be better understood if television's lack of policy on cinema is seen in the context of another problem indigenous to British film criticism. The reviewing end, as represented by the film columns of the heavy dailies and weeklies, has rarely given any sense of the operations of cinematic *mise-en-scene*, how the resources of the cinema such as framing, camera movement, lighting, decor and so on are deployed to create meaning. A concern with *mise-en-scene* was present at the academic end of British film criticism, principally through the journal *Movie* and books such as V F Perkins's *Film As Film.* However, in the revolution the academic end underwent with the arrival of marxism, feminism, structuralism, semiotics and psychoanalysis, the valuable work of the *Movie* tradition tended to get squeezed off the agenda. Thus a generation of students has been produced which can make confident judgements about ideology in cinema but which is less sure-footed on *mise-en-scene*, the thorough understanding of which became something of a gap in British film culture. It is this absence that *Movie Masterclass* valuably fills, though not, it has to be said, without its own silences.

In each programme the film-maker sits at an editing table on which he can run, freeze and reverse the film, allowing detailed discussion of particular sequences with a small number of students. There is something of a paradox here. Of the three film-makers, only Lindsay Anderson has a track record as a critic, having written a good book on John Ford's films and, at certain moments in the fifties, fulfilled a markedly progressive role in discussion of cinema in Britain. The paradox is that his session is less successful than those of Gold and Hassan, film director and film producer/administrator, respectively. They use question and answer whereas Anderson has a tendency to monologue. Also, both Gold and Hassan locate the discussion firmly round *mise-en-scene* while Anderson attempts to demonstrate the more nebulous quality of "poetry", the key word in his critical vocabulary. His acerbic dismissal of critical positions he finds uncongenial inhibits the students. One woman makes an interesting point about the choice Wyatt Earp (Henry Fonda) has between barbarism and civilisation but Anderson, aware that discussion of this issue has gone on in structuralist criticism, puts her down sternly with the words "You are verging on a critical attitude with which I strongly disagree."

Each of the programmes, however, has its own strengths. Anderson is very good on the leisurely pacing of *My Darling Clementine*, Gold on the extent to which *Battle of Algiers*, however "documentary" its look, is a highly structured film; and Hassan on the complex interplay between movement and stillness in *Seven Samurai.* The strength of *mise-en-scene* criticism is precisely handling in detail what is up there on the screen. Its limitation is its inability to deal with what *isn't* there, what is absent or repressed—one of the major strengths of the structuralist/psychoanalytic tradition.

Even so *Movie Masterclass* marks a real advance in television's discussion of cinema, as a cruelly revealing juxtaposition showed last week when Jack Gold's programme went out just after Alex Cox's "introduction" to BBC2's screening of Nicholas Ray's *Johnny Guitar.* Eyes rolling, mouth agape and sneeringly anti-intellectual, Cox's performance embodied perfectly the cretinous buffery that has replaced serious comment in BBC film circles. *Movie Masterclass* should be required viewing for Cox and the higher echelons of the BBC who gave him airtime. They might then understand that the main reason for *Johnny Guitar*'s high reputation is its rich and turbulent *mise-en-scene.*

Kurosawa's "Seven Samurai": interplay between movement and stillness

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Music

Love wars

Stuart Cosgrove on some "bitter and twisted soundtracks to heterosexual love"

When Womack and Womack, the black American soul duo, release their new LP *Conscience* (Island) next week, it will evoke immediate comparison with the marital concept album *Love Wars*, which mixed domestic disputes and lyrical soul into a unique statement about romance in the war zone. Behind Linda Womack's sophisticated voice you could hear plates smashing against the kitchen wall.

On the surface Womack and Womack are a testament to marital bliss. Surrounded by a tribe of children, they espouse all the virtues of fidelity and the family, but lurking in the background, captured in the inner tensions of their music, is a family history that might have been serialised by Kenneth Anger.

Linda Womack is the daughter of the late Sam Cooke who died with his drawers down in a motel shooting. Cooke's widow then married Sam's guitarist Bobby Womack, brother of Cecil, who would later marry Linda, and—by a complex shift of internecine love—become uncle, step-father and brother-in-law to her. Confused?

Pop is fatally attracted to bitter and twisted soundtracks to heterosexual love. Last week, Reuters reported that Lionel Richie, the grandiloquent soul singer, was caught *in flagrante* in a Los Angeles apartment. Police arrested Richie's wife Brenda after she allegedly beat and kicked his secret girlfriend Diane Alexander, adding a touch of unfulfilled irony to the singer's evergreen hit "All Night Long".

The legacy of love wars is present throughout the Womacks' album, in the tempestuous "Love Is Just A Ballgame" and implicit in the beat ballad "Teardrops". At the height of their arguments are the emotions of the great heterosexual soul duos of the sixties and those innocent lovers, Marvin Gaye and Tammi Terrell—innocent, that is, until Tammi died of a brain tumour induced in part by the beatings she received from an unknown lover.

Heterosexual romance gone sour is rife in modern music. It has become impossible to follow the progress of Bruce Springsteen's European tour without impinging on his private life. His duets on stage with Patti Scialfa and the widely reported incident when The Boss serenaded her on a balcony in Rome have added a dramatic emphasis to the break-up of Springsteen's marriage to the actress Julianne Phillips.

Rumours circulated in the American press say the three-year-old marriage has bickered its way to a halt because Bruce, 38, wants children and his wife, 28, wants to pursue her acting career. Springsteen's own excuse is life on the road: rock's ultimate decree nisi.

James Brown left London last week to face the funk. His marriage to his one time make-up artist, Adrienne Brown, is on the rocks, after a three-week domestic tiff that made a Mike Tyson fight seem like meditation. On 3 April he was arrested for beating Adrienne; she was arrested for trying to torch their hotel room; then both of them were arrested for allegedly possessing the hard drug PCP.

The phenomenal rise of Tina Turner, and Ronnie Spector's return to patchy stardom has highlighted the emancipatory side of love wars. Tina's escape from the darker side of the sixties, which she spent on the wrong side of Ike Turner's fists, is the archetypal story of the soul-duet turned sour. While Marvin and Tammi were singing love songs, Tina was experiencing the full realities of her husband's pimp creativity. No other musician has used women singers as whores with Ike Turner's level of calculation. Except Phil Spector.

The cruel fallout of love wars finds its most bizarre expression when pop is seemingly at its most innocent. Phil Spector's wall-of-sound, the soda-fountain backing tracks which supported the great frivolity of sixties girl groups like The Ronettes, was built by an ego of gigantic proportions. Phil not only fell in love with his favourite Ronette, he kept her under enforced domesticity in a prison-house called marriage. Earlier this year Ronnie Spector re-emerged as an adult orientated rock singer, still clinging to her husband's name, but cursing him with every passing interview.

With three bullet holes above her bed and a mink coat ruined by her husband's gunshots, James Brown's wife has put her trust in a local lawyer who told *USA Today*: "When he's not pistol whipping her, Mr Brown seems a sweet guy." With lawyers like that who needs enemies?

MEDIATIONS

According to Richard Brooks in the *Observer* last Sunday, a number of publications, including the *Independent*, have joined with *Time Out* to lobby for the relaxation of the copyright held by the BBC, ITV and Channel 4 over their respective programming information. Under this copyright, no other publication may fully duplicate the function jointly exercised by the broadcasters' own publications *Radio Times* and *TV Times*. The most such information that may be reproduced is one full day or weekend's worth and up to three programmed items per day per channel thereafter.

Actually, as the chief television previewer for the *Independent*, I can report that the paper's representation in any lobby is no more than that of a semi-retired consultant, acting on his own behalf. Speaking for myself, after 13 years on and off of previewing television, I have no wish to deny the BBC, ITV and C4 their copyright. It seems to me entirely proper that they should retain ownership in the comprehensiveness of their outputs just as other organisations, newspapers included, reserve ownership of their own informational as well as interpretative material.

Time Out may consider it can spare the space and afford the additional staff to run a full week's list of broadcast output; but does anyone really believe that there is a demand for such coverage in the daily or weekend papers? The *Observer* itself has, in fact, considerably cut the amount of column inches given to the coming week's television in the ten years since I was writing its previews. Even the *Sunday Times*, which seems to grow by the hour, no longer devotes the full page to previews that Elkan Allan used to enjoy there.

Moreover, however independent, no publication can seriously expect to compete with the authority of *Radio Times* and *TV Times*, where the billings are written by the programme-makers themselves. In the press, previews not written from actual viewings (and these will predominate in comprehensive coverage) rely on press releases which are not only as partial as producers but notoriously less reliable. And the companies' in-house magazines will obviously tighten up their already privileged access to programmes that are in production.

The present balance works: why fix it? *Radio Times* and *TV Times* deserve their place in the scheme of things.

Alastair Burnet and Sandy Gall co-presented last Friday's News At Ten. The closing credits had the newscasters as Alastair Burnet and Carol Barnes — how galling for Sandy.

W Stephen Gilbert

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VOLUNTEER NOTICE BOARD is a free service provided by New Statesman & Society with financial assistance from Thames Television's Help programme. Interested organisations are invited to send their copy (approximately 45 words) to Brian Cushion at New Statesman & Society, Foundation House, Perseverance Works, 38 Kingsland Road, London, E2 8DQ. Please note that this service is for recruiting volunteers only. If you have salaried vacancies contact the Classified Department on 01-739-1645.

NEW WAYS TO WORK needs a volunteer one day a week to help with answering enquiries about job sharing and other flexible ways of working. This could be a useful way of learning a wide range of skills. Contact Charlie Monkcom at New Ways to Work, 309 Upper Street, London, N1 2TY. (01-226-4026)

WEST LONDON Family Service Unit are in need of Volunteer Playworkers for a Summer Playscheme for children aged 5-13, from August 1 to 26. Experience in craft or games activities are valued qualities but energy and sensitivity to children's needs are the essential ingredients. We can offer expenses and support. Tel: Cathrine Fitzgerald 01 229 9941.

CITIZEN ACTION is in urgent need of volunteers for a variety of office support work with the Campaign for Lead-Free Air, in its Central London office. Daytime and evening help needed, on occasional or regular basis; we pay expenses. Phone Sarah Finch for details on 278 9686.

PLAYWORKERS needed for a Summer Playscheme with under 5's & over 5's; on a project for homeless families in Kings Cross London. Experience of playwork preferable, but experience with children essential. Fares and expenses will be paid. Please phone Doreen on 01-383-4082.

HILLINGDON MIND requires leaders and helpers in its three afternoon Drop-In Clubs for people who are lonely, depressed anxious or stressed. Preparation and support given. Yeading - Mondays 1-3pm. Yiewsley - Thursdays 1-3pm. Ruislip - Fridays 12-2pm. More details from Elizabeth Taylor 01 904 3811 or 0895 71559.

BARKING AND DAGENHAM Victim Support Scheme requires volunteers to offer support & practical assistance to victims of crime. Training and ongoing support is provided. For more information, contact the Co- Ordinator, Phone 01-593 4755, Heathway, Dagenham, Essex.

WOULD YOU LIKE A Garden? Pensioners Link, Age Concern Greenwich and the Greenwich Volunteer Bureau are launching a pilot project where you could share the garden of someone who is unable to look after it themself. Travelling expenses paid, tools provided. Interested? Contact the Greenwich Volunteer Bureau 01-854-5499.

VOLUNTEER Debt Counsellors needed for busy Citizens Advice Bureaux in West Hendon and Burnt Oak. Full training given in generic advice work and debt work. Minimum two days' per week required, but this may be worked in half days. It is very challenging and rewarding work. Applications from both Asian and Black people and retired people (up to age 65) welcomed. Phone Miranda 202 0195.

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED If you are fit, can drive, with a sense of humour, have 2 to 6 months to spare and would like the experience of caring for a disabled person full-time in his own flat, then I have a place for you. Ideal for person interested in Social Work. Volunteers receive £35 per week and free accommodation. More details contact Alan Soffert on 01 736 8555.

help

The HELP programme is a 5 minute local programme appearing at 6.25 on Thames TV, three times a week. Here is a summary of next week's programmes.

It's summer and there's lots on in London

But where can you afford to go if you are unemployed? 'Shoestring Summer' is a free new booklet which lists free events and concessions available for unemployed people in the Thames area this summer. It's free, it's provided by the HELP programme and you can get it from:

HELP (Shoestring Summer), P.O. Box 11, London, NW1 3HZ

HELP • THAMES TV • EMBER HOUSE • 164/166 DRUMMOND STREET LONDON • NW1 3HR • TELEPHONE: 01 387 9494

PART-TIME ORGANISER. A young, fast-growing, self-help charity in mental illness wishes to recruit organiser 2.00 to 5.00 Monday to Friday to work in our Richmond head office. Write to the Chairman, Manic Depression Fellowship Ltd, 51 Sheen Road, Richmond-Upon-Thames (Tel: 01-876-9688 evenings only). Travel expenses paid, plus a small honorarium.

THE MAUDSLEY HOSPITAL needs volunteers to work with patients in a variety of ways, offering companionship to individuals, attending a social club, driving or advocacy. Hours to be as little as 2/3 a week. Travel expenses paid. For furhter information please get in touch with Mary Lawton or Una Lietch at The Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, London, SE5 8AZ, telephone: 01-703-6333.

VOLUNTEERS are needed for residential work with homeless people. Volunteers live in small group homes with the homeless. They offer friendship and encouragement as part of a small caring community. Good experience for people wanting to join one of the caring professions. Close to London. Full board, personal and holiday allowance are given. Minimum commitment six months. Please write to Medway Cyrenians, 104 Maidstone Road, Chatham, Kent, ME4 6DQ.

PARENTS ANONYMOUS is a voluntary telephone service for troubled people to get support in their time of need. If you are a parent and could spare some time weekly and feel you could listen, support, sympathise then please write for details of our next training to: 9 Manor Gardens, London, N7 6LA.

KINGSTON/RICHMOND Area. Are you a warm capable organiser who would enjoy working with and motivating mentally handicapped adults to run a Whole Food Co-Operative? Could you spare at least one day a week for the next six months to get this project off the ground? Disabled access available - please contact Corinne Silver at the Kingston Volunteer Bureau, 36a Fife Road, Kingston upon Thames, KT1 1SY. Telephone: 01-546 0184.

KINGSTON VICTIM SUPPORT Scheme is looking for a dynamic chairperson to carry them into the 1990's. If you are interested in the victims of crime and could commit yourself to this project please contact Corinne Silver, at Kingston Volunteer Bureau, 36a Fife Road, Kingston upon Thames, KT1 1SY. Telephone: 01-546-0184.

THE READING BASED British Dyslexia Association needs help with telephone counselling, enquiries and mail-outs etc. Training will be given. If you have time to spare during week days, 10am to 6pm and a willingness to help please call Maureen Dean 0734 668271, 98 London Road, Reading, Berks, RG1 5AU.

MALE VOLUNTEER (30+) is needed in the SE London area to befriend a friendly sociable man of 50 who has few social contacts at the moment. He has a mild learning difficulty and a history of mental illness. Would suit a calm, patient person who likes walking, swimming, pubs and eating out. A regular commitment is more important than amount of time spent. Contact Bob Crichton or Peter Cheer on 01-708-0304.

F.L.A.T. (Facility for Living and Assessment Together) requires Community Project Assistants. The F.L.A.T. Project trains and assesses people who have learning dificulties (mental handicap) to live more independently in the community. Hours: 35 per week and 1/2 sleep in duties. In return: food and personal allowance of £146 per month, free accommodation and bills. Interested? Tel: 01-403-1542.

THE ELCHANAN ELKES Association for Intercommunity Understanding. Volunteers required in Israel 15 Oct to 15 Dec to work with the mentally handicapped. Short-term projects: 28 Nov to 18 Dec with aged; 1 to 28 Dec with mentally handicapped; 11 to 28 December; Botanical Gardens. Volunteers pay their own fare and insurance. Telephone 0533 415582 or 0533 775369.

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CHILD POVERTY ACTION GROUP

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Salary £14,773 per annum

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To: work in CPAG's Citizens' Rights Office, mainly handling welfare rights case work; also to write for CPAG publications, monitor social security issues and prepare training materials and teach on courses.
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Hours: 28 per week

Closing date for applications: 10am Friday August 19, 1988. For job description and application form please apply to: Rita Aldridge CPAG (NS), 1-5 Bath Street, London EC1V 9PY.

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MOORHILL REHABILITATION UNIT FOR MENTALLY ILL ADULTS

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Moorhill is a residential unit within the Community which provides a preventative, respite and rehabilitative resource for adults suffering mental ill health and their families.

An opportunity exists to develop new initiatives through close contact with Health, Social Services and Voluntary Agencies in the community.

We are seeking someone with proven management ability, good leadership qualities and a sound knowledge of the problems associated with mental ill health.

Applicants must have either the RMN, CQSW or CSS (with mentally ill option) qualification and have 3 years experience at a senior level in a residential unit, 1 year of which must have been in a unit for the Mentally Ill.

Hours of duty will be in accordance with a duty rota and will include sleeping in duties for which an appropriate allowance will be paid.

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Hours of duty will be in accordance with a duty rota and will include sleeping in duties for which an appropriate allowance will be paid.

For formal discussion about all of the above posts contact Mrs. J. Schiphorst, Principal Officer, Telephone Wearside 5676161 extension 2485.

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Applicants must be qualified and experienced Social Workers with an interest in mental handicap and work within a multi disciplinary setting.

The postholder will be a member of the newly formed Community Mental Handicap Team based at Hill View Health Centre and will be involved in the assessment of clients for rehabilitation and respite care.

The appointee will maintain good links with Area Teams and other Social Services Establishments and Mental Handicap Hospitals within the region. The post is linked with the Hospital Social Work Team and good supervision is available.

An essential car user allowance is payable and applicants should, therefore, possess a current full driving licence.

Informal enquiries to Mrs. A. Thompson, telephone Wearside 5284788.

Application form and job description obtainable from Staffing Section, Room 3.94, Town Hall and Civic Centre, or by telephoning Wearside 5676161 extension 2472.

Closing date for return of completed application form is 29th July, 1988.

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LECTURESHIP

Applications are invited for a post of non-clinical Lecturer in the Department of Child Psychiatry. The post is funded by the DHSS for a period of nineteen months. The main duties will be to organize a Clinical Training programme in Child Sexual Abuse for professionals dealing with sexually-abused children to assist in the development of management and training programmes for these professionals. Informal enquiries should be made to Dr A Bentovim, Department of Psychological Medicine, Hospital for Sick Children (Tel. 405-9200.)

Salary will be on the non-clinical lecturer scale in the range £13,365 - £19,310 per annum plus £1,450 London Weighting per annum.

Application forms and further particulars are available from the **Personnel Assistant, Institute of Child Health, 30 Guilford Street, London, WC1N 1EH, Tel. 01-242-9789 ext 2650,** to whom completed applications plus the names of three referees should be returned by Friday 29 July 1988.

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AUT ASSOCIATION OF UNIVERSITY TEACHERS

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The AUT ia a trade union and professional association with 30,000 members representing academic, senior administrative, senior library, senior computing and research staff in universities in the UK.

We require a Research Officer to head our research department. Applicants will need good research and writing skills, a commitment to trade unionism and potential to manage a small staff unit. The Research Officer will need expertise on the use of computers for financial, statistical and survey analyses. The post is a senior one with potential for promotion. The Research Officer works direct to the General Secretary and services the Association's Salaries & Grading Committee. A direct knowledge of the higher education system would be desirable.

For a more detailed job description telephone or write to: AUT, United House, 1 Pembridge Road, London, W11 3HJ Tel: 01-221-4370.

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An enthusiastic person, with an interest in the care of elderly mentally ill people is required to join the Multi-disciplinary team.

Opportunities are available to develop knowledge and skills.

It may be possibe to offer at least temporary accommodation for someone considering a move to London.

For information and to arrange an informal visit please contact: Sue Nicholls, Charge Nurse, Latimer House Day Hospital, 40 Hanson Street, London, W1. Tel: 01-380-9188.

For an application form write to: Miss D.A. Pennington, Room 4, Manson Ward, St. Pancras Hospital, 4 St. Pancras Way, London, NW1.

Closing date: 29th July 1988.

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Applications are invited for the post of General Secretary of the Institution of Professional Civil Servants to succeed the present occupant of the post when he retires in July 1989. The candidate selected by the National Executive Committee will be recommended by the Committee in a ballot arranged to conform with the provisions of the Employment Act 1988. If the successful applicant is not already employed by the Institution the appointment will begin on a designate basis from early in 1989.

The General Secretary's duties include responsibility for advising upon and implementing policy and other decisions of the Institution's governing bodies, and acting as principal spokesman and as Treasurer.

The post requires a thorough knowledge of industrial relations, skill in negotiations, sound judgment and the ability to communicate effectively orally and in writing. Candidates will also need to demonstrate a capacity to represent the extremely wide range of interests of the Institution's membership. Candidates without direct knowledge of these interests will need outstanding qualifications in other respects.

The salary for the post is £39,000 and is linked to Grade III pay in the Civil Service. There is a non-contributory superannuation scheme. Existing superannuation rights may be transferred. Retirement is compulsory at the age of 60. Annual leave is six weeks and other conditions of service are similar to those in the Civil Service.

Further information may be obtained from and applications, which should include the names of two referees, must be sent to:

The General Secretary
Institution of Professional Civil Servants
75-79 York Road, London, SE1 7AQ

to arrive not later than 29 July 1988.

THE IPCS IS AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES EMPLOYER

DALCO HOMES

seeks to appoint an

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR (Scale PO2)

Dalco Homes is a community based therapeutic organisation committed to rehabilitation for those suffering from psychiatric problems.

We are seeking a caring, innovative, experienced person for this responsible and challenging post.

You will possess skills in management, problem solving, team building and support, supervision, consultancy, planning and monitoring, evaluation and assessment.

You will also have qualifications and considerable experience in rehabilitation methods and residential care, be self-motivated and yet still be able to take a leading role within the team structure. Able to deputise for the Director in his absence and still take part in our out-of-hours activities and developments. You will be willing and able to offer commitment and skilled care.

We promise good support, both formally and informally, and opportunities to explore specialised interests and new ways of working within the overall framework of our team.

Application forms and job description from:

The Director, Dalco Homes, Mosell House, 707 High Road, London, N17 8AD.

Closing date: 1st August, 1988.

For further information or informal discussion, contact The Director, Dalco Homes, on 01-808-7725 during normal working days.

We are an Equal Opportunities Employer

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Sutton is a growing commercial centre and a thriving business community situated on the edge of the Green Belt, neighbouring the Downs. We're just one hour from the coast, 30 minutes to Central London, handy for the M25, yet we offer every community service you could wish for.

No wonder — with so much to offer — people choose Sutton as the perfect place to live and work.

HOUSING & ENVIRONMENTAL HEALTH DEPARTMENT

Senior Housing Adviser

£12,114-£13,965

Our Housing Aid Centre has expanded its activities in recent years and intends to increase its role in the community.

To enable it to do so, we are looking for someone to assist the Chief Housing Adviser in the Administration of the Centre which will include establishing and maintaining a computerised information base.

The person appointed will be an experienced adviser with the ability to understand and digest complicated legislation. A wide knowledge on housing and matrimonial law (including legislation relating to owner-occupiers), welfare and housing benefits, debt counselling and homelessness is essential.

You will be a sympathetic and adept interviewer who is able to liaise positively with other departments, statutory and voluntary bodies. Supervisory skills would be an advantage.

The job is stimulating and challenging for a person committed to helping those with housing problems.

We offer a newly increased relocation package of up to £7,500, where appropriate.

For an informal chat about the job, please ring Joyce Virgo on 01-661 5049.

Application forms and further details from: Chief Administrative Officer, Housing & Environmental Health Offices, St Nicholas Way, Sutton, Surrey. Tel: 01-661 5218.

Closing date: 22nd July 1988.

LONDON BOROUGH OF
SUTTON
AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYER

Political Assistant

Labour Front Bench Spokes-person requires Political Assistant in House of Commons. Research experience and evidence of commitment to Labour and trade union movement essential, knowledge of Irish politics an advantage.

Salary circa £13,000 (age & experience)

Apply with c.v. and covering letter outlining relevant experience and including details of 2 referees, to Brian Hackland, Rm 1/32, Norman Shaw North, House of Commons, SW1 OAA by 25 JULY 1988.

SECRETARY

Secretary for busy all-party political office, Covent Garden. Interesting projects and lively atmosphere but experience of routine clerical tasks like record & diary keeping, filing etc essential. WP/database experience helpful. Unremarkable salary but experience counts.

CV to Fiona Watt, 60 Chandos Place, WC2N 4HG or phone: 01-240-1732

OV SELECTION

have a number of vacancies for temporary & permanent office staff with typing skills. We welcome enquiries from mature people as well as College leavers.

Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy), Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

NEW STATESMAN AND SOCIETY RECRUITMENT

For full details on rates and dates of future special issues please contact the Classified Advertisement Department and ask for Hazel, Carol Anne or Chris

Telephone: 01-739-1645

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LEGAL SERVICES DIVISION

Social Services/Education

PRINCIPAL SOLICITOR
Ref: ASC 534
Salary £19,986 – £21,231 p.a. inc.

2 ASSISTANT SOLICITORS
Ref: CE 536/7
Salary £14,241 – £17,943 p.a. inc.

SENIOR LAW CLERK
Ref: CE 547
Salary £13,596 – £16,713 p.a. inc.

LEGAL ASSISTANT
Ref: CE 550
Salary £7,914 – £13,965 p.a. inc.

* Overtime payments
* Relocation Expenses

Recently the Council has been strengthening and restructuring its Legal Services Division to address the many problems arising from urban deprivation and has now decided to create a Social Services/Education Section of that Division, which will deal with a wide range of work, including childcare, adoption, mental health and provision for elderly and handicapped people, as well as education issues.

We are looking for 5 new legal staff to join our existing team. All 5 posts require people with a conscientious and efficient approach, an ability to work well under pressure and the capacity to work co-operatively with other members of the team.

Principal Solicitor – (solicitor or barrister)

Will be responsible for the new Social Services/Education Section of the Legal Services Division and will head a team of up to 12 staff, providing legal support in relation to all the Council's Social Services and Education obligations.

This is a job for an enthusiastic and hard-working lawyer who has considerable previous experience in these areas of law and is capable of taking effective decisions under pressure. The ability to lead and co-ordinate a large team of people is also essential.

Assistant Solicitor – (solicitor or barrister)

This post requires a hard-working and effective lawyer with a commitment to and preferably some experience in Social Services areas of law. You will be responsible for your own caseload including some advocacy and for giving advice at Committee.

Senior Law Clerk

This post requires a person of ability and efficiency with previous experience in Social Services legal work, capable of managing your own caseload and helping to supervise and train junior staff.

Legal Assistant

Requires an ability to learn and enthusiasm for hard work in a busy team dealing with an interesting and varied area of law. The ability to communicate effectively both orally and in writing is also essential. Training in other aspects of the work will be given.

For an application form and further details for the post of Principal Solicitor (ref: ASC 534) please write to the Chief Executive's Department, Personnel & Management Services Division, Town Hall, East Ham, London E6 2RP or telephone 01 471 0619 (24 hour answering service). Interview date will be 2nd August 1988.

Application forms and further details for CE reference posts are available from the Chief Executive's Department, Town Hall, East Ham, London E6 2RP or telephone 01 472 1430 Ext: 23003/4, quoting appropriate CE reference. Interview dates: 3rd – 5th August 1988.

Closing date for all posts: 25th July 1988

Newham Council is committed to an equal opportunities policy. This means that the Council is committed to ensuring that no job applicant or employee will receive less favourable treatment on the grounds of race, age, marital status, sex, sexual orientation, disability, or is disadvantaged by condition of requirements which cannot be seen to be justifiable.
All jobs are open for job sharers, unless otherwise stated.

Newham
An Equal Opportunity Authority

DIOCESE OF OXFORD
BOARD OF SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY

Applications are invited from suitably qualified Christian men or women, lay or ordained, for the post of **SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY OFFICER** in this large and varied diocese, which falls vacant on October 1.

Application forms and further details may be obtained from:

The Revd. David Wainwright, Diocesan Church House, North Hinksey, Oxford, OX2 ONB. Telephone: 0865 244566 or (Home) 0993 812947.

Closing date for applications: September 1st. *(Readvertisement)*

The Joint Council for the Welfare of Immigrants

wishes to appoint an

EDUCATION AND CAMPAIGN WORKER

- a new and challenging post, to help increase public awareness of the effects of immigration law and build up a network of concerned groups in Britain and Europe. Good communication skills and knowledge of race issues essential.

Further details and application form from Salma Dharamshi, JCWI, 115 Old Street, London, EC1V 9JR (251 8708).

Closing date: 25 July.

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City & Hackney H.A.

OCCUPATIONAL THERAPY ASSISTANTS

£7,931.50 - £8,771.50 pa inclusive

Three posts are available

- Rehabilitation department for adults with acute mental health problems (permanent)
- Rehabilitation department for patients with physical problems, e.g. stroke, arthritis etc (temporary 6-8 months)
- Social club for elderly people with functional problems associated with ageing (temporary 6-8 months)

The above are suitable for graduates in psychology, social sciences or teaching who wish to gain clinical experience leading to a career in the 'helping' professions. Other applicants with relevant experience/education will be considered.

Training and support is available from qualified therapists who work in multi-disciplinary teams.

For further information and to arrange informal visits, please write a.s.a.p. giving detailed c.v. to Mrs Jenny Lopez-Vega, District Occupational Therapist, Hackney Hospital, Homerton High Street, London, E9.

Job share applicants welcomed.

WORKING TOWARDS EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES

THE CONFECTIONERS BENEVOLENT FUND

require a

WELFARE OFFICER

We have a vacancy for a Welfare Officer responsible for recommending the disbursement of funds in excess of £100,000 p.a. to more than 300 beneficiaries throughout the UK.

Personal visits to beneficiaries and cooperation with 20 area committees will be essential. We are looking for someone with an attractive personality, initiative, a good knowledge of social security benefits, a current driving licence and a desire to travel. A working knowledge of personal computers, while not essential, would be helpful.

Our head office is in London. Attendance will normally be required there once a week. Applicants should live within a reasonable distance.

An attractive salary, fringe benefits, a car and all expenses are offered.

Applications in writing to:

The Honorary Secretary, The Confectioners Benevolent Fund, 11 Green Street, London, W1Y 3RF.

Closing date: 29 July 1988.

SECRETARY

To provide secretarial support to Centre staff, including major responsibility for word processing. Training provided.

Office hours, 9 am - 5 pm. Annual leave 25 days. Salary £8,500 - £9,500, according to experience and qualifications. 3 months probationary period. Further information available.

FPSC is an independent research centre concerned with family issues and public policy.

Letters of application, with c.v. and details of two referees, to:

The Director
Family Policy Studies Centre
231 Baker Street
LONDON
NW1 6XE
Tel: 01 486 8211

Family Policy

London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine

LECTURER/SENIOR LECTURER IN HEALTH ECONOMICS

This appointment is within a multidisciplinary academic research unit involved in health issues in developing countries. An interest in development economics and the use of cost-effectiveness analysis for health planning, management and evaluation would be an advantage. Preference will be given to candidates with overseas experience and a higher research degree. The post would be on a two year rolling contract. Salary would be for lecturers in the range £10,710 to £20,760 and for senior lecturers £21,720 to £24,360 (inclusive of London Weighting).

Interested candidates may contact Professor Patrick Vaughan for further information (telephone number 01 636 8636 Ext. 255, Telex 8953474).

Applications with full curriculum vitae and the names of three referees should be sent to the **Personnel Officer, London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, Keppel Street, London WC1E 7HT.**

Closing date is 19 August 1988.

CONFERENCE ORGANISER

Welfare Unit

BBC

We are an equal opportunities employer

This is a new appointment and we are looking for someone whose first task it will be to improve and expand the BBC's pre-retirement training. In addition to organising and chairing 'in-house' Preparation for Retirement Conferences, work will include supervising three welfare assistants dealing with living accommodation, medical insurance and charity giving; maintaining and developing a network of voluntary visitors for retired staff and setting up and running a computerised record system for the unit.

You should be a competent public speaker, and will need to be able to demonstrate self-reliance, the ability to make independent judgements, and organising skills. You should also have a sound knowledge of the social services and an empathy for the problems facing those approaching retirement age. Preference will be given to those with experience of voluntary work in the community and who have, or are willing to study for, a recognised social work qualification.

Starting salary in the range £10,865–£12,628, including London Weighting. Benefits include five weeks' leave a year, contributory pension scheme and travel loans. Relocation expenses will be considered. The Welfare Unit is at present based in the Oxford Circus area of Central London, but will be moving to the new Corporate Headquarters at White City, West London in mid 1990.

For further details and an application form contact (quote ref. 9746/NS and enclose s.a.e.) **BBC Corporate Recruitment Services, London W1A 1AA. Tel: 01-927 5799.**

Completed application forms should be returned by 3rd August.

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WELFARE BENEFIT CO-ORDINATOR

POA £14,241 p.a. - £15,897 p.a. inclusive

In response to changes in the Social Security System, we have established a new post in the Social Services Department.

You will be required to:

* Give professional advice on welfare benefits.
* Organise training and information systems.
* Liaise with voluntary agencies and co-ordinate welfare benefit advice.
* Develop and monitor welfare rights policies within the department.

You will need a good knowledge of Social Security legislation, combined with an appreciation of the service demands on a department which places emphasis on the client as the consumer.

In return we can offer:

* Flexitime (Nine day fortnight).
* Generous annual leave.
* Relocation expenses.

For more information contact Maureen Frost or John Frankcom on Uxbridge 50511. Interviews will be held on 1st September 1988.

HILLINGDON
THE WEST LONDON BOROUGH

Application forms quoting reference number SS/99/139XE available from the Personnel Division, Civic Centre, Uxbridge, Middlesex, UB8 1UW. Telephone Uxbridge 50589 (24 hour answering service available). Closing date 29th July 1988.

Hillingdon as an equal opportunities employer, welcomes applications from candidates irrespective of race, sex, marital status, age, sexual orientation or disability.

Strathclyde

GLASGOW SUB-REGION

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

COMMUNITY EDUCATION WORKER

Area 15 (Based in Area Office) St. Ignatius Primary School, 200 Househillwood Road, Glasgow, G53 6BY.
Salary C.E.W. £9255 - £12075 (+ 7.5% Irregular Hours Payment and Weekend Enhancement)

Applicants must possess Diploma/Certificate in Youth and Community Work or Diploma in Adult Education.

The successful applicant will have specific responsibility for the continued development of the Unemployed Support Team, a recently mainlined Urban Aid Project. Duties will include; supporting and developing unemployed groups; promoting Adult Education opportunities for unemployed people; development of an employment/unemployment strategy for the area, in conjunction with other staff.

A full job description is available on request.

Application forms and further particulars available from the Assistant Director of Personnel Services, Glasgow Sub-Region, 20 India Street, Glasgow, G2 4PF. (Tel: 041-227-2260), to be returned quoting reference number G0685 by 28th July 1988.

Unless otherwise stated the above post is open to applications from persons wishing to job share.

An equal opportunities authority

Strathclyde Regional Council

Classified Advertisements
Telephone 01-739 1645

CityPoly
City of London Polytechnic

Social Science Graduates

Unemployed?

Increase your employability by joining our Vocational Training Course in Advanced Applications of Information Technology.

The training will include computer appreciation, use of the latest packages and the application of simulation and modelling techniques to business and commerce, social and environmental problems.

This presents an exciting opportunity for six recent graduates (aged under 25) to join a year-long course, beginning October 1988. During training, course members will receive an income of £90 per week partially supported by the European Social Fund.

Details and application form from: Faculty Officer, CMAS, City of London Polytechnic, 100 Minories, London, EC3N 1JY. Tel: 01-283 1030 x430

Chief Executive's

Principal Race Relations Officer

Salary £13812 - £15105 Post No. C140

The City Council has established a good reputation in its promotion of equal opportunity policies and pursuance of positive action to eliminate discrimination and promote fair treatment both as a major employer and provider of public services over a number of years.
The above vacancy has arisen as the result of the premature retirement of the previous postholder and the Council is now looking for someone with the highest level of commitment to the aims of the Unit to lead it into the 1990s.
If you can demonstrate
- a broad background in race relations work
- at least 2 years direct line management experience
- a detailed understanding of the extent of discrimination facing black people and an ability to identify practical measures to overcome it
- a commitment to promoting positive race relations

we would be delighted to hear from you.
The nature of the post will require some unsocial hours working.

A place may be available at The Workplace Nursery for employees with children 6 mths - 5 yrs old.
Where relocation is necessary, expenses to a maximum of £2650 plus approved removal costs, together with help in finding temporary housing accommodation, are available.
Application form (returnable by 5th August 1988) and further details from Director of Personnel and Management Services, New Walk Centre, Welford Place, Leicester LE1 6ZG. Tel (0533) 549922 ext 7099.

As part of the City Council's commitment to an Equal Opportunity Policy, applications are welcome from people regardless of marital status, sex, race, sexual orientation or disability. Disabled persons are guaranteed an interview if suitably qualified and/or experienced. Job sharing applications are welcome for all jobs.

Leicester City Council

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WS HA

whiteinch and scotstoun housing association ltd

HOUSING OFFICER (GRADE 5/6)

We require a Housing Officer to join a small team within a community-based housing association operating in the West of Glasgow.

The successful applicant will be involved in a range of housing management functions, reporting to committee and advising on policy formulation. The level of responsibility will be determined by qualifications and experience and, accordingly, the appointment will be made on either Grade 5 (£10,221-£12,045) or Grade 6 (£12,408-£14,232).

Candidates should have a degree and/or a diploma in housing, and housing association or other directly relevant experience. Applicants for our previously advertised Housing Assistant vacancy should not re-apply.

Written requests for job description and application form to:

The Secretary
Whiteinch & Scotstoun
Housing Association Limited
1040 Dumbarton Road
Glasgow
G14 9UL

Completed applications should be received by us no later than Friday 5th August 1988.

Business Enterprise in the Community Feature

July 22nd 1988

A special section in the Classified pages will carry advertisements for GRANTS, ENTERPRISE VENTURES and relevant employment opportunities.

A special rate of £11 per single column centimetre for enterprise related posts will be fixed for this issue.

For further information ask for Hazel, Carol Anne or Chris on

01-739-1645

The Police Foundation

Administrator

The Police Foundation is a national charity which undertakes and promotes study and research on policing methods, organisation and effectiveness. We are looking for someone to take charge of our office administration and oversee the work of our Secretariat. You will be a key member of a small team and ideally should have experience in administering a small organisation. Experience in financial management and the ability to communicate well orally and in writing are essential. You should also have an interest in or show a willingness to become familiar with policing issues.

Starting salary between £12,184 and £13,028 on a scale rising to £15,208.

Further information and application form from The Secretary, The Police Foundation, 314-316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, SW1V 1AA. Tel: 01-828-1438.

Closing date for applications: 21 July 1988.

M.A. in Applied European Studies

This is a new interdisciplinary course, part-time over two and a half years which combines the study of the economics, politics, law and business of the European Community with the study of the language and policy making environment of either France, Germany or Spain.
The course is designed especially for managers and administrators who wish to apply and develop their areas of knowledge to the European Community, particularly in the context of the completion of the internal market by 1992.
Further details from:

Teresa Lawlor,
Department of Modern Languages,
South Bank Polytechnic, London SE1 0AA.
Tel: 01-928 8989, ext 2748

SOUTH BANK POLYTECHNIC

Books and Publications

MIDDLESEX POLYTECHNIC
Centre for Criminology

OCCASIONAL PAPERS

POLICING PROSTITUTION: A MULTI-AGENCY APPROACH, *Roger Matthews*, £1.95

LAW AND ORDER: FIVE YEARS ON, *John Lea, Roger Matthews, Jock Young*, £2.50

YOU BURY OUR MISTAKES: UNION CARBIDE, BHOPAL AND THE HUBRIS OF THE TECHNOLOGY, *Frank Pearce*, £1.95

PREVENTING CRIME: THE HILLDROP ENVIRONMENTAL IMPROVEMENT SURVEY; *First Report*, £3.50

LIGHTING AND CRIME PREVENTION: THE EDMONTON PROJECT, *Kate Painter*, £2.50

OF MALES AND MARKETS: SEXUALITY, SUB-CULTURES AND YOUTH, *Nicholas Dorn, Nigel South*, £1.95

Please make cheques payable to **'Centre for Criminology' and send, quote ref C438A to: Yvonne Heard, Centre for Criminology, Middlesex Polytechnic, Queensway, Enfield, Middlesex, EN3 4SF.**

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Courses/Training

DIPLOMA IN SOFTWARE DOCUMENTATION

This full-time, 36 week, MSC-funded training course runs from 19/9/88, needs no previous computing experience, and provides excellent job prospects.

Details available from Mrs. J. Isom, GLOSCAT, 73 The Park, Cheltenham, Glos. Tel: (0242) 532042.

GLOSCAT
GLOUCESTERSHIRE COLLEGE OF ARTS & TECHNOLOGY

Printing

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Lithographic Printers

For all your
Disk Conversion, Typesetting, Artwork, Printing and Binding needs
phone us today for a quotation
Peter Garley/Lee Doogue

Telephone (0602) 484934

Personal

Correspondence Course in Creative Writing

We cannot supply you with an imagination but our personalised tutoring system can develop the skills which liberate it. Details, sample exercise, S.A.E. to:

Colne Creative Writing, Colnehaven, Philip Road, Wivenhoe, Essex, CO7 9DN.

Rates for unwaged.

THE PANKHURST TRUST urgently needs funds to restore the house where Emmeline Pankhurst founded the suffragette movement. You can help by buying our polyester/cotton sweatshirts - available in suffragette colours of green, white or purple; sizes S/M/L/XL. £9.95 from the Pankhurst Centre, Nelson Street, Manchester.

Educational Holidays

THE ELCHANAN ELKES ASSOCIATION FOR INTER COMMUNITY UNDERSTANDING

Israel Study Tour
6 Nov - 23 Nov £460

Probation and allied workers
Telephone 0533 415582 or 0782 23156

Holidays/Travel

DISCOUNTED FLIGHTS Italy, France, Scandinavia, Spain, Portugal, Germany, Austria. Yugo. Charter/Schedule. AIRFORCE. 01-506-2233. ATOL 1817.

JOURNEY LATIN America. Low cost flights, holiday journeys, 3-6 weeks, JLA, 16 Devonshire Road, London, W4 2HD. 01-747-3108.

PAELLA EVERY Sunday on the flower terrace. Catalonia. Small, relaxed hotel, children welcome. Beaches, walking. 01-249-3727 or 010 3472 321202.

TRIED THE REST, now try the best. For low air fares to world-wide destinations inc Africa. SHL, 313a Hoe St, London, E17. 01-520-7911.

CUBA SPECIAL Hotel 2 weeks half-board. August/September £699. Heathrow departure. Ashley Holidays 0709 544083.

Contacts

GAY MALE FEMINIST plans to start discussion group; would welcome any ideas for topics. Write Box (28) 047.

Agenda

MON 18 JULY

LONDON HISTORY WORKSHOP CINEMA. Moira Ferguson 'Mary Prince's Autobiography: the construction of the self in (Ex-) Slave Narrative' at 7.30 p.m. in the White Swan, 14 New Row, London, WC2.

WED 20 JULY

JOHN LLOYD on "The Monarchy and the House of Lords". 7.30 pm, Cole Room, 11 Dartmouth Street, SW1. All welcome. Central London Fabian Society.

Billboard — Theatre

NATIONAL THEATRE 01 928 2252 Olivier (open stage) THE SHAUGHRAUN by Dion Boucicault, THE SMALL FAMILY BUSINESS, 'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE. Lyttleton (proscenium stage) WAITING FOR GODOT, THE CHANGELING. Cottesloe (small stage) CYMBELINE, THE WINTERS TALE, THE TEMPEST, STRANGENESS OF OTHERS. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 01 928 2256.

ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY 01 638 8891. Evening performances 7.30 pm, matinees 2pm Thursday and Saturday. BARBICAN THEATRE: 15-19 July TWELFTH NIGHT, 20-21 July JULIUS CAESAR, 18-23 July RSC/Royal Insurance presents ARMCHAIR PROMS. 550 stall seats just £6 each from 8.30 am on the day. THE PIT: 15-19 July THE REVENGER'S TRAGEDY by Cyril Tourneur: 20-21 July FASHION by Doug Eucie.

Booksellers

SCARCE BOOK Service: Social-Economic History; World Politics. State wants. 01-876-7254. Hammersmith Books, Barnes High Street, SW13 9LR.

REVIEW COPIES and other books in fine condition bought and sold by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion Street, London, WC1 Telephone: 01-242-5822.

Meetings

THEOSOPHY Wisdom Religion Informal meetings Sundays 8pm on Reincarnation, Karma, Death, Clairvoyance, Spiritualism, Cyclic law, SAS for programme, information: ULT, 62 Queens Gardens, London, W2 3AH.

Heartsearch

DRAWING DOWN THE MOON Introduction Agency... "could match up an Anais Nin or a Spike Milligan without much difficulty". *(The Times Literary Supplement).* 01 938 2151.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details from: Dateline Computer Dating, Dept. (7NS), 23 Abingdon Rd, London, W8. Phone: 01-938-1011.

ENRICH YOUR Social Life! Designed for the discerning and sophisticated, Savoir Vivre provides more interesting introductions. Send SAE to: Savoir Vivre, Ref: NS L, Tynron, Thornhill, DG3 4LG or tel 084 82 611 anytime.

THINK! Wouldn't you prefer to join a photographic introduction agency that cares about your individual requirements and offers a friendly and confidential service? Wouldn't you prefer to join the Singles Register? 458 8344.

INTELLIGENT, SLIM, reasonably attractive professional woman, 41, interests; work, friends, novels, films, gardening, food seeks a man with lots of sense and some sensibility for companionship and a possible joint future. Write Box (28) 039.

TRY SCOTTISH LETTER LINK for a new way to contact people outside your usual circle. S.A.E. to P.O. Box 61, Edinburgh, EH3 6JW.

AMIABLE, humorous, single man 33. Vegetarian n/s, self-educated, likes books, writing, history, music, children, walking and talking. Seeks an independent, intelligent woman with no sharp edges for friendship, hopefully love? Materialists and Page Three look-alikes, save your stamps! South Herts. Box (28) 040.

ADVENTUROUS WIDOW, 60+, sexually active. Interests: travel, the Arts, wining and dining. Seeks like-minded gentleman for occasional meetings. London/Wiltshire. Box (28) 041.

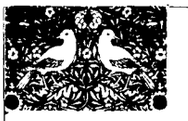
ATTRACTIVE, VIVACIOUS LADY wishes to meet a happy retired business/professional gentleman. Nottingham. Box (28) 042.

TALL AUSTRALIAN WOMAN, former New York resident, would like friendship with man 38-48. Important are good food, cats, theatre, music, a psychological viewpoint and leftish ideas. Write to Box (28) 043.

EMBRYONIC PROFESSIONAL LADY (45), newly graduated living in Kent, seeks a special guy, who would respect my individuality but indulge my every whim! Loyality, caring & most of the things you hope for in return. Box(28) 044.

LIVELY, PETITE sensitive lady needs well- educated man, 59-65 within 35 miles London; should have genuine interests in Mozart, 'The Independent', history, literature, walking, swimming, dancing, travel; home-lover, non-smoker; sense of humour. Busy professional woman, 63, contemplates changed lifestyle/relocation, possibly marriage in a year. Please write to Box (28) 045.

ARTIST, 40, seeks 'feet on ground' lady (35-40) for companionship, interests in ethnology, environment, travel and the meaning of life. Write Box (28) 046.



OLD FRIENDS

DOES LIFE BEGIN AT 40?

MARRIAGE, FRIENDSHIP or COMPANIONSHIP:
the introduction agency for the 40s, 50s, & 60s

Details from: Anne Brent, 18a Highbury New Park, N5 2DB
Telephone: 01-226 5432

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THE DIGGER

Jolyon Jenkins owns up to keeping a Big Boy on his Lambeth balcony

Vita Sackville-West used to write handy gardening tips like: "Even if you only have a small garden of 100 feet or so, do not despair. You still have room for a couple of trees and a small pond." Or: "Every house has four walls, so you can always grow things up them."

Some hope. My flat has a windy balcony of eight feet or so, which, were I an estate agent, I should describe as "ideal for barbecues"—though they would have to be small, intimate, and standing. There are outside walls front and back, but with children roller-skating along the deck outside the front door all day it would be foolish to try to grow anything there. Some people do cultivate the deck, which I take as proof that this is one of Lambeth council's more desirable estates.

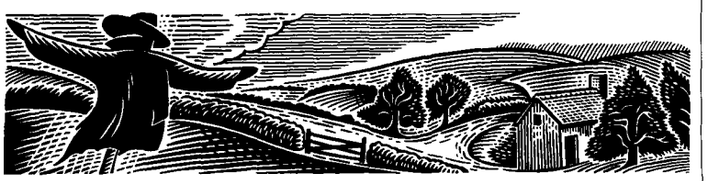
The balcony is home to my two monster tomato plants. One of them may well be a Big Boy; the other almost certainly isn't. To hell with speciesism: I treat them both exactly the same. They have been flourishing since I took courage and installed them outside four weeks ago. Before that they were on the window sill, behind the net curtains. They were producing plenty of flowers, but, with only the occasional housefly to help fertilisation along, the "trusses" (as we call them) were refusing to "set". Now they have six fruits between them; the biggest, to my paternal eye, looks as if it could be at least one centimetre in diameter. When the first is ripe I shall harvest it, slice it very thinly with a razor blade, and grill it with garlic and a sprig of basil.

Perhaps. My previous efforts have not been conspicuously successful. I first tried growing tomatoes five summers ago when I lived in St Pauls in Bristol: I had four plants in grow-bags nestling among jungly cow parsley at the bottom of the garden. I managed to fight off the slugs, but not the University of Bristol accommodation office, which evicted me before the fruits could ripen, on the grounds that having graduated I had no right to stay in their property. Six flats and two years later I got my second garden, in a short-life property in Hackney. I spent many weekends clearing the undergrowth, but before I could plant I had to flee: I could just about take the woman in the basement with her 30 pet rats, but not the nocturnal knife fights between two other residents.

It's not all plain sailing up here either. Watering can cause trouble: too much and it seeps down into the flat below; but since I only discharge one teapot-full at a time this has not yet been a problem. And the wind is a nuisance. The sweet peas kept keeling over until I secured them with cotton, whereupon they garotted themselves on the cotton and snapped. A friend's flowerpots blew off altogether onto the balcony below: a sensitive and liberal woman, it now breaks her heart to have to tie down her plants with string. But gardening at high altitude has unexpected advantages. For example, only the most determined slugs and snails can get up here by their own locomotion. I may achieve self-sufficiency yet.

FRINGE BENEFITS

Colin Ward remembers depopulation and discovers a barn job



A century ago politicians of both major parties were preoccupied with one great worry known as the "depopulation of the countryside". Like drink and debauchery, it was seen as a major social evil. Calculations from census returns showed that the number of persons gainfully employed in agriculture had fallen by 50 per cent between 1851 and 1901. This was actually an exaggeration of an unmistakable trend but it led the Board of Acriculture to commission a report on the problem. This attributed the decline to unsuitable education, poor housing, the pleasures of city life, the low wages in agriculture and the higher wages in industry, and the lack of chances for advancement in agricultural work.

The good and the great worried away at the spectre of rural depopulation; however, they failed to attribute it to the depression of British agriculture that began in the 1870s and continued, with just a brief recovery when the young men from the country were being slaughtered in droves in Flanders, until the Second World War. Anyone over 60 can remember the prewar farming scene of blocked ditches, overgrown hedges, thistles and "dog and stick" farmers in constant fear of bankruptcy. Those who imagine that the land is full of immemorial wisdom handed down from father to son have to be reminded that the War Agricultural Committees had to borrow ploughmen from East Anglia to teach farmers in the shires how to plough.

The fact that both in 1916 and 1941 Britain was brought within weeks of famine because of the submarine blockade led both to the capital-intensive rather than the labour-intensive pattern of postwar farming and to its remarkably privileged position in the British economy. Other European governments have used the Common Agricultural Policy to support the small producer, often a part-time farmer. In Britain it has been applied in a way that enables the big producer to get bigger, and richer.

Public perception of rural Britain ignored the fact that farm work occupied a continually diminishing proportion of the rural population. Planning policy, mindful of "those precious agricultural acres" sought to freeze rural Britain in a snapshot of 1948. New housing in the country, outside "key" villages was only to be permitted if it was to provide homes for farm workers, even though their numbers had fallen from two million at the turn of the century, to 160,000 today.

The result was every kind of subterfuge to persuade the development control officer that auntie, who wanted a house in the country, was really a shepherdess. And in the 1950s and 1960s, zealous public health inspectors from the then rural district councils would slap a closure order on every tied cottage once a retired farmworker's widow had finally expired and before it came on the market, on the grounds that the ceiling heights were lower than those prescribed in the one-time Model Bylaws of the Ministry of Health.

Cottages that would delight conservationists and historians of vernacular architecture, and which would be worth a mint of money today, were pulled down to ensure that dispersed settlements, except for those of farmers and land-owners, were eliminated. Then there were barns, those heroic structures that are no longer needed since contract harvesting requires no on-farm storage space. Ten years ago they were being pulled down because there was a market for the superb oak posts and beams, the acres of clay roof tiles and the paving bricks. Lovers of vernacular buildings were driven to despair.

Gradually, planning departments retreated from their refrigeration policy to one which allows the conversion of barns to houses. Builders are becoming used to taking on "barn jobs". Speculators, known as "developers" scour the countryside for barns, cowsheds and piggeries that are ripe for conversion.

Some are excellent and ought to delight anyone who would rather see an old building used than be a picturesque relic or a museum of rural life. Others are hilarious bits of Disney make-believe, rebuilt from scratch. All are pricey.

Barn conversions here have the same status as loft conversions in New York. Neither are for the grandchildren of those who sweated for a living in them and were thankful to escape and get a living wage.

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ENDGAMES

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 3034 Set by E O Parrott
The critics on Radio Three usually find fault with everything. Can we have some sniping at *King Lear*, *War and Peace* , Beethoven's ninth, the *Mona Lisa* etc etc..

No 3031 Set by E O Parrott
A cabinet meeting as depicted by Wodehouse, Sharpe, Jerome, Searle, Milligan or any humorist you can think of.

Report by Sorley Mist
A wis just turnin' the barley bannocks on the griddle when bonnie wee Babe Bio came tirling the pin of ma ain but an ben. Cast oot tae the hail and heather! Nae even a Tipex to ca' her ain! But oor Bio is a canny lass, and she hae ta'en with her a muckle pile of weekend competitions of yon soor-faced folk who're in for a tenner apiece. David Heaton and May Day get three quid mair and the lave o' the milk frae the meenester's cat. Nae extras for the smart Jocks wha canna spell. "It requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding." quoth Sydney Smith but *Thatcher in the Rye* wi its magical rendering o "gin a body meets a body running through the rye" fair tickled the fancy.

"My Klass"

The hed prefekt giv an esay to Fowler "Enibodi to vote in unyon elekshuns and ballets. Discus", chiz, moan, which he sa is eesy, the swot. Nigel sa he done an esay "How to kut up kake and eat it" but HP sa he kno nuffink about ekonomiks, no slate at tuckshop in her day etsetera.

Moore Minor (Morris Minor more like, knot in fashun any more, ha ha) ask to be xcused cos hiz parents move every 4 weeks as soshul fund give out, he got got note from Matron Curry. Everyone laff, not worf paper writ on, ho ho.

That dreg Knickerless Ridley tip konkrete mixer all over skool playing fields, big wheeze, spoil parents day and prize giving. Hole klass in big truble!!!!!!

J E Hindle

"My lips are, as ever, sealed, Jeeves. But I can tell you things at No. 10 this a.m. were not hunky-dory."

"Sir?"

"Less restful than an annual general meeting of the aunts, Jeeves. I would go so far as to say that, in the decibel stakes, Aunt Dahlia would be a non-starter compared to Margaret in full cry."

"Were you at the receiving end, today, Sir?"

"The young master, in his capacity as Minister of—er—"

"Unemployment?"

"—left them to it. Margaret and Nigel put on the whole show. The heavy-weight won on points."

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer, I presume?"

"You presume wrongly, Jeeves. The P.M. had him on the ropes. And all because of the cost of strawberries."

"Strawberries, sir?"

"Nigel got them right between the eyes. Inflation's his middle name, it seems."

"It looks as if it might be, sir."

"Too fond of the old trough, eh Jeeves? Must eat fish, though—he's a brainy bird, what?"

May Day

Thatcher on the Rye

...She says none of us can drink in a cabinet meeting, then she pours a great beaker of whisky. Just to let us know who's boss, I suppose.

Anyway, I was reading my statement out loud. It was pretty boring really. It sort of came out like it had been written in a hurry by some drunk Third Secretary the night before. It probably had.

Then old Howe shot out this great fart. That nearly killed me. Somehow — I don't know how — I managed to keep reading. But I glanced up and saw him begin nervously shuffling papers and wiping his glasses. He's a nervous guy. He really is.

Margaret just kept on boozing, like everything was okay. And old Ridley lit another cigarette. Probably to help hide any smell. Underneath he's a pretty decent guy. But he smokes about a hundred and ninety a day, so maybe he was just nervous too...

Simon Herbertson

Margaret Thatcher
My Part in Her Downfall

A loud, rumbling sound came from the direction of Sir Geoffrey's posterior.

The PM winced and made vain attempts to wave away the offending odour. "We know you're an old fart, Geoffrey, but you don't have to prove it."

We all fell about—it would have meant the Tower not to.

"Let's have the minutes, Spike," she ordered.

"At the third stroke," I said, caressing her thigh, "it will be ten fifteen precisely."

Douglas, who had been looking queasy, suddenly threw up.

"Home secretaries," said the PM, "should be seen and not Hurd."

The door was flung open and a familiar figure strode in. "Out you lot! —we're taking over. Power to the people!"

Even the PM paled. There's no arguing with Harry Perkins.

Naomi Marks

"The new Butler has come to take the minutes." "He can't take them," said the Mat Hatcher. "They're ours. He can keep them if he likes or take them as he finds them—because finding's keeping, you know." The Butler was about to take an empty chair next to the Hatcher, but the others said there was no room, and they all promptly moved round a place. "I expect it's the order of precedence," said the Butler. "That's exactly it," the Hatcher said, "me first and the rest nowhere. You'd best sit next to the March Hurd. He'll keep you in order. Now, Butler, what's on the Agenda? A report by the Moore-mouse? No time for reports. All you have to do is record my summing up, which is that two and two make four, or five, or whatever I say." The Butler wrote this down carefully as the recipe for cabinet pudding, of which he was fond."

David Heaton

Harris said *he* could tell us a story about getting things out of proportion. He said a friend of his who used to belong to the cabinet — Harris was always making the grandest claims for his friends—had told *him* a story about a chap called Hezzle. He (Harris' friend) remembered the day well —he had risen late after a lengthy drink the night before and arrived just before the mêlée commenced. They were discussing something tediously boring—a small helicopter factory he thought (George said that must be wrong since helicopters aren't made in factories but then George is always one for spoiling a good story): anyway Harris' friend saw this Hezzle get up in a most frightful temper—he even woke everybody up—and march out saying that that was it, he had had enough and they would never see him again. No one could understand it. Surely you couldn't get so incensed about helicopters? George said perhaps the fellow had left because he felt, well, thirsty. Harris said he didn't know, but what would you expect in a gentleman's club run by a lady?

E J More

IF THE CAP FITS

No 76

Ideas on what advice the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr Robert Runcie, is whispering in Fergie's ear as the royal birth approaches. Alternatively, what advice Fergie has for the Bish. Entries in by Friday 22 June. Ten pounds for the lucky winner.

No 74: Winner

First of all, we have to thank all you vigilant people out there who wrote or rang in to say that this isn't a photo of Bernard Weatherill after all, but a fellow MP Stefan Terlezki.

Edwina Currie: "You're a fine chap — but you're not the Speaker!!" *(Bernard Weatherill, Speaker's House, Westminster; who asks us to send the prize to "a suitable charity.)*

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CHESS

Scores after the 15th and final round of the Belfort World Cup were: 1. Kasparov 11½, 2. Karpov 10½, 3. Ehlvest 9, 4-7. Hubner, Ribli, Sokolov and Spassky 8, 8. Short 7½, 9. Speelman 7, 10-13. Andersson, Beliavsky, Ljubojevic and Nogueiras 6½, 14-16. Hjartarson, Timman and Yusupov 5½. As you can see, there was not much of a West European challenge to Soviet domination.

The healthy disrespect between the current world champion and his predecessor is producing decisive chess. Kasparov beat Karpov twice in the Optiebeurs (European Options Exchange) tournament. At Belfort Karpov retaliated in a line they had debated in the Seville match. In my opinion it was a strangely bad game with much unprovoked weakening of white squares (15. e5, 22...h6 and 24...g5), with the weaknesses close to the Black K proving the more serious.

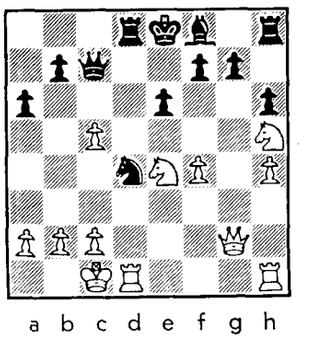
Karpov-Kasparov, Round 14.
Grunfeld Defence.
1. d4 Nf6 2. c4 g6 3. Nc3 d5 4. cxd5 Nxd5 5. e4 Nxc3 6. bxc3 Bg7 7. Bc4 c5 8. Ne2 Nc6 9. Be3 0-0 10. 0-0 Bg4 11. f3 Na5 12. Bxf7+ Rxf7 13. fxg4 Rxf1+ 14. Kxf1 Qd6 15. e5 Qd5 16. Bf2 Rd8 17. Qa4 b6 18. Qc2 Rf8 19. Kg1 Qc4 20. Qd2 Qe6 21. h3 Nc4 22. Qg5 h6 23. Qc1 Qf7 24. Bg3 g5 25. Qc2 Qd5 26. Bf2 b5 27. Ng3 Rf7 28. Re1 b4 29. Qg6 Kf8 30. Ne4 Rxf2 31. Kxf2 bxc3 32. Qf5+ Kg8 33. Qc8+ Kh7 34. Qxc5 Qf7+ 35. Kg1 c2 36. Ng3 Bf8 37. Nf5 Kg8 38. Rc1 1-0.

Having contested the lead with the champion for most of the tournament Ehlvest slipped up in their individual encounter. This was another game with echoes of the Seville match – Ehlvest's 30th being reminiscent of Kasparov's faulty sacrifice on f3 at move 50 in the 23rd game:

Kasparov-Ehlvest, Round 12.
Queen's Indian.
1. d4 Nf6 2. c4 e6 3. Nf3 b6 4. a3 Bb7 5. Nc3 d5 6. cxd5 Nxd5 7. Qc2 Nxc3 8. bxc3 Be7 9. e3 Qc8 10. Bb2 c5 11. Bb5+ Nc6 12. 0-0 0-0 13. Bd3 Kh8 14. Qe2 Qc7 15. Rad1 Rad8 16. e4 Na5 17. Rfe1 Bf6 18. e5 Be7 19. Nd2 cxd4 20. cxd4 Bd5 21. Ne4 f5 21...Bc4 is a logical continuation. **22. exf6 Bxf6 23. Nxf6 Rxf6 24. Bc1 Rdf8 25. f3 Nc6 26. Be4 Bxe4 27. fxe4!?** Surprising, one would expect 27. Qxe4. Could Kasparov foresee that Ehlvest would overestimate the f-file? **e5 28. d5 Nd4 29. Qd3 Qf7 30. Bb2 Nf3+?** More a hallucination than a combination. **31. gxf3 Rxf3 32. Re3 Qg6+ 33. Kh1 Rf2 34. Rg1 Qh6 1–0.** After 35. Rh3 Black has nothing.

Timman must be very disappointed with his result. But at least one of the most interesting passages of play was to be found in his game from round 11 against Karpov. The diagram shows the position after White's 20th move. Karpov, unable to castle or so much as develop his KB or KR, is under tremendous pressure and resorts to an extreme measure: **20...g6!? 21. Nhf6+ Ke7** In addition to ...Qxf4+, Black now threatens to put his house in order with 22...Bg7. At first Timman's response looks like an oversight, but if we go a little further we see that it's a combination to allow a combination! **22. Qf2!? Qxf4+** Not forced. An interesting question is: wouldn't 22...Bg7 have been better anyway? **23. Qxf4 Ne2+ 24. Kb1 Nxf4 25. Rxd8 Kxd8** So Black has won a pawn, but is left with his wretched K-side pieces. **26. Rd1+ Kc7 27. b4** 27. Rd7+ and 27. c4 also came into the reckoning. **Nd5 28. Nxd5+ exd5 29. Nf6 Kc6 30. Nxd5 g5 31. h5 f5 32. c4** 32. Ne3!? f4 33. Ng4 would give White a clear plus because of the blockade. But of course Karpov would play 32...b6!. **f4 33. Re1?** You have to make some bad decisions to finish at the bottom of a tournament, and this is one of them. He should have tried the blockade idea of the last note with 33. Nf6!. It now has every chance of success since 33...b6 can be met by 34. a4! bxc5 35. b5+, to White's advantage in spite of the pawn minus. **f3 34. Re6+ Kd7 35. Rf6 g4 36. Rf4 Be7!** Triumphant late development. White wins the g-pawn, but so long as Black gets in...Rf8 the f-pawn will become terribly strong. **37. Nxe7 Kxe7 38. Rxg4 Rf8!** Not 38...f2? 39. Re4+ and wins. **39. Rg1 Rf4** and now Black even has the better of the Rook ending (0-1 in 69).

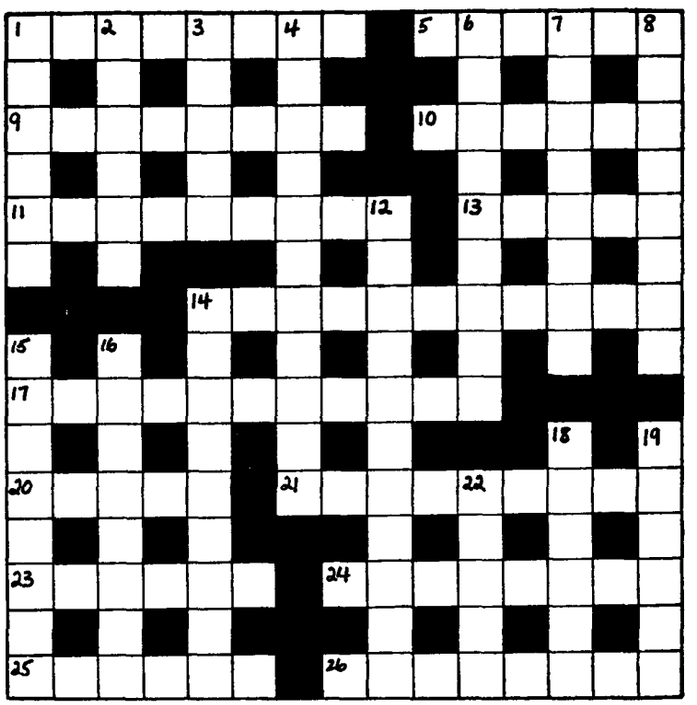
Timman-Karpov: Black to play



George Botterill

WEEKEND CROSSWORD

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1601, New Statesman & Society, Foundation House, Perseverance Works, 38 Kingsland Road, London E2 8DQ, by first post 25 July.



Name _____

Address _____

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Crossword 1601

ACROSS

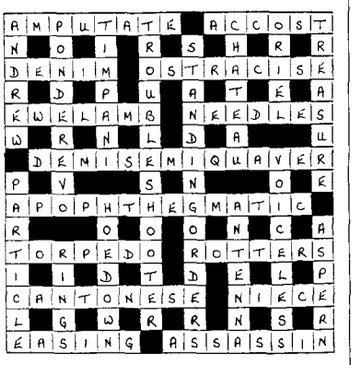
1. Headquarters keeps a maiden in low cover (4,4)
5. Religious man in a miracle richly rewarded (6)
9. A catalogue containing a weapon for someone who is scared (8)
10. One and a half times a remover (6)
11. Gave one punishment without the means of another being abandoned (9)
13. Rent for port (5)
14. One who ignores a girl at a low ball? (11)
17. The versatile give everyone a game (11)
20. Clips weeds (5)
21. Listener holds writer to be right on the map (9)
23. Calls up when women are just about all right (6)
24. Putting up with a former international (8)
25. Dog which sometimes goes after a bone (6)
26. Vegetable which is a sign of holiness in an unusual sect (8)

DOWN

1. Offshoot born on a farm (6)
2. Wickedness without gratitude for evidence of guilt (6)
3. Feature of the countryside for officer with decoration (5)
4. The play is everything in a converted cinema (11)
6. Have a game with a team in the garden (9)
7. Rose awkwardly with instrument but looking determined (8)
8. Keepers who make their animals go round a mountain (8)
12. They are used for grain but also have merry and sad use (3,8)
14. Deep scorn as seen in the theatre (9)
15. Military uniform for woman in prison (8)
16. Loss of consciousness when there is a shortage during fighting (8)
18. Kind of housing development which makes one party sick (6)
19. Liberal, although a born Tory (6)
22. Time when a man holds a policeman up (5)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1599



Prizewinners to 1599

P. Shaw (Chatham, Kent)
L. Noack (Stroud, Glos.)
Mrs P. M. Hardiman (Richmond, Surrey)

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BACKCHAT

Vicky Hutchings is itching to declare war on the use of euphemisms in advertising

As I was travelling home on the tube last week, my eyes were irresistibly drawn to what struck me as a particularly interesting advertisement on the end wall of my carriage. "Thousands of women and men," it said "suffer the misery of 'personal' itching."

Well yes, I thought, you could put it like that. Certainly I can say with all sincerity that I have never suffered from anyone else's. (On the other hand, how can I possibly know whether I suffer from "personal" itching either? As Wittgenstein well understood, there's no one with whom I can check.) But whatever its ontological status, there is now, the ad advised, a "creme" that can cure that "embarrassing personal itch" and, for those who are interested, it is called LANACANE. Noting down the name of this hilarious product, I became aware for the first time of a certain rigid attention in the man to my right. I turned and looked him straight in the eye. He looked fixedly into mine. Moments that seemed hours passed. He looked away. I could only surmise that he thought I was someone famous.

Maintaining "personal" freshness has been for some time the rather coy way Tampax ads have encouraged women to buy their product, the nature of which can leave no buyer in doubt as to what the advertisers believe "personal" freshness implies. As I mulled the matter over later, the pieces began to fall into place. When, I wondered, when *exactly* did advertising agencies start to write this garbage and turn "personal", from a perfectly good word in its own right, into a euphemism for "pubic"? And why? And let's have some fun with it — if they're going to hijack "personal", then they can live with the consequences.

"The pubic is political" becomes immediately much more comprehensible to a person, like myself, brought up in the era when Mary Quant shaved hers into a heart shape and had it photographed. And will the critics not agree that the revised version of E M Forsters's "Pubic relations are the important thing for ever and ever, and not this outer life of telegrams and anger", throws exciting new light upon the hitherto mysterious incident in the Marabar Caves? But why not go even further back in time? I draw your attention to that famous exhortation from Ulysses S Grant (1822-1885) which, rewritten, seems to express a much more compelling, if sadly less attainable, maxim: "No pubic considerations should stand in the way of performing a public duty." Exactly so.

Other manifestations of this intense desire on the part of advertisers to avoid the use of the word "pubic" have, I notice, already started to wreak havoc on the English language. Female swimmers no longer tuck back in any perfectly normal pubic hair escaping from the edges of their bathing costumes. They are invited to wax, i.e. rip out by the roots, the "unsightly" hair "on the bikini line". And perfectly intelligent people I know *actually talk like this*. They have hair on their heads, their faces, their chests, their legs, under their arms and *on the bikini line*.

But why not tell it like it is? Just imagine it: you're riding home on the tube one day, you look up, your eyes fall upon an advertisement on the end wall of your carriage. It reads as follows: "Thousands of women and men suffer with sweaty groins. This leads to rashes and intense irritation in the pubic hair, and makes them want to scratch. LANACANE ointment will relieve the agony."

I'd buy it.

Doonesbury
BY
G. B. TRUDEAU
ASK DR. WHOOPEE!
IF HE DOESN'T KNOW, HE'LL FIND OUT FOR YOU!
THANK'S, DR. WHOOPEE!
ANY OTHER QUESTIONS?... YES, SIR?
DR. WHOOPEE, WHAT ABOUT TEACHING CHILDREN ABOUT AIDS?
WELL, LIKE EVERYONE ELSE, CHILDREN HEAR ABOUT AIDS. SINCE THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND IT, THEY WORRY ABOUT IT. THE SURGEON GENERAL RECOMMENDS THAT YOU TELL THEM THE FACTS AS EARLY AS POSSIBLE.
YOUNG CHILDREN NEED TO KNOW THEY CAN'T GET AIDS FROM EVERYDAY CONTACT. THEY NEED TO KNOW THEY CAN'T GET IT FROM A MOSQUITO BITE OR A TOILET SEAT OR USING A GLASS SOMEONE ELSE HAS USED. AND THEY NEED TO KNOW THAT AN INFECTED SCHOOLMATE DOES NOT PUT THEM AT RISK...
BUT HOW DO WE REACH YOUNG PEOPLE WITH THE FACTS, DR. WHOOPEE?
WELL, THE FOREMOST RESPONSIBILITY LIES WITH PARENTS AND SCHOOLS, OF COURSE...
...BUT WE'RE ALSO TRYING TO REACH CHILDREN THROUGH PUBLIC SERVICE MESSAGES ON TELEVISION AND IN MAGAZINES.
HOW ABOUT IN THE COMICS?
NO, NO. IT'S TOO SERIOUS A SUBJECT.
GBT

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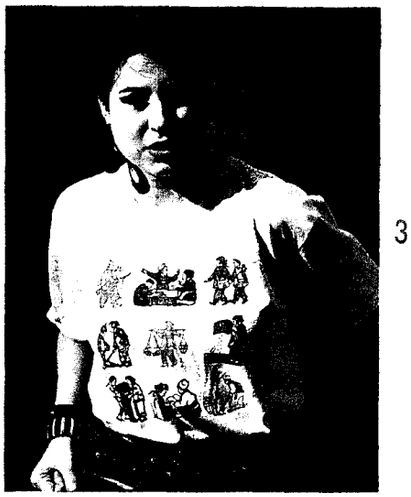

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We draw on international energies to present three exclusive new ventures and the return of three ever-popular classics.

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2. **The Chinese T-shirt:** woodcuts, workers, prints and peasants. The Emperor's new clothes?
3. **The May '68 T-shirt:** based on an original Paris poster from the year of dreams and barricades.
4. **The Italian T-shirt:** a reconstructed hammer and sickle design in green, red and black.
5. **The Nicaraguan T-shirt:** specially designed, perennially popular.
6. **The Forward March of the Proletariat T-shirt:** a full-colour favourite.

ALSO AVAILABLE: the Miro T-shirt, based on an original anti-fascist pamphlet, the Gorbachev and Gramsci T-shirts, the CCCP T-shirt.

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Chinese	L/XL/XXL*	£7.50		
Nicaraguan	L/XL/XXL*	£7.50		
Italian	L/XL/XXL*	£7.50		
Proletarian	L/XL/XXL*	£7.50		

* Delete as appropriate. Prices include p&p

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